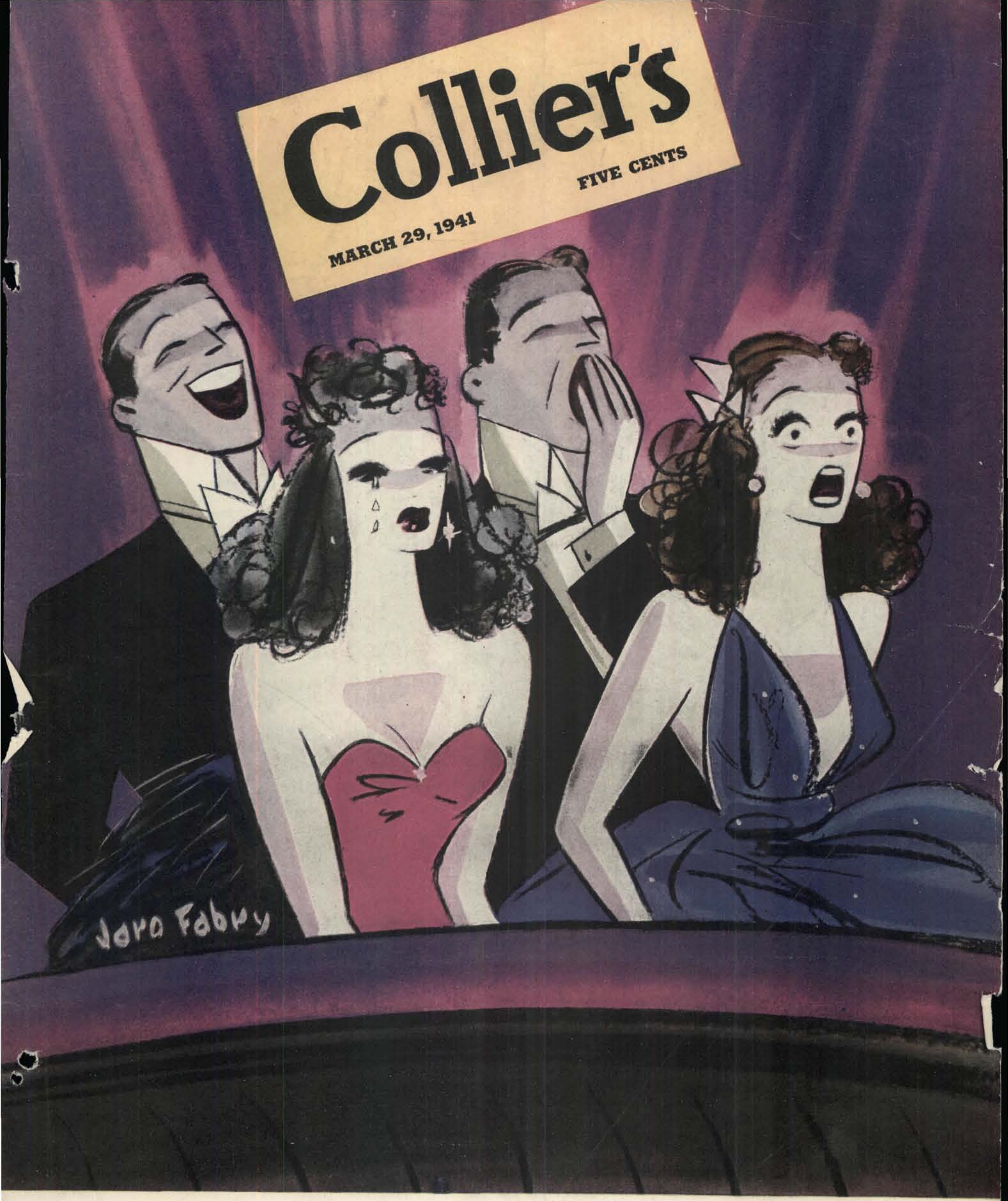
Collier's

FIVE CENTS

MARCH 29, 1941



BOMBER PILOT By QUENTIN

MRS DON BURTNETT 12D
423 N WALNUT ST 42792
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March 29, 1941

FOUR ROSES
FOUR ROSES
A BLEND OF STRAIGHT WHISKIES

In 76 years we've seen nothing that can match

THE 1941 BOTTLING OF FOUR ROSES

FOR FIVE YEARS AND LONGER, we've felt sure that the special whiskies we'd reserved for the 1941 Bottling of Four Roses would be extraordinarily fine.

We felt sure because of the painstaking care that went into their making . . . and because of the added knowledge, and added skill we applied to their aging.

But even we ourselves could not foresee the complete magnificence that has crowned the 1941 Bottling of Four Roses. It's whiskey finer than any we have ever known—and we've known many fine whiskies in our time. It's a whiskey we're certain you, too, will put in a class apart and above all others.

So—no matter when you last tasted Four Roses—a new and thrilling experience awaits you in this 1941 Bottling. Won't you try it—today?

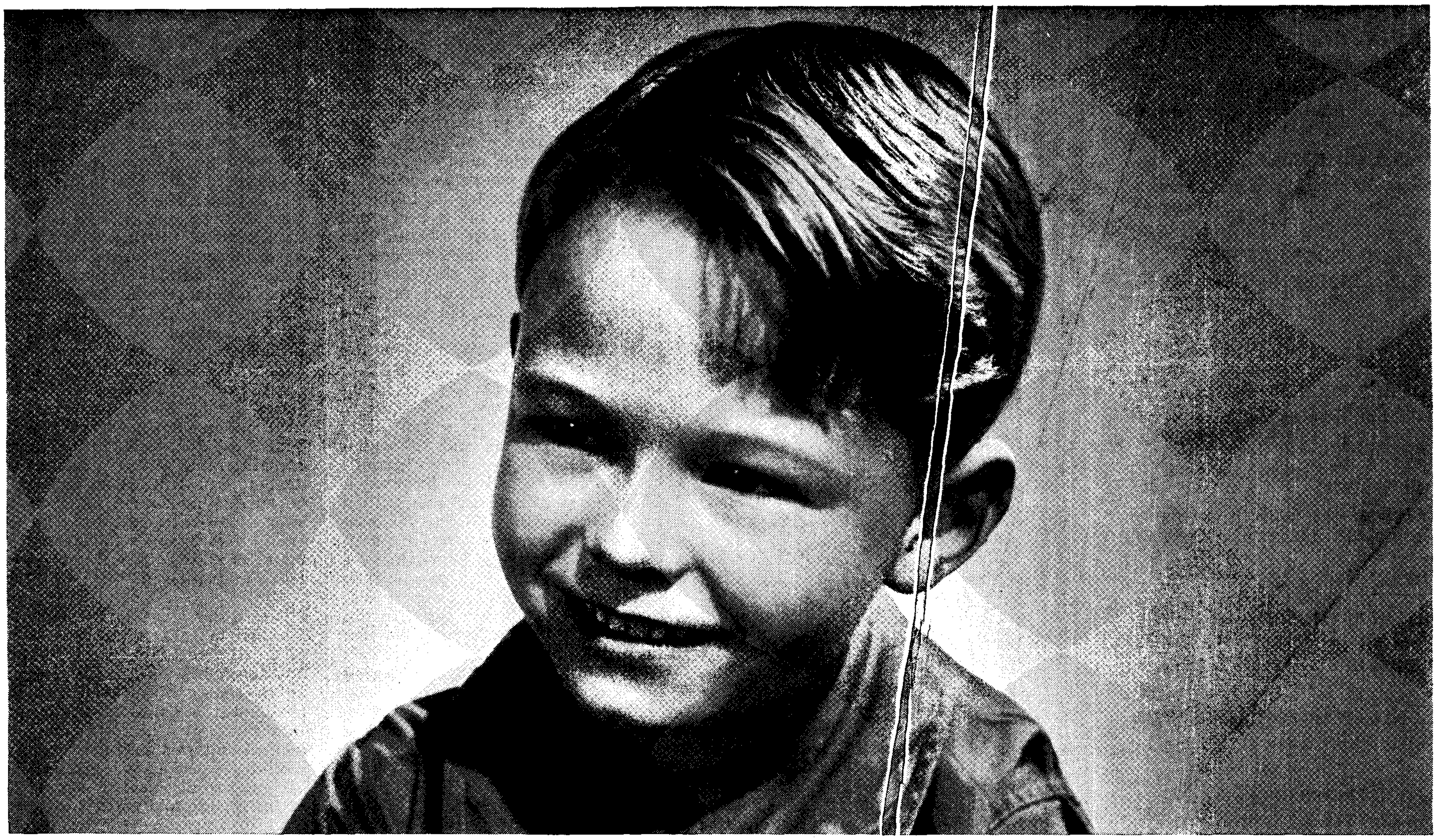
Four Roses is a blend of straight whiskies—90 proof. The straight whiskies in this product are 5 years or more old. Frankfort Distilleries, Inc., Louisville & Baltimore.

EVERY DROP IS 5 YEARS OR MORE OLD

Do you see Bobby, aged 7?
No, I see Robert, aged thirty-one.

Is he on his way to Success?
Yes. He's a rising Lawyer with a Grand Personality.

And his Smile is Bright and Winning—thanks largely to his Faithful, Everyday use of Ipana and Massage.



MASSAGE THE GUMS
IPANA
TOOTH PASTE
BRISTOL-MYERS CO.
NEW YORK, N.Y.
NET WT.

Let Ipana and Massage help make your smile more sparkling... by aiding you to have healthier gums as well as brighter teeth

Q. *Why are children today apt to have brighter teeth and firmer gums than their parents?*

A. Because nowadays many children are taught in their classrooms a significant dental lesson that many parents still have to learn . . . the great importance of *gum massage* to bright, sparkling teeth.

Q. *What happens if gums are neglected?*

A. Neglected gums tend to become weak and tender . . . for today's soft, creamy foods deny them the exercise they need for health. And, often, gums signal their weakness with that warning tinge of "pink" on your tooth brush.

Q. *Does "pink tooth brush" indicate serious trouble?*

A. That is for your dentist to decide. He may merely say that your gums need stimulation and work. And, like so many dentists these days, he may suggest "the healthful stimulation of Ipana Tooth Paste and massage."

Q. *How often should gums be massaged?*

A. Faithfully, every day. Each time you brush your teeth massage a little extra Ipana onto your gums. For Ipana Tooth Paste is specially designed to do more than clean teeth to brilliant, natural lustre. With massage, this unique dentifrice aids the gums to better health. That is why this sensible dental habit of Ipana and massage is a great aid not only in helping you to have firmer gums and brighter teeth . . . but also in protecting you against "pink tooth brush."

Ipana Tooth Paste

Collier's

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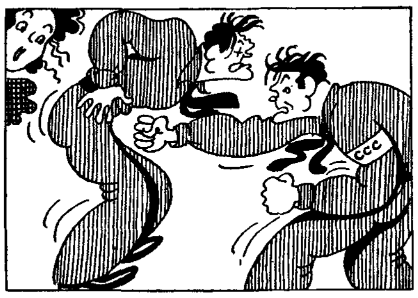
COVER JARO FABRY

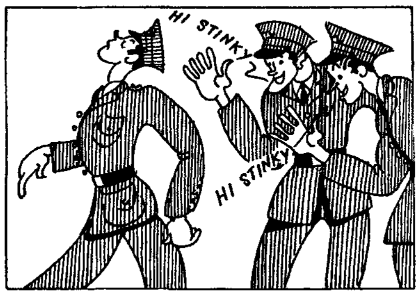
ANY WEEK

THE most startling news we've received this week is that hell has been abolished. It happened in 1923, the result of seventeen years of prayer and negotiation by Aaron the Peacemaker, otherwise Mr. Aaron Miller, pastor of the Clothespin Church, Indianapolis, Indiana. Apparently Mr. Hitler got word before we did and proceeded to prove what philosophers have long contended—that if there were no hell, some guy would make one. We'd like to regard the tidings Mr. Miller sends us as good news, but we're having trouble. We're particularly doubtful about the benefits growing out of that part of Mr. Miller's notice that "God took Satan out of hell arm in arm and sin will gradually disappear." This strikes savagely at our bread and butter, it having been our work for years to take wild journalistic swings at sin while admittedly committing a few choice ones ourselves. Moreover, Mr. Miller has taken quite a chunk of joy out of life—the thrill of breaking the moral law and artfully hoping to get away with it. There will be people, of course, who will not agree that Mr. Miller has made God and the devil tolerant of each other and we think that we'll string along with them. Nevertheless, we're trying to be broadminded and the next time we're in Indianapolis we're going around to the Clothespin Church and talk to Mr. Miller about it.



PERHAPS we mistook certain signs for mere incidental phenomena. The new courtliness that is being absorbed by the lads in the Civilian Conservation Corps, for example. We ran across this while reading Sho-Me, the magazine of the Missouri district of the CCC. The Corps calls it Everyday Etiquette and we may as well give you a few of the more elegant rules. As for Making Up or Manicuring in Public: "For men this is naturally of no significance. For women, please don't. Better to look a little unglamorous than to advertise that your charm is synthetic." The next item is about Double Callers: "Have some regard for the lady's feelings. The first caller should bow himself out gracefully unless he was on location by appointment. The anteroom to a lady's boudoir is no place for a fight." Then comes the CCC ruling on Assistance with Accouterments: "Always assist your feminine companion with her coat—even if you're mad at her. As for your own coat, and if there is no butler or waiter to perform the rites, you should undertake the task unabetted by the lady." And there's another on Theater Entrances: "If there is an usher the proper chronology is (1) usher, (2) lady and (3) you. If there is no usher, you go first, particularly if the seats are not reserved."

WE ARE chided by Dr. Jacob B. Adler of Brooklyn, New York, for publishing a photograph of a college student resting one of his feet on a textbook titled The American Government—one of the illustrations for our recent shoe-style pronouncement, Feet First. The doctor says The American Government "is not the proper thing to step on." We are reprimanded by a large part of the population of the Uncompahgre Valley because we printed a desire of one of our friends to live in the valley because of its peace and tranquillity. The place is better even than we thought. From Mrs. Edna W. Rawson, secretary of the Montrose County (Colorado) Chamber of Commerce, we learn that the valley has "chapters of the A.A.U.W., the D.A.R., is well represented in Who's Who, and you can find F.F.V.'s but no Reds or fifth columnists." A lady in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, wishes us to investigate conditions in "an Army which drafted my son and, although it is well-known to the officers, permits *his comrades* to call him Stinky." A Christian gentleman informs us that he has trapped us. He has long suspected us of being "pro-Nazi and anti-Christ." And now he knows that we are, because some fifth columnist in this office has declined his offer to conduct a "weekly church page" in this magazine. Three in a row like that take a lot out of a guy. But the next letter is from our Hollywood agent, Mr. Richard English, who has discovered that Mr. Alex Gottlieb, who recently finished a movie for Universal Pictures—Buck Private—is building a house. The house has a cornerstone. In the cornerstone are the newspaper reviews of Buck Private. But our luck immediately flopped back to the dark side: Large numbers of you are bawling us out for writing that Charlotte Cushman, the American actress, died in 1776. The lady died in 1876. We wrote it right but the printer must have been thinking of the Lend Lease Bill's purely coincidentally patriotic number. This is the first time we've ever got into a squabble about the year of Charlotte Cushman's death but we suppose that it was inevitable that we should have got around to it eventually. Finally, we'd like Mr. Jerome F. Nuslet, of Bayonne, New Jersey, to know that we don't care what rabbits weigh. Mr. Nuslet claims that somebody in this magazine said that he saw rabbits weighing twenty-eight pounds. Mr. Nuslet says he didn't. Inasmuch as we have to be careful about our language in this department, you'll have to imagine what we don't give what rabbits weigh.



IT IS with some regret that we advise Mrs. Julia Gatherun of Mobile, Alabama, that we can't tell her which of the vast army of war commentators and experts to believe. Mrs. Gatherun says that she reads them and listens to them and while all of them assure her that their predictions have been uncannily accurate and their diagnoses invariably dependable, still Mrs. Gatherun doesn't know. "Why is it," she demands, "that we never got the truth about the first World War until fifteen or twenty years after it ended? Who would you depend upon most, Dorothy Thompson, Raymond Gram Swing, Hugh Johnson, Colonel Lindbergh or President Roosevelt? Will Mr. Roosevelt, Mr. Churchill, Mr. Hitler and Mr. Mussolini have to *die before* the truth about this war can be told? Why doesn't somebody answer such questions before the third World War happens to interrupt our researches into its predecessor? I confess I'm perplexed."

NOR is she alone in her quandary. We had to call on the general staff of the United States Army the other day and found that the formality was not the simple thing it used to be. You have to get in line, state your business to a guard, give him your name and address and wait until the person you wish to see decides to let you see him. We suppose it is as it should be. One of the guards told us that a superior brand of nuts are besieging the War Department these days. They come with miraculous plans which, if adopted, would end this war in no time and make future wars impossible. We didn't get the details. But it was while we were talking to the guard that another and younger guard became embroiled with a persistent caller who insisted upon a personal interview with the chief of staff, General Marshall. The caller was rough, and the guard was getting a bit nasty. Our guard stepped over. He got rid of the stranger neatly, easily and without friction. "See," said he to the younger man, "that's the idea. You gotta sell them the idea they ain't wanted."

AND make them like it. . . . W.D.

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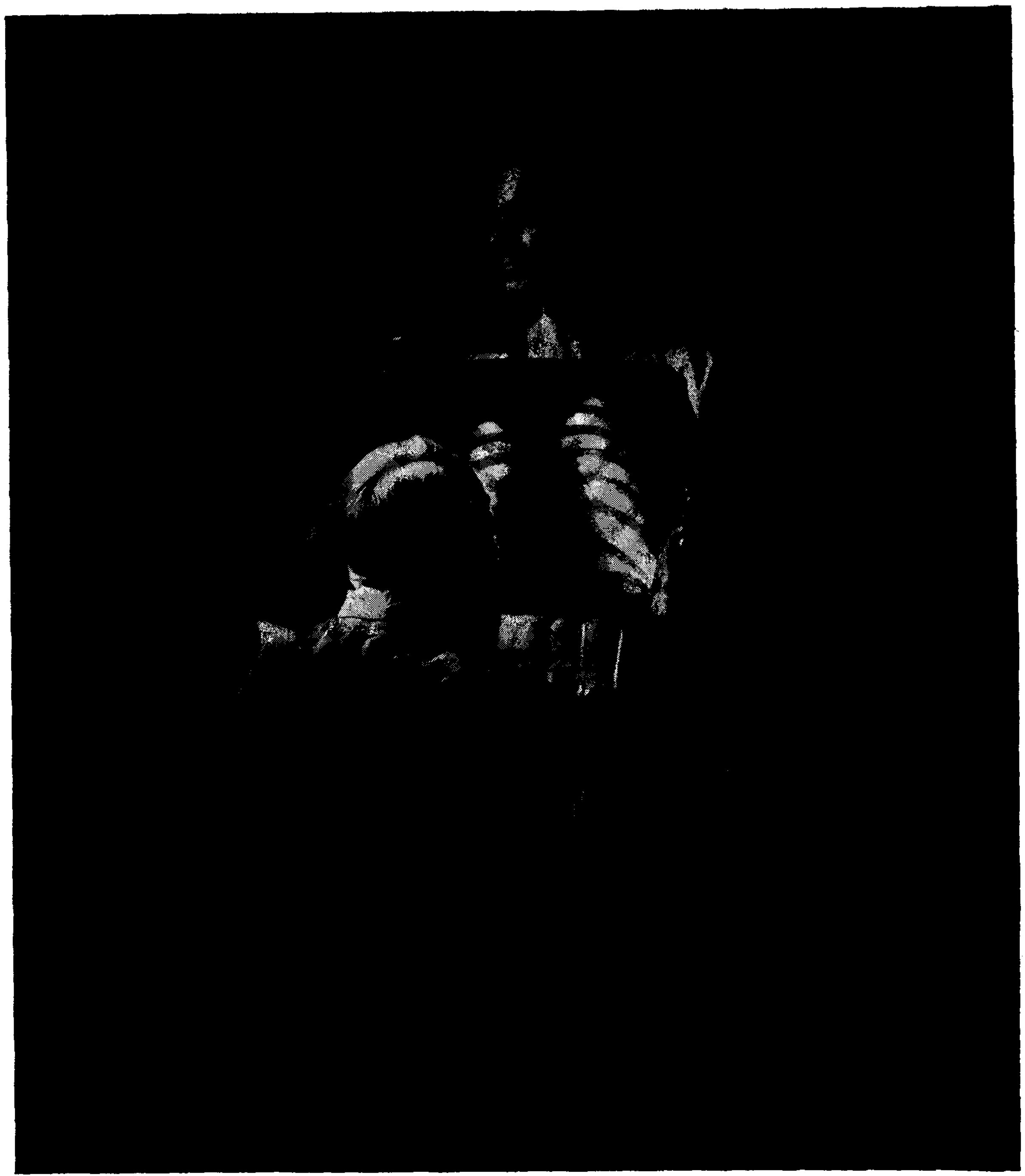
What every family should know about

Tuberculosis



Doctors make effective use of the fluoroscope and the X-ray film in fighting tuberculosis.

THE NATIONAL TUBERCULOSIS ASSOCIATION and at least one State are sounding as their slogan this year, "No more tuberculosis by 1960!"

Authorities experienced in campaigning against the disease believe that this is not simply an enthusiastic dream. For medical science today knows how to control tuberculosis. And the disease is definitely on the run wherever a systematic and vigorous fight has been waged against it.

An example of one such fight is Metropolitan Life Insurance Company's experience with its own family of employees.

In its campaign to stamp out tuberculosis, the Company has recognized the value of two basic activities that *every* family can practice:

1. Looking for tuberculosis among apparently healthy people.
2. Discovering tuberculosis in early stages when its cure is easiest.

As a routine part of the physical examination of its employees, the Company makes regular use of the fluoroscope and the X-ray film in checking up on lungs.

As a result of this program, tuberculosis among Home Office employees has been virtually eliminated. And nearly all the few cases that do occur are detected in the earliest stage—*when cure can be quickest and most certain.*

In this story of our family, there is a lesson for *every* family.

Tuberculosis must be searched for. When it is—by skilled doctors, aided by X-rays and other modern techniques—unsuspected cases are discovered. And when enough of these cases are found early, tuberculosis is conquered—eliminated as a major menace to those we love.

We should look for tuberculosis first among those most likely to be susceptible to the disease. Such as:

> Boys and girls in their late teens; young adults, particularly young mothers; workers exposed to dangerous industrial dusts; *all* people, regardless of age, who have been in contact with an active case of tuberculosis, especially within their own families.

There are seldom any signs or symptoms when the disease *begins*. It is then that tuberculosis can be "seen" by the X-ray—the most accurate diagnostic tool available—long before it can be "heard" by the stethoscope, detected in sputum, or felt by the victim. It is then that the disease can be most effectively treated and its spread prevented.

To help you protect your family against tuberculosis wherever you may live, Metropolitan offers a helpful free booklet, "Tuberculosis."

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Please send me a copy of your booklet, "Tuberculosis."

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without smoking penalties

They know Philip Morris taste better—and are better for nose and throat!

DO YOU INHALE?

ALL smokers do—sometimes. And *when* you inhale, there's added chance of irritation. So—choose *your* cigarette with care! Eminent doctors long ago reported that, compared with the strikingly contrasted Philip Morris: ***four other leading cigarettes were found to average 235% more irritant — with irritant effects lasting more than five times as long!**** So whether or not you knowingly inhale—

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America's Finest Cigarette

**As reported in leading medical journals.*

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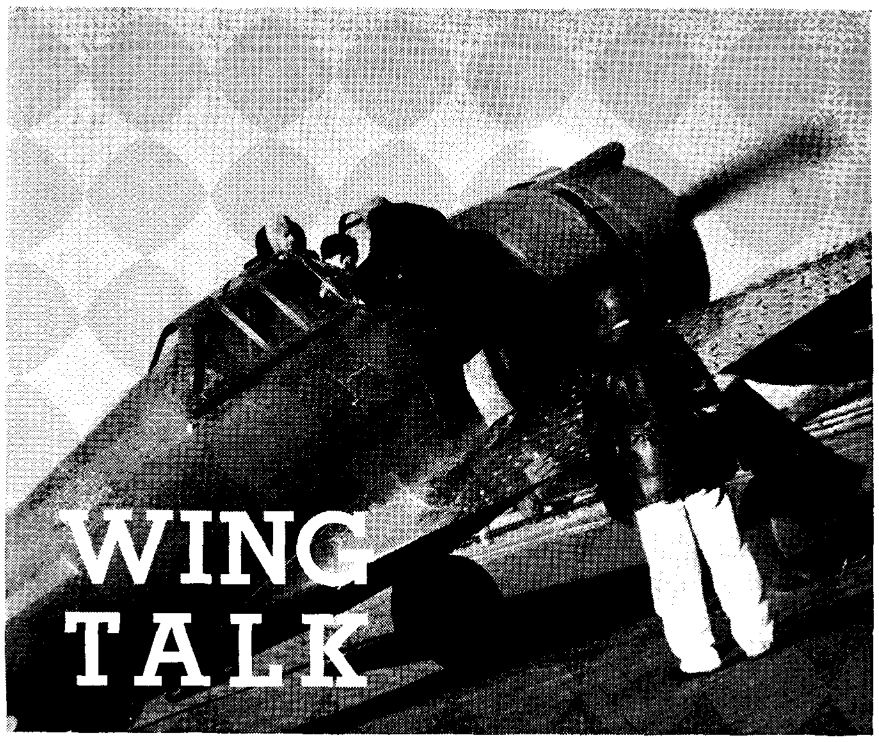

WING TALK

Short bits of yarn fastened to wing surfaces help test pilots to determine airflow and stalling point of new fighter planes

THE winning of industrial spurs has made names upon the map of the United States—Oneida, Hershey, Bessemer, Gary, Universal City. Dozens more. Now aviation, youngest and most exciting and debated industry, gets its first atlas recognition.

The Long Island Railroad has established and scheduled a new station: "Republic, New York."

This is named for the company that manufactures one of the Army's newest fighters—the Republic "Lancer," P-43. According to Army methods of designating ships, P-43 means this is the 43d standard model of a pursuit type that has entered the Air Corps Service.

HALF a dollar's worth of ordinary knitting yarn of the kind your wife uses for household jobs, and thirty cents' worth of the sort of adhesive tape she uses to seal the packages you mail for her, play an essential role in the testing of modern fighting aircraft.

Hundreds of short bits of the yarn are pasted in orderly design to the tops of the wings, until at first glimpse you wonder if either a barber or a herd of goats shouldn't be added to the hangar staff.

The test pilot from his seat observes the behavior of this "hair coat" in the course of his studies, in flight, of the "stalling" and "airflow" characteristics of a new plane.

As you know, a plane's forward speed relative to the air produces "lift" and other forces necessary to control flight. Stalling is the condition when you lose forward speed and consequently lift. Gravity is the strongest "force" then operating upon your plane, which "falls" until it regains speed. Sensitive pilots feel a stall first in their t'other ends. That is why old-timers say you "fly by the seat of your pants."

Skill in detecting the approach of stalls, and in preventing or correcting for them, also thorough cataloguing of stall features and experiences, all go toward building up safety in the air. Therefore, to know the exact speed at which any given type of airplane will stall is of the utmost importance in assaying its nature.

In normal straight and level flight, then, with the airflow coming over the leading, or front, edge of the wings and proceeding smoothly over them toward their trailing, or rear, edge, the yarn tufts will flow toward the tail. Just as, for example, strings tied to the bow of a boat which is chugging up a river against the current would cling to the hull and flow toward the stern.

Stalls may occur along the entire wing edge, or in different places of it at different times; for instance, out at the end or tip of the wing first. At any rate, when the test pilot maneuvers his ship to produce a stall, he can tell the precise instant and location of it by the action of the yarn. The little tufts flip over, from back to front, because the direction of the airflow over the wing has changed. It's as though a boat in the river started to back up.

By correlating the stall data with the speed and other factors shown on his instrument panel at the same moment, the pilot builds up knowledge of the plane's traits.

LAST winter Quent Reynolds told you how some residents of Boyne City outlined with castoff Christmas trees the little ice-fishing city on Lake Michigan which they call "Smeltania."

This winter Trans-Canada Air Lines has found a new use for the holiday trees. At Winnipeg and other far northern cities on their routes, Trans-Canada employees collect the discarded trees and stick them in lines to mark the runways. The trees can be picked up and moved with the prevailing winds; also, they are lifted and shaken after each snowfall to maintain the dark green value of their visibility from the air. . . .

PERSONAL memory of military prescience: On a spring day in 1914, just before the First World War began, I stood beside Major General Leonard Wood on Governors Island in New York harbor and watched redheaded Charley Niles demonstrate a Moisant airplane. Charley flipped and flopped, and even flew upside down for a few seconds—a grave stunt in those days.

"Interesting toy," the general commented. "Might even be useful to fly over forts for scouting purposes. But of no real importance in warfare!"

Just as clear and vivid are the words of Charley Niles when he came down. The Army wanted to convey him and the Moisant back to the New York mainland in a small motor launch. "No thanks," said Charley. "I'll wait for the regular ferry—

"That little boat's too dangerous!"

W.B.C.

These Same Features..

that make my Business Underwood a Great Typewriter...

LOOK FOR THESE FEATURES:

1. Champion Keyboard 84 Characters
2. Left Side Back-Spacer
3. Left and Right Carriage Release
4. Right Margin Stop with Warning Bell
5. Paper Release Lever
6. Black and Red Ribbon
7. Single, Double and Triple Line Spacer
8. Paper Bail
9. Variable Line Spacer
10. Right and Left Shift Keys
11. Sealed Action Frame
12. Touch Tuning
13. Paper Centering Scale
14. Margin Release
15. Keyboard Tabulator

...are also in this Underwood

Portable!

Underwood Champion Portable

Ask for free booklet—"Things To Seek In The Portable You Buy"—a valuable aid in purchasing any portable typewriter . . . a check-list of essential portable features.

THE UNDERWOOD CHAMPION was produced on the theory that you want a *complete* portable, not a *partially* complete machine. That is why in producing this famous portable we borrowed and put into it many of the features that make the famous Underwood of business a great typewriter.

In the Underwood Champion you get the famous Champion Keyboard secretaries enthuse about . . . you get Touch Tuning with its assurance of easy touch . . . you get fifteen of the same features that contribute to the performance of the Underwood of business.

Think what the complete Underwood Champion will mean to you in turning out a good, clean-cut, personal typing job. Consider what it will mean in providing training facilities for any one who hopes to operate an Underwood in business.

There is no need for accepting a partially complete portable typewriter today. Your Underwood Dealer will be glad to tell you how under our Easy Ownership Plan you can get an Underwood Champion for just a few dollars down. See your Underwood Dealer or write for full information.

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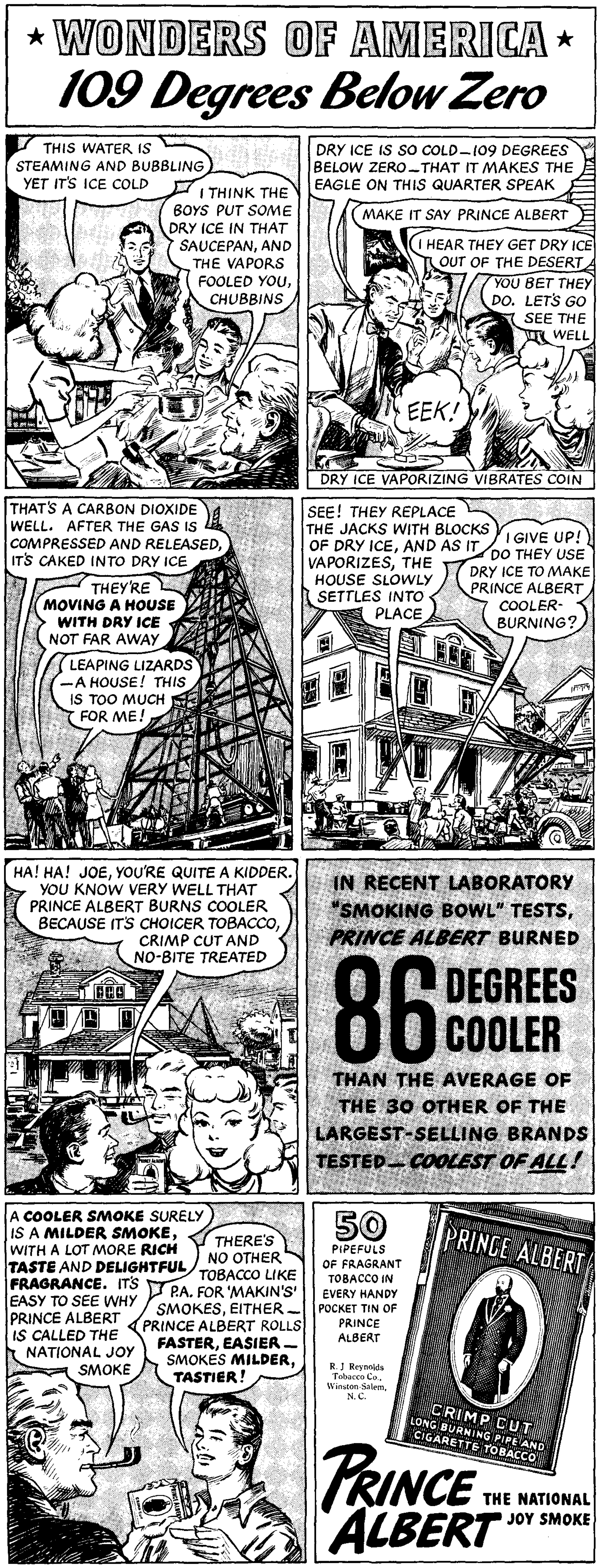


★ WONDERS OF AMERICA ★
109 Degrees Below Zero
THIS WATER IS STEAMING AND BUBBLING YET IT'S ICE COLD
I THINK THE BOYS PUT SOME DRY ICE IN THAT SAUCEPAN, AND THE VAPORS FOOLED YOU, CHUBBINS
DRY ICE IS SO COLD—109 DEGREES BELOW ZERO—THAT IT MAKES THE EAGLE ON THIS QUARTER SPEAK
MAKE IT SAY PRINCE ALBERT
I HEAR THEY GET DRY ICE OUT OF THE DESERT
YOU BET THEY DO. LET'S GO SEE THE WELL
EEK!
DRY ICE VAPORIZING VIBRATES COIN
THAT'S A CARBON DIOXIDE WELL. AFTER THE GAS IS COMPRESSED AND RELEASED, IT'S CAKED INTO DRY ICE
THEY'RE MOVING A HOUSE WITH DRY ICE NOT FAR AWAY
LEAPING LIZARDS—A HOUSE! THIS IS TOO MUCH FOR ME!
SEE! THEY REPLACE THE JACKS WITH BLOCKS OF DRY ICE, AND AS IT VAPORIZES, THE HOUSE SLOWLY SETTLES INTO PLACE
I GIVE UP! DO THEY USE DRY ICE TO MAKE PRINCE ALBERT COOLER-BURNING?
HA! HA! JOE, YOU'RE QUITE A KIDDER. YOU KNOW VERY WELL THAT PRINCE ALBERT BURNS COOLER BECAUSE IT'S CHOICER TOBACCO, CRIMP CUT AND NO-BITE TREATED
IN RECENT LABORATORY "SMOKING BOWL" TESTS, PRINCE ALBERT BURNED 86 DEGREES COOLER THAN THE AVERAGE OF THE 30 OTHER OF THE LARGEST-SELLING BRANDS TESTED—COOLEST OF ALL!
A COOLER SMOKE SURELY IS A MILDER SMOKE, WITH A LOT MORE RICH TASTE AND DELIGHTFUL FRAGRANCE. IT'S EASY TO SEE WHY PRINCE ALBERT IS CALLED THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE
THERE'S NO OTHER TOBACCO LIKE P.A. FOR 'MAKIN'S' SMOKES, EITHER—PRINCE ALBERT ROLLS FASTER, EASIER—SMOKES MILDER, TASTIER!
50 PIPEFULS OF FRAGRANT TOBACCO IN EVERY HANDY POCKET TIN OF PRINCE ALBERT
R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co., Winston-Salem, N. C.
PRINCE ALBERT
CRIMP CUT LONG BURNING PIPE AND CIGARETTE TOBACCO
PRINCE ALBERT THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE

KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

By Freling Foster

A study of identical twins who had never seen each other from childhood revealed that most of them had lived very similar lives. In one set, two men separated at birth had taken up the same occupation, had married in the same year, had one son and one dog, a fox terrier named Trixie.—*By Nancy Millard, New York, New York.*

One of the most famous and influential moral codes in existence, the Laws of Manu, which govern the lives of 250,000,000 Hindus, condones lying only when saving a life and when paying a compliment to a woman.—*By Lora Coleman, Ashburn, Georgia.*

Flying squids, ten-armed marine animals only a foot in length, travel along the surface of the sea in such high and long jumps that they frequently land on the decks of ships. —*By Dr. George Evans, Jr., New York, New York.*

Large numbers of New York policemen are often detailed to maintain order at popular events. For the Louis-Godoy fight at the Yankee Stadium on June 20, 1940, 1,729 men were assigned to special duty.

One of the most elaborate and scientific systems of dramatic training was that developed by François Delsarte (1811-1871). Using a wide range of vocal expressions and gestures, he taught, for example, six hundred different ways of delivering the sentence, "This is a pretty dog."—*By H. C. Rehm, Colorado Springs, Colorado.*

In America today, one magazine publishes a column devoted exclusively to the names of cats expecting kittens, and a hotel supplies each new guest with a germproof bathroom, disinfected by ultraviolet rays and sealed up in cellophane.—*By Carl Honest Gamer, Richmond Hill, New York.*

If all the radio sets in the coverage area of the average broadcasting station were turned on at the same time, they would not consume more than 1/50,000th of the power that the station sends into the air.

The Tewksbury-Graham feud, which raged in Gila County, Arizona, between 1887 and 1892, was the most desperate fight of its kind in the history of the West. Starting with a dispute over stolen cattle, it quickly involved all the men and boys in three large families and numerous friends, all of whom, with one exception, were killed. In some of their battles as many as twenty men fought on a side.

America's largest war memorial in Europe, a 175-foot rose granite shaft at Montfaucon, France, now occupied by Germany, overlooks the tragic Meuse-Argonne battlefield where 123,000 of our soldiers were killed or wounded in the last forty-six days of the first World War.

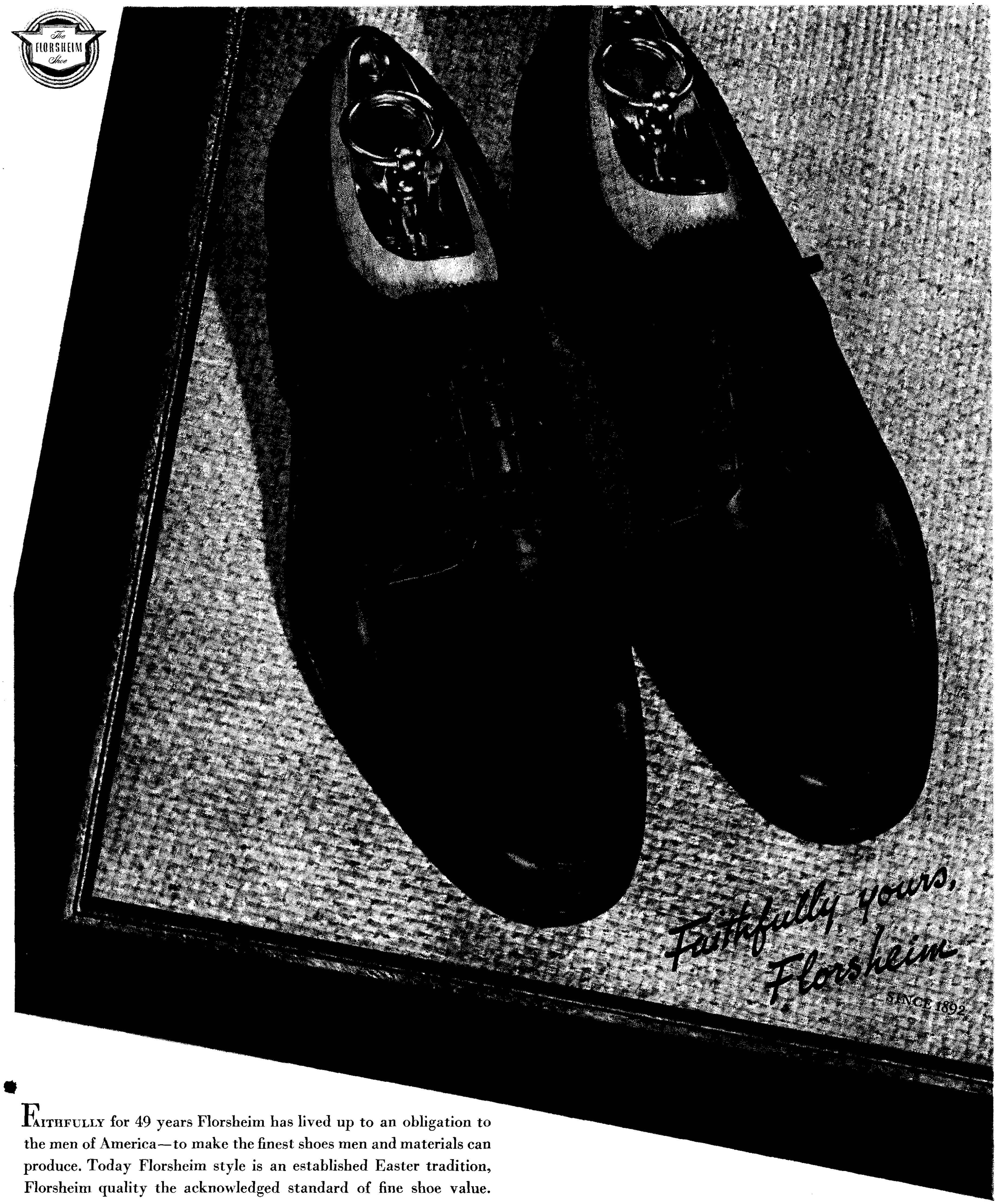
The English boy actor, William Betty, was one of the most remarkable prodigies of all time. In 1802, at the age of only eleven years, he had become so famous for his mastery of the heaviest Shakespearean roles that troops had to be called out to preserve order among the crowds seeking admittance to his theater. One day the House of Commons adjourned to see him in Hamlet.—*By Edwina Hammond, Washington, D. C.*

According to a regulation of the United States Army, a noncommissioned officer, such as a corporal, has the power to stop any quarrel, fray or other disorder among Army men and arrest those who take part in it, even when an offender is a high-ranking commissioned officer. —*By John T. Walsh, Fort Dix, New Jersey.*

The oldest and most popular fairy tale is the story of Cinderella. Under many different names and with about 350 variations, it has been told, published and read throughout the entire world for at least four thousand years.—*By Hubert Batey, Atlanta, Georgia.*

Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by satisfactory proof. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City. **This column is copyrighted by Collier's, The National Weekly. None of the items may be reproduced without express permission of the publisher**

The FLORSHEIM Shoe



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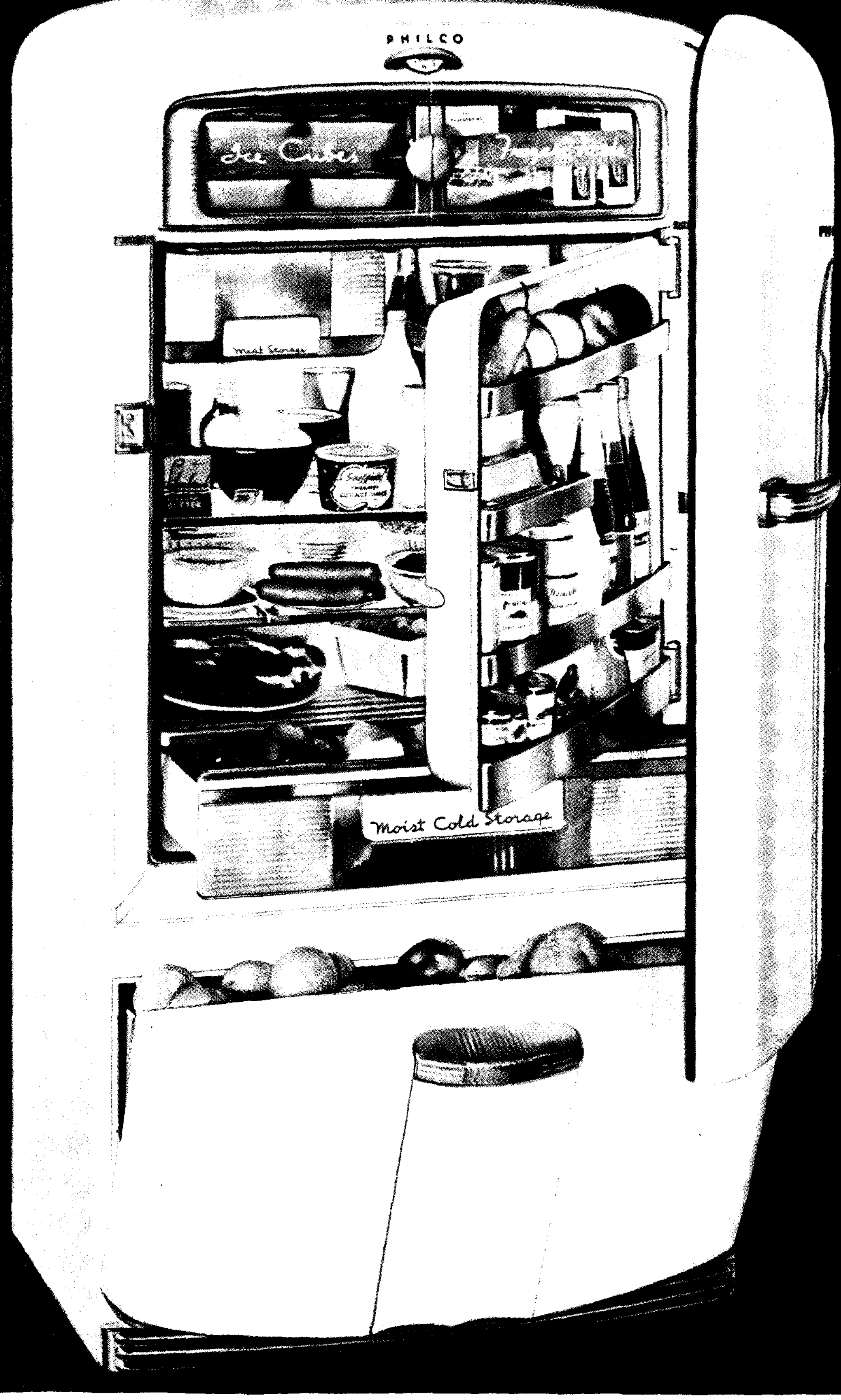
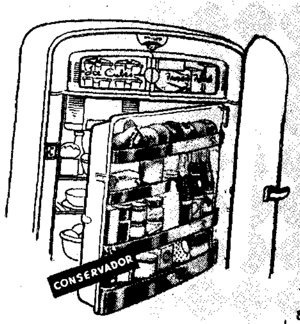


Exclusive Advanced Design gives you the Conservador... plus separate compartments for Dry Cold, Moist Cold and Frozen Foods



Only PHILCO GIVES YOU THIS CONSERVADOR . . . *26% more quickly usable space*

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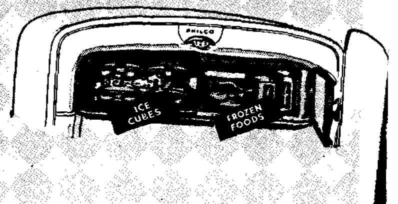

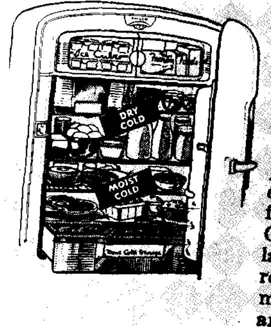

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Collier's The National W[illegible]rch 29, 1941

PUBLIC Y IOL AS

Bomber Pilot Eric Walsh spent his leave with Quentin Reynolds in London. While Quent worked Walsh got a few lessons in bombing—receiving end

BOMBER PILOT

By Quentin Reynolds

Young Eric had dropped hundreds of bombs, yet he didn't know how a bomb explosion sounded. Our London correspondent introduces another hero of the Royal Air Force

IT WAS the first time the kid had been in London since the blitz began. I'd met him when I was visiting a coastal command station and had told him to stay with me if he ever got to London. So they gave him a leave and he headed toward the big city. We had dinner in a restaurant three stories below the street surface and it was very quiet. Then we went to bed. The kid woke me about three in the morning and he looked worried.

"How can you sleep," he said, "with those bombs falling all around?"

That puzzled me. The scream of a bomb wakes you up, all right. But there were no bombs falling now. High above you could hear the drone of airplanes and the guns were blasting, but there were no bombs.

"Listen to them," the kid said excitedly. "They're dropping all over."

Then I realized what was wrong with the kid. He hadn't been in London. He hadn't heard our nightly concerts. He hadn't heard any bombs fall.

"Listen, kid," I explained patiently, "they are not bombs you are hearing. They are guns—big guns. They don't sound anything like bombs."

"Guns?" He was incredulous.

"You are a bomber pilot, kid. How many bombs have you dropped in the past seven months?"

"I don't know," he said. "Eight or nine hundred, I guess."

"And don't you know the difference between the sound of a gun and a bomb?"

"I never heard a bomb explode," he said miserably. "If I drop 'em when I'm diving at full throttle the noise of the motor kills everything else. When we do ordinary precision bombing we're a mile away before the bomb lands. I never heard a bomb explode."

"Well, stick around, kid, you will. Now get back to sleep. I'll wake you up if a bomb drops."

The kid went back to sleep. Three nights later we had a very bad time in London. They gave London a real shellacking. But now the kid knew about bombs—or thought he did. I was working and he was reading a book. One dropped pretty close. It was followed by five more—Jerry had dropped a stick of six. All close.

"That's enough, kid," I told him. "Let's go down to the bar and have a drink. We're on the fifth floor. If they're dropping them that close we're too high up. Let's go down below until it cools off."

The kid laughed. "They weren't bombs, sucker. They were guns. Big guns. Can't you tell the difference between a gun and a bomb?"

Just then another one whistled down. It started very high and you could follow it all the way down. It landed just at the back of my apartment house and the whole building swayed. We just sat there taking it. And then the lights went out.

"Maybe you were right," the kid said. "Maybe they were bombs."

We went down below and they had candles there and not all of the bottles were broken. So we sat down and had a couple of drinks and the kid got to talking. He got to talking about Toronto, where he came from, and about his father who was a shoe manufacturer and about his brother Arch, "best damn'

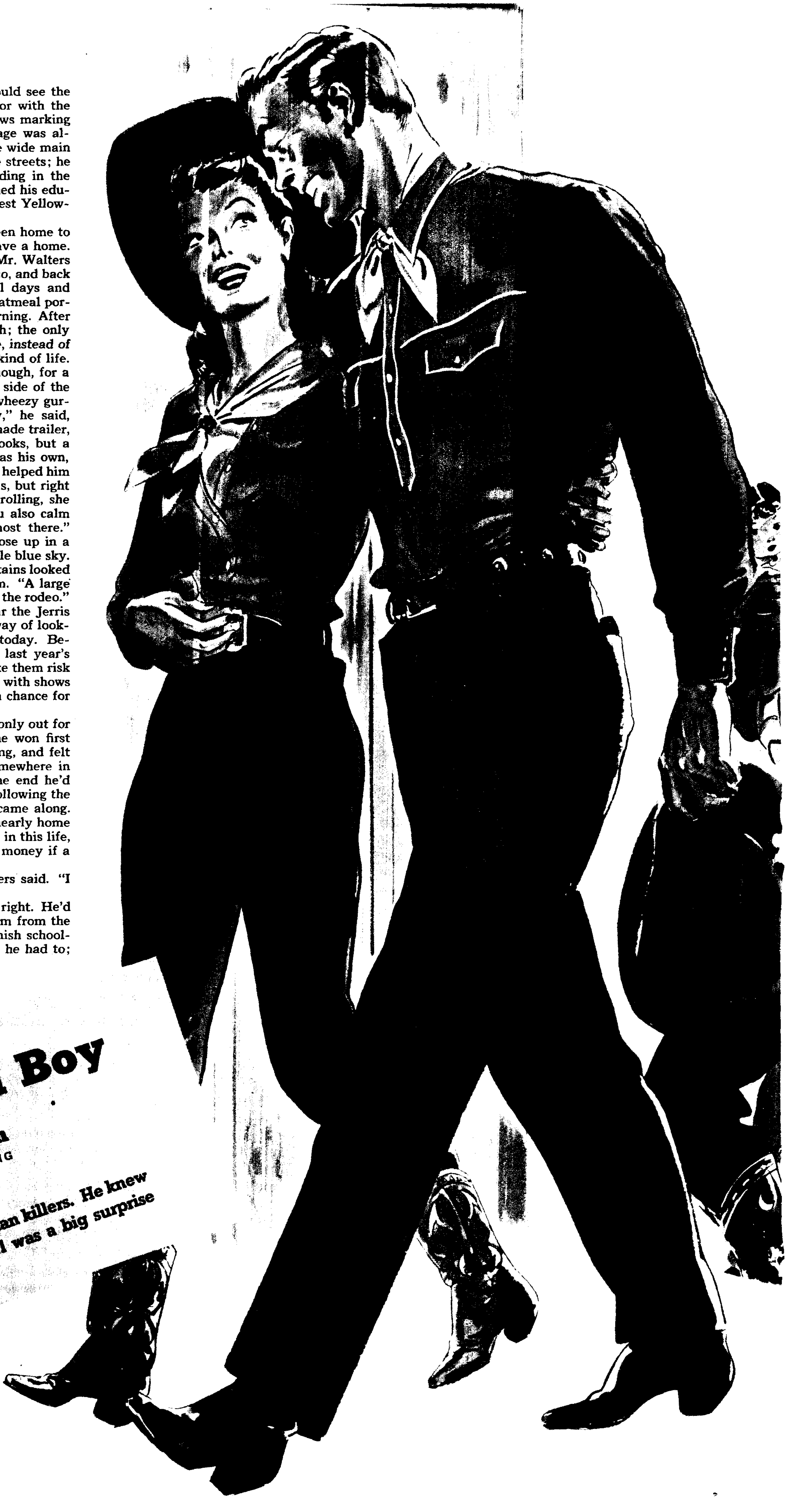
(Continued on page 71)

Home-Town Boy

By Naomi Lane Babson

ILLUSTRATED BY GILBERT DARLING

The horse and the girl were man killers. He knew about the horse, but the girl was a big surprise



FROM the top of the hill Rusty Reed could see the Jerris valley spread out as flat as a floor with the green lines of the cottonwoods and willows marking the watercourses. Seen from here the village was almost hidden in trees, but he remembered the wide main street down there and the narrow, dusty side streets; he could call to mind mighty near every building in the place from the schoolhouse where he'd finished his education clear to the last gas station on the West Yellowstone Highway.

Up to about a year ago the valley had been home to Rusty, as much as he could ever claim to have a home. He'd stayed better than six years with old Mr. Walters at the Lazy-Y, ever since he was thirteen or so, and back of that was only the orphanage: long, dull days and weeks and years, as gray in memory as the oatmeal porridge they used to get for breakfast every morning. After the home, anybody would've liked the ranch; the only wonder was he hadn't stayed contented there, instead of getting the itch to leave and try a different kind of life.

The jaloppy was hot. Doing all right, though, for a forty-dollar bus. When Rusty pulled to the side of the road and stopped the engine he still heard wheezy gurgles deep inside. "Calm yourself, old lady," he said, and got out to look at the horse in the homemade trailer, a four-year-old pinto mare, not much on looks, but a top cow pony when she chose to be. She was his own, a gift from Mr. Walters long ago, and she had helped him break a record for calf roping, down in Texas, but right now, with her ears laid back and her eyes rolling, she looked unhappy and malevolent both. "You also calm yourself, Patchwork," he said. "We're almost there."

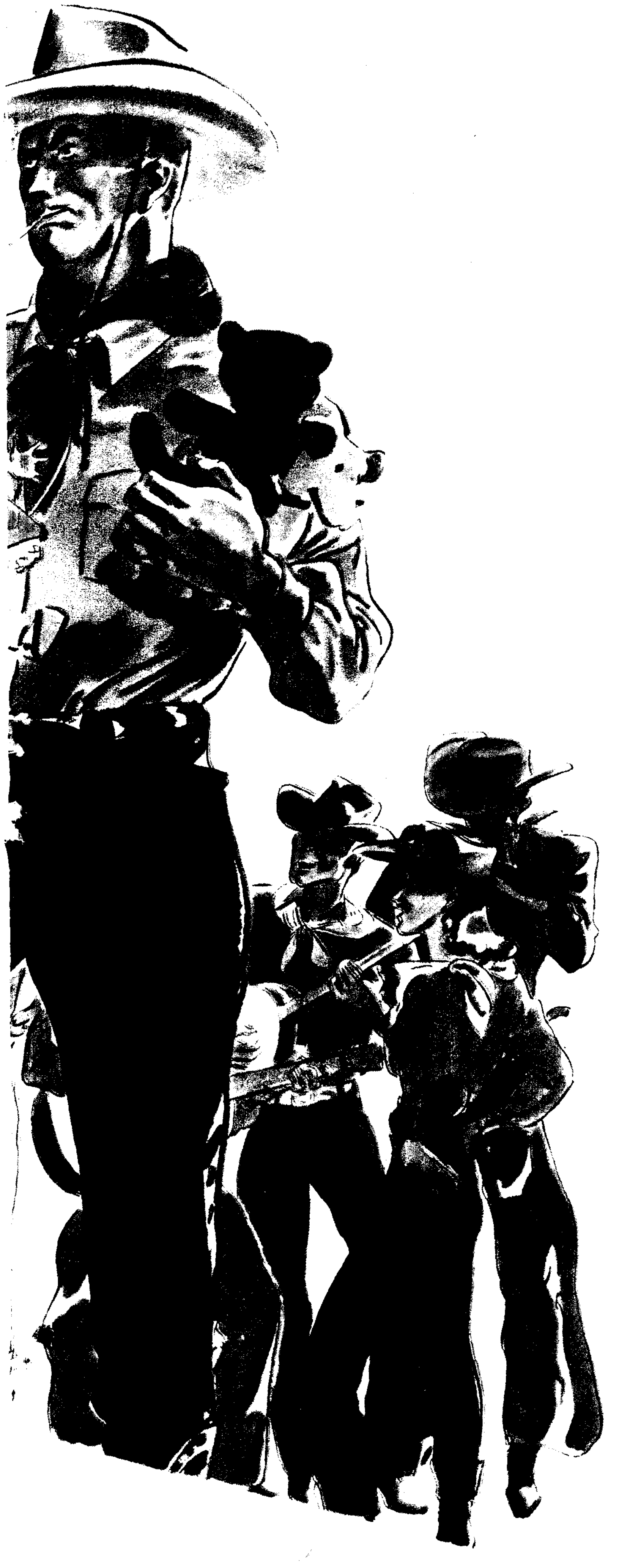
He rolled a cigarette and lit it; smoke rose up in a tiny cloud and lost itself against the illimitable blue sky. The air was so clear today that even the mountains looked flattened out under the vast dome over them. "A large order of weather," Rusty thought. "Swell for the rodeo."

Last year it had been different. Last year the Jerris rodeo had been almost rained out and, one way of looking at it, that was what had put him here today. Because a lot of the boys walked out before last year's show, the purses not being big enough to make them risk their necks on the slick mud of the field—not with shows coming on in bigger towns where there was a chance for real dough.

But Rusty stayed, being a local boy, and only out for the fun of it, at that time. It wasn't till he won first money and heard the cheers and the clapping, and felt the deep, warm prickle of pride starting somewhere in his midriff that he got other notions. In the end he'd given up his job at the Lazy-Y and started following the rodeos, drifting toward the south as winter came along. He had been clear to Mexico, and now was nearly home again, but not to stay. There was excitement in this life, the thrill of danger, the chance of big prize money if a guy was lucky.

"You poor darn' fool," was all old Walters said. "I planned things nice for you."

He meant it, too. Walters was square all right. He'd treated Rusty princely ever since he took him from the orphanage to do chores for his board and finish schooling. He started paying wages a year before he had to;



He knew that Plain Jane liked his looks and the kind of strength she felt in him; a spark of excitement crackled between them

he'd given him the colt, and then—"planned nice." That meant the old man knew about Loretta and was willing. Suddenly Rusty was thinking of the cabin by the creek, the way the willows grew around it, shutting it off from the bunkhouse and the big ranch house, too, making a kind of private little yard. Loretta had looked at the cabin once—she said it would be cute with a flower garden out in front and some red window curtains. . . .

Rusty's lips puckered up into a soundless whistle; he stepped on the glowing cigarette butt in the road, climbed into the car again and started down the hill. He guessed he could do better for a girl than any two-room log cabin.

But not just yet. He hadn't much of anything to show for his winter's work; he had been in the money only a few times. Fellow has to get a start, he thought, going downhill in low because his brakes weren't anything to pin blue ribbons on. . . . He hadn't done so bad, either, even if not as well as he'd have liked. Breaking the calf-roping record—that was something. Give him a little luck and he'd make the big shows yet. Madison Square Garden . . . Maybe the movies. Such things could happen, so why not to him? If it was flowers Loretta wanted, Hollywood ought to be the place for her.

HE WAS in town now and the wide main street looked gaudy and unreal, thanks to the carnival element brought in by the rodeo. Street booths were getting trimmed up, ready for evening trade, and there were a lot of out-of-town cars around. From one of them a voice was shouting through a loudspeaker, talking up the cowboy dance that night, and Rusty thought about Loretta again, and he looked toward the café as he went by, wondering whether she was on the job, but he didn't want to stop till he had made camp.

A mile the other side of town he found the place he wanted, a little meadow with water running through it, and plenty of grass for Patchwork. It was off the highway, just enough hidden so most people didn't even see it, which suited him to a T. But while he was getting Patchwork out of the trailer another car turned down from the main road.

"Room for two?" the driver asked.

"It ain't my property," Rusty began, then his look changed and he grinned a welcome. "Chuck Barrus, ain't it? Sure, come on. They's lots of room."

Because Chuck was a real guy and no mistake about it. He'd stuck till the whistle blew on more bucking broncos than Rusty could call to mind right at the moment; he could've been right up there at the top if he'd gone out for it, but he always claimed he hated the business and meant to quit while he still had a backbone.

"Thought you were signing off, here a year ago?" Rusty said.

"Sure was." Chuck climbed stiffly out of his car and stretched himself. "Long trek from Miles City," he said, and then returned to the question: "Sure was going to quit. But the fact is, I got hitched last summer, and she's in the hospital now with a boy—nine-pounder, he was! And, uh—if I'm lucky, we can use the money."

"Well, I bet," Rusty agreed. The words seemed less than adequate to the big announcement, so he went on after a moment: "Another little broncobuster come to town."

"Not if I have the say, there ain't," Chuck declared. "I'd a darn' sight sooner see him herding sheep."

"Yeah, you would!"

"Why not? It's better than raising up another Little Willy."

There was a moment's silence and, without wanting to, Rusty found himself remembering Willy Stokes, a near champ rider of some years ago. Folks said that Little Willy had broken every bone in his body and some of them twice, besides scrambling all the wits he ever had. Nowadays no one would mount him but he turned up at rodeos just the same, and hung around the chutes cadging for small change, drinks and cigarettes; sometimes he was allowed to pull an act—clown stuff of one kind or another. Last year they'd had him riding on a goat.

"I see you got your own pony," Chuck said. "Calf roping, eh?"

"That's right."

"Riding broncs, too?"

"Not this time. I'm one of these here specialists." But Chuck was smart enough to see through that, and know that a fellow might not always want to pay two entrance fees.

After the pinto was cared for, cleaning up took a while. Rusty had a new shirt to wear and a new silk handkerchief; his wide-brimmed hat was in the back of the car. When he was ready at last he took a squint in the windshield mirror, and couldn't honestly proclaim himself dissatisfied. "Going to eat?" he asked.

But Chuck already had a campfire started and was taking tins of food and a frying pan from his car. "It's cheaper this way, big boy, which you'll find out if you stay long in this game."

There were a sight more cars in town by the time Rusty got back there; so many of them around the restaurant that he had to park almost a block away. For a minute he thought how it was in normal times, in the winter say, twenty or thirty below zero, snow creaking underfoot, all the windows frosted, and the red and blue neon lights at the drugstore looking garish and unimportant underneath the stars. Something stirred in him, kind of a pang like homesickness. Pushing the screen door open, he went into the café.

HIS eyes found Loretta right away and she saw him, too, but she was busy with a customer and could only give him one of her long, slow looks and a little, tucked-in smile before she turned away. He found an empty place and let recaptured memories possess him for a spell. Everything was familiar here, the tan and yellow woodwork, and the clean, scrubbed table tops, the shelf of cigarettes and candy behind the cash register, the sign that said, "We only own the joint, you give the orders." In one of the booths he still could see the initial-carving job some of them had done after a high-school party a year or two ago. That was before Loretta went to work; she had been one of the crowd that night and it was the first time they had ever paired off together. Abruptly she was beside him, holding a menu card, a tall, stout, quiet girl, flushed now from hurrying. Her hair was just as brown and soft as he remembered and her eyes as steady.

"Hi-ya," he said. "You get my post card?"

"Sure. Why wouldn't I? The mails still run. . . . Pot roast is the best tonight."

"Okay. Say, what about the dance?"

"I got to work till twelve."

"Twelve's early."

"Not for me," she said.

Their eyes met. There was suddenly more between them than an argument over a dance—there was Loretta's unvoiced disapproval of his new way of life, her liking for quiet, simple things and the place where she was born, set against his nervous restlessness and wandering ambition. "Aw, come on. Let's have some fun."

She shook her head. "I can't tonight."

"Okay," he said, "if that's the way you want it." Fun went out of him and he

(Continued on page 35)

A Letter to Americans

By Charles A. Lindbergh

DOOLITTLE

Charles A. Lindbergh, Lone Eagle of the transatlantic flight, asks searching questions in this eloquent article. Although Collier's does not agree with Mr. Lindbergh about the wisdom of aiding Britain, we take pleasure in presenting his powerful statement of the isolationists' position

Editor, Collier's

In California, a Lockheed bomber starts its trip to England—part of the "all aid short of war" that Mr. Lindbergh opposes

I ADDRESS this letter to every man and woman in America who is opposed to our country's entry into the European war. I write because we are being led toward that war with ever-increasing rapidity, and by every conceivable subterfuge. While our leaders have shouted for peace, they have constantly directed us toward war, until even now we are seriously involved.

I write to ask your immediate aid in maintaining the independent American destiny our forefathers established. I write to warn you that the men who entice us on to war have no more idea of how that war can be won than the governments of France and England had when they declared war on Germany. The interventionists call on us to fight, and then their responsibility ends. They offer no feasible plan for victory.

The situation in America today is alarmingly similar to that of France and England in the years prior to this war. There, as here, people let their emotions get the better of their judgment; and they had the same unwillingness to face realities. Both countries had refused to take part in a European readjustment while there was still time to make it peacefully. Both had refused to make the sacrifice that was essential for adequate rearmament. They, too, had cultivated the philosophy that it was necessary to defend someone else in order to defend themselves. How they could defend anyone else if they were unable to defend themselves, they apparently did not consider any more than we are considering today.

Their failure is now obvious, and stands out clearly before us. The imposition of "sanctions" did not save Abyssinia; but it threw Italy into the arms of Germany and sowed the seeds for the Axis. The threat of war by England and France did not save Poland; but it forced Germany and Russia into an alliance and precipitated a disastrous war. Adjustments that should have been made in peace and moderation were finally brought by war and resulted in immoderation. The failure to face realities in peace brought the curse of war on Europe. The failure to face the realities of war brought defeat to France and devastation to England.

WHEN the last war ended, the victorious Allies had two courses open to them. They could either have assisted Germany back onto her feet as a self-respecting nation, or they could have kept her in a weakened condition by the use of military force. But they followed neither of these policies. England and France wavered back and forth between the two, while the United States withdrew her armies and her politics to the Western Hemisphere — avowedly forever.

During the years immediately succeeding the last war, Germany was held down with an iron heel. The terms of Versailles were the terms of a military victory, and when Germany defaulted on her payment of reparations, French troops occupied the Ruhr. But during the following two decades, England decided to disarm, while France allowed the equipment of her army to become obsolete for modern warfare. Then Germany broke the terms of Versailles, rearmed and marched her troops back into the Rhineland. When this happened, a few men in France and England, with greater vision than the rest, cried out that Germany must be stopped then, or that it would be forever too late. Their statements were met with popular indifference.

During the most active years of German rearmament, France and England exerted relatively little effort to compete. It seemed impossible for them to realize what was taking place in Central Europe. But later, after Germany had trained her armies, built her air force and constructed the Siegfried Line, the demand grew in France and England for military action—a demand which culminated in the declaration of war of 1939, and which has already caused the defeat of France and the devastation of

England. While there was still time to fight, populace and politician refused to let the armies move. When the time to fight had passed, the armies were forced into a hopeless battle.

I sat in England, one afternoon in 1938, listening to the man who had charge of co-ordinating defense for the British government. I had pleaded with him to take additional steps to safeguard the British position in aviation. I had told him that if this were not done Germany would soon become as supreme in the air as England was at sea. He listened courteously, and then replied that if the wars in Spain and China had demonstrated one thing, it was that the danger of air bombardment, and the damage which could be inflicted by bombing planes, had been grossly exaggerated. He said that the British aviation program was being "adequately expanded."

A FEW months later, at the time of the Munich crisis, I went to see one of the foremost leaders of England. I went at the request of other English leaders, to tell him my belief that the strength of German aviation was underestimated in England, and that the strength of Russian aviation was almost as much overestimated. He did not agree with me, although he admitted that the situation was serious. While I was there, however, he showed me an official report concerning British antiaircraft units. The report stated that not enough antiaircraft guns existed in all England to form an adequate defense for the city of London alone. Yet that man at that moment, was advocating war.

At the time of Munich, the Royal Air Force had only a few squadrons of modern fighters and bombers. The majority of their planes were obsolete. And all of them put together totaled a fraction of the German air force. The condition of French aviation was even more deplorable. There was not a single squadron in France equipped with modern pursuit planes, and the French government was *looking forward* to the time when its aircraft production would reach a total of 200 fighting planes per month.

When I returned to Paris after a flight to Russia, in the fall of 1938, I met, at his request, one of the members of the French cabinet. I gave him my estimate of the Russian and German air forces, telling him of the tremendous expansion of military aviation that had taken place in Germany, and that Russian aviation had been unable to keep pace. He replied that my estimates confirmed the worst fears of the French, and corresponded to the reports of an air mission they had recently sent to Germany. I found that aviation circles in France, at that time, freely admitted that Germany would take supremacy of the air almost as soon as a war started.

From the standpoint of logic, the aviation situation in Europe was in itself sufficient reason to prevent a declaration of war by France and England in 1939. But when one looked farther, he found that the same conditions existed in relation to the ground armies of Europe. Even the civilian population of Germany had been trained and prepared for war, while the people in France and England were not.

One of the striking differences between France and England, during the months immediately preceding this war, lay in the fact that France was alert to her danger but disorganized; while England was organized but only half awake. In France, internal conditions were so bad that I often wondered whether war or revolution would break upon the country first. In England, there was no danger of revolution, but the people of that nation had never adjusted themselves to the tempo of this modern era. Their minds were still attuned to the speed of sail rather than to that of aircraft. The way of life in England was ideal for times of peace, but fatal for a modern war. In Germany, on the other hand, one found a nation that had risen from the prostration of a previous defeat—a nation less tolerant, less satisfied, than its neighbors; a nation fully trained for war, and nurtured on the philosophy that right is inseparable from might.

The true facts of the European situation had been hidden from the people of England and France. They were not adequately informed either of Germany's strength or of their own weakness. Politicians and idealists harangued them about stopping aggression, about defending freedom and democracy, about maintaining their way of life, but the realities of modern warfare—the elements that spell failure or success—were seldom discussed. The orators shouted: "We must stop Hitler." The newspapers echoed: "Down with the Nazi regime." The people of France and England resigned themselves to the inevitability of war. But not a single man told how to break the Siegfried Line.

I can best illustrate the attitude in the democracies of Europe by telling you of a conversation I had one evening with a French businessman on the outskirts of Paris. He had been talking for nearly an hour about the inevitability of war, and why German aggression must be stopped. He advocated a declaration of war by France.

"What would your first move be?" I asked him.

"We must fight the Germans," he replied.

"But how?" I asked him. "Do you think the French army can break the Siegfried Line?"

He looked startled, then sank back into his chair. "Oh, I don't know about that," he answered. "That's up to the military men."

A WEEK or two later, I was having lunch with one of those military men—a general in the French army. I asked him if he felt that the Siegfried Line could be broken.

"No," he replied, "I don't think so." And then added: "But if it could, the cost would be too high."

"What's the answer then?" I asked. for the war drums were beating loudly,

He shrugged his shoulders. "If only they had let us attack when we wanted to," he said. "When we could have won, the people would not fight. And now, when we cannot win, they want war."

France waited until it was too late. England waited until it was too late. We in America have waited until it is too late; and yet we step closer and closer to the war, as though hypnotized by its bombing and its fury. Like France and England in 1939, we are unprepared today. We have not as many thoroughly modern fighting planes in our Army and Navy combined as Germany produces in a single week; and our Army is deplorably lacking in such essential items as tanks and antitank cannon. We have not made the sacrifice necessary for adequate rearmament. We, too, have cultivated the philosophy that it is essential to defend someone else in order to defend ourselves. *Our* politicians and idealists harangue *us* about defending freedom and democracy, and our way of life. *They* are now shouting, "We must stop Hitler." *Our* newspapers echo "Down with the Nazi regime." But not one feasible plan has been offered us for an invasion of the continent of Europe. With the disaster of France and England fresh before us, we are following the selfsame path.

We, in America, are being led to war by a group of interventionists, and foreign interests, against the will of a majority of our people. Every poll of public opinion has shown that from 80 per cent to 95 per cent of Americans are opposed to entering this war. Both the Republican and Democratic parties were forced to incorporate antiwar planks in their platforms. Both presidential candidates were compelled to take a stand against our intervention. Yet today, although no one has made an attempt to attack us, we already have one foot in the war. We have even now entangled "our peace and prosperity in the toils of European ambition, rivalship, interest, humor and caprice."

IFOR THOMAS

Charles A. Lindbergh

WHAT has happened to us? How was this condition brought about? The procedure has not been dissimilar to that which took us into the last war. When hostilities in Europe began, it was fully realized by the foreign interests and interventionists in this country that the great majority of Americans stood firmly opposed to entering the conflict. These interventionists knew that it was useless for them to advocate openly a declaration of war by America. They therefore adopted a more subtle plan. They believed that while the people of the United States would not agree to a declaration of war, we could be beguiled into supporting steps that would inevitably lead to war. Consequently, instead of advocating war, they advocated steps which they called "short of war"—steps which have already entangled us, and which will leave us no alternative to war if we continue to take them. The policy of the interventionists has been, from the beginning, to support every movement that would lead us in the direction of war, and to oppose every movement that would not—always under their mask of "aid short of war." I have listened more than once to interventionists in America discuss the question of what steps "short of war" would take us into war most quickly.

To be specific, soon after war was

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Informally Yours

By Henry L. Jackson

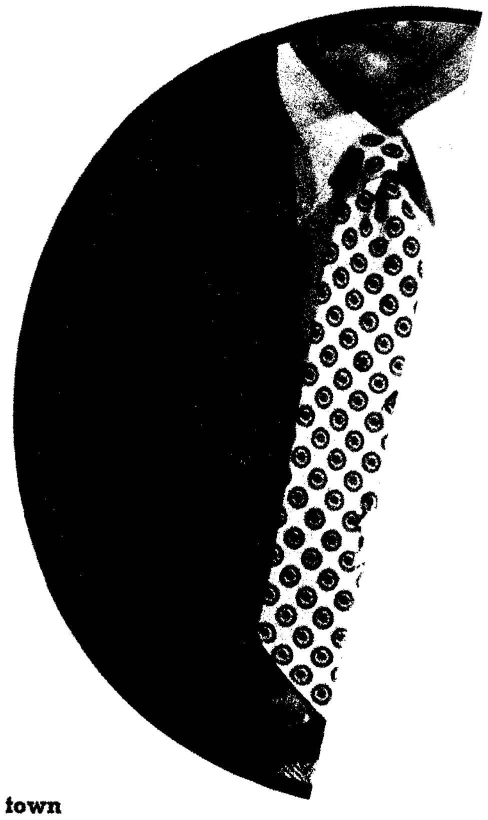
THE people who Emilypost men's cloaks and suits say it's all right now to wear your country week-end clothes to business. Within reason, of course. No play suits, no flannel shirts, no knit ties, no rope-sole shoes. But lightweight tweeds and gabardines—okay.

Informal flannel and covert suits become citified when you dignify them with the right accessories, dressy business shirts and regular town hats. There's one concession you can make, however, to the flora and fauna of East Milkstop: neckwear may be gay, colorful.

Keep the coat and pants in the same family. The odd jacket is an acceptable uniform for a station wagon, but on the hard city sidewalks, uh-uh!

The single-breasted suit is best for this semisports, double-action use. Try a Glen Urquhart pattern, with a bright overplaid, or a striped flannel. An easy-fitting suit in solid colors will give variety to your summer wardrobe.

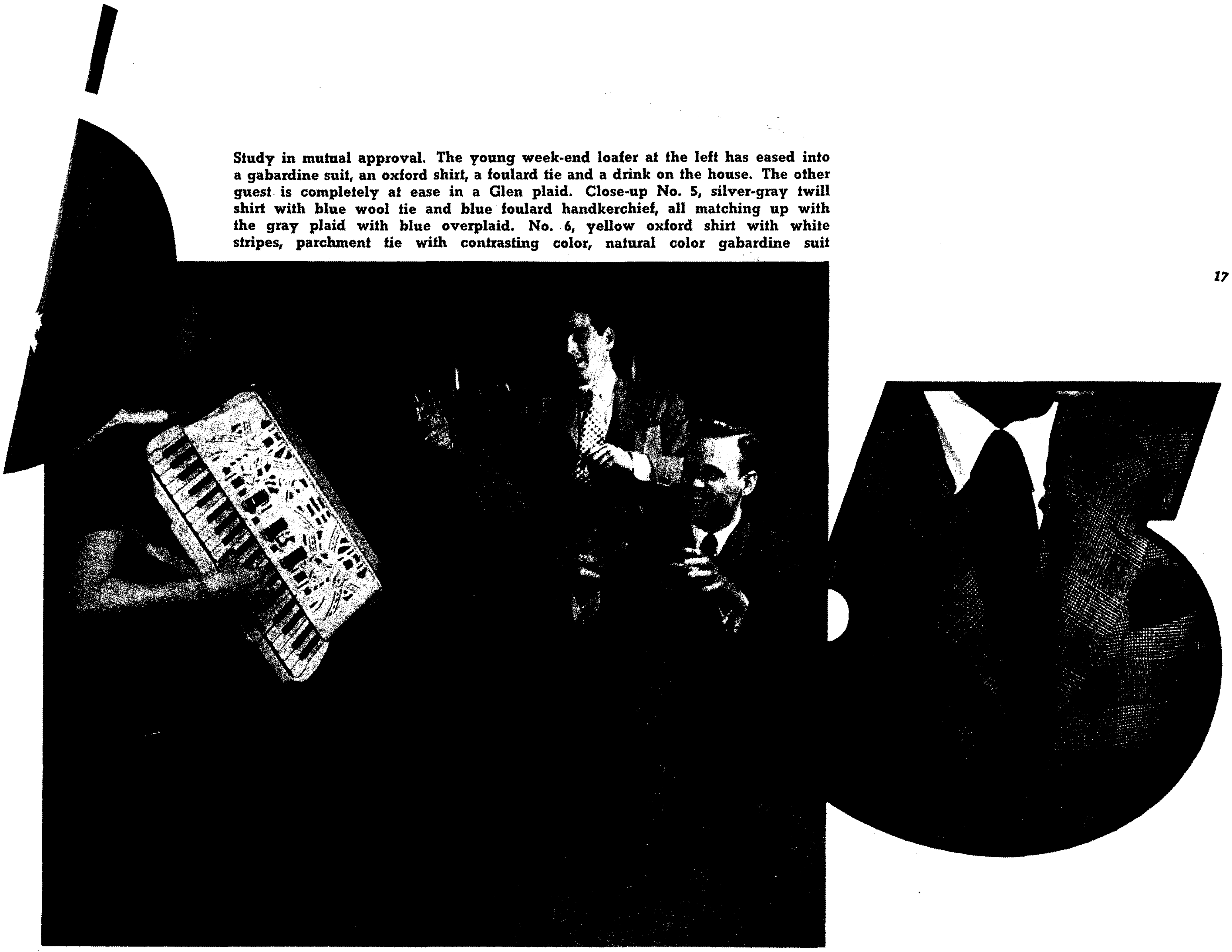
For the cool of the evening, a covert topcoat will keep you comfortable in town or country, but be sure it's a loose, casual model—not form-fitting. And if the country air is a few degrees cooler than the city, blend a sweater into your ensemble.



For pampering pigeons or any other informal town activity—the office, for instance—you won't go wrong with semisports clothes. The covert topcoat at the left is casual, easy-fitting. So is the suit at the right, a lightweight worsted flannel. The inset photographs show the effects achieved by various color combinations: No. 1, blue-and-white striped broadcloth shirt, electric blue foulard tie with a white overall pattern, blue-gray chalk-stripe suit, all set off by the olive drab of the topcoat. No. 2, pale yellow broadcloth shirt with navy-spotted, corn-color tie, blue-bordered handkerchief and gray-blue suit

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S
BY IFOR THOMAS

Study in mutual approval. The young week-end loafer at the left has eased into a gabardine suit, an oxford shirt, a foulard tie and a drink on the house. The other guest is completely at ease in a Glen plaid. Close-up No. 5, silver-gray twill shirt with blue wool tie and blue foulard handkerchief, all matching up with the gray plaid with blue overplaid. No. 6, yellow oxford shirt with white stripes, parchment tie with contrasting color, natural color gabardine suit



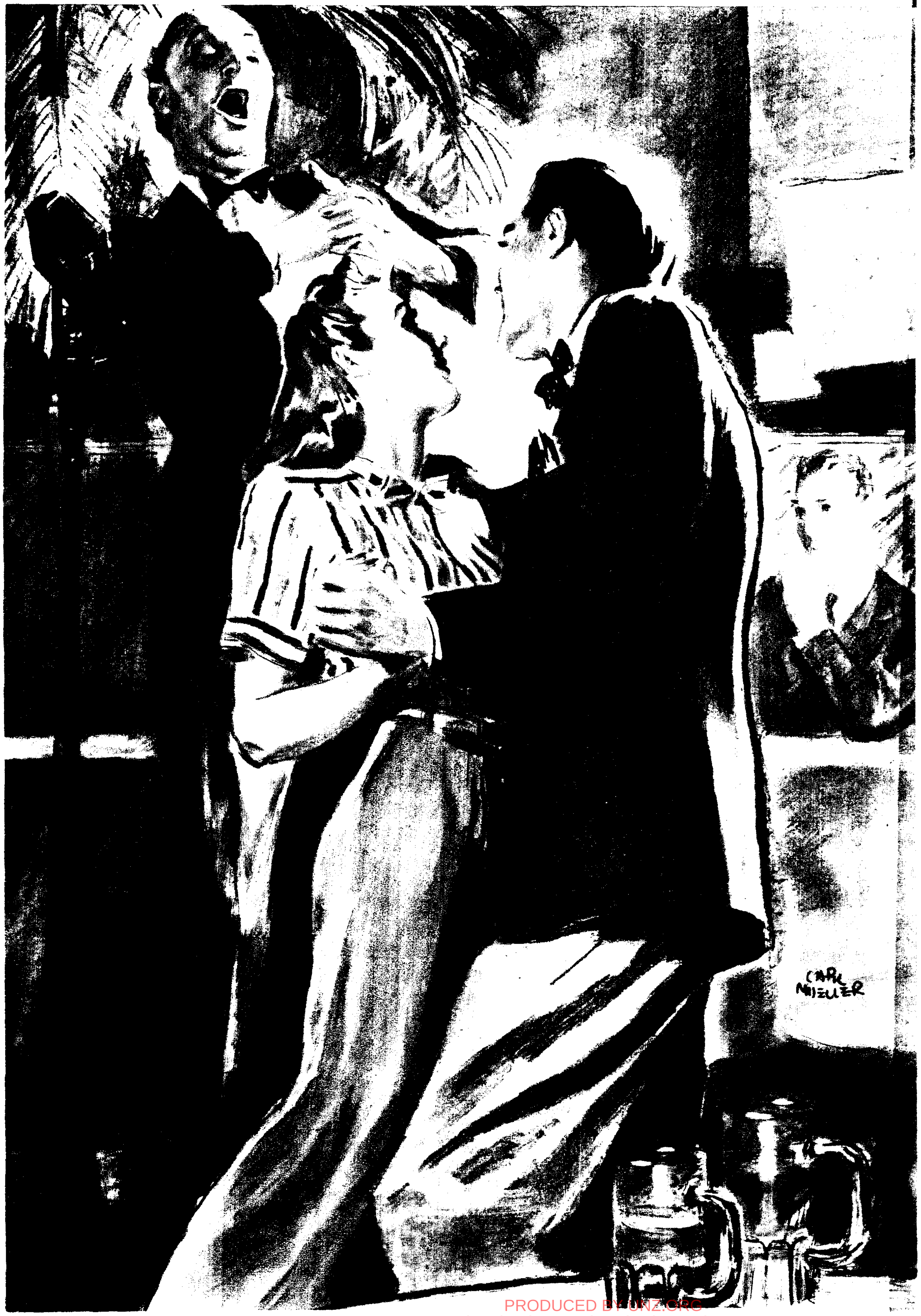
Unscheduled event in the life of two guys going places on a fine spring day. That ticket is bound to wind up in style, in either the double- or single-breasted semisports suit, which won't ease the pain a bit. Insets give you the color combinations: No. 3 shows the effect of a tan Glen plaid shirt with harmonizing striped tie and foulard handkerchief, plus a natural-color lightweight wool sweater. Suit is natural covert. No. 4 sets against the natural-color Shetland herringbone suit a tan-and-white candy-striped oxford shirt, a brown, red and yellow India silk tie, complementary handkerchief

This Will Kill You

By William Fay

ILLUSTRATED BY CARL MUELLER

A little bit of brotherly love plus a little bit of talent make a combination that will take an actor a long way in show business. Witness Willy Longo at work



He sang nasally, his hands clasped in dramatic supplication. You could tell that Lew had been an actor once

WILLY LONGO stood at the bar of Kaplan's Restaurant, the Bronx, and clipped his nails with particular care. He kept the cigarette in his mouth and let the smoke move lazily around his new nine-dollar hat. "Fine. Just fine, Max," he said. "Yeah, I got a letter from Lew today. He's in Florida, you know. Or did I tell you that? Stories? Sure. I got a story from Lew that will powder you, Max—it will absolutely powder you. I know; I know—" Fondly Willy shook his head—"the guy's a hunnerd thousan' laughs. This is a gag Lew got from Georgie Jessel, Max."

Willy told the story and was happy at the task. The boys at Kaplan's bar moved closer, careful to miss no word of it. "It's not the kind of story you could tell on the air," said Willy, which was something they soon understood.

Willy led his audience along. He panicked them with dialect, about the two Jewish boys who received a porcupine by parcel post. He could tell, before its climax, that the story would paralyze them; it would leave them helpless on the floor, and he could make his journey home recalling to himself, "They died. They fell down"; and after he was gone, he knew they'd say a lot of warm and thankful things about himself and Lew. They would reflect that Lew was marvelous.

They died, all right. Fell down. Were paralyzed. And Willy took much nourishment from this success. Of course, he hadn't received the story from Lew. He'd made it up himself. But you know how it is—Lew wouldn't mind, long as the story was professional. It kind of helped his brother Lew. Show business is like that, you know. You've got to keep your name alive. It never hurts to advertise.

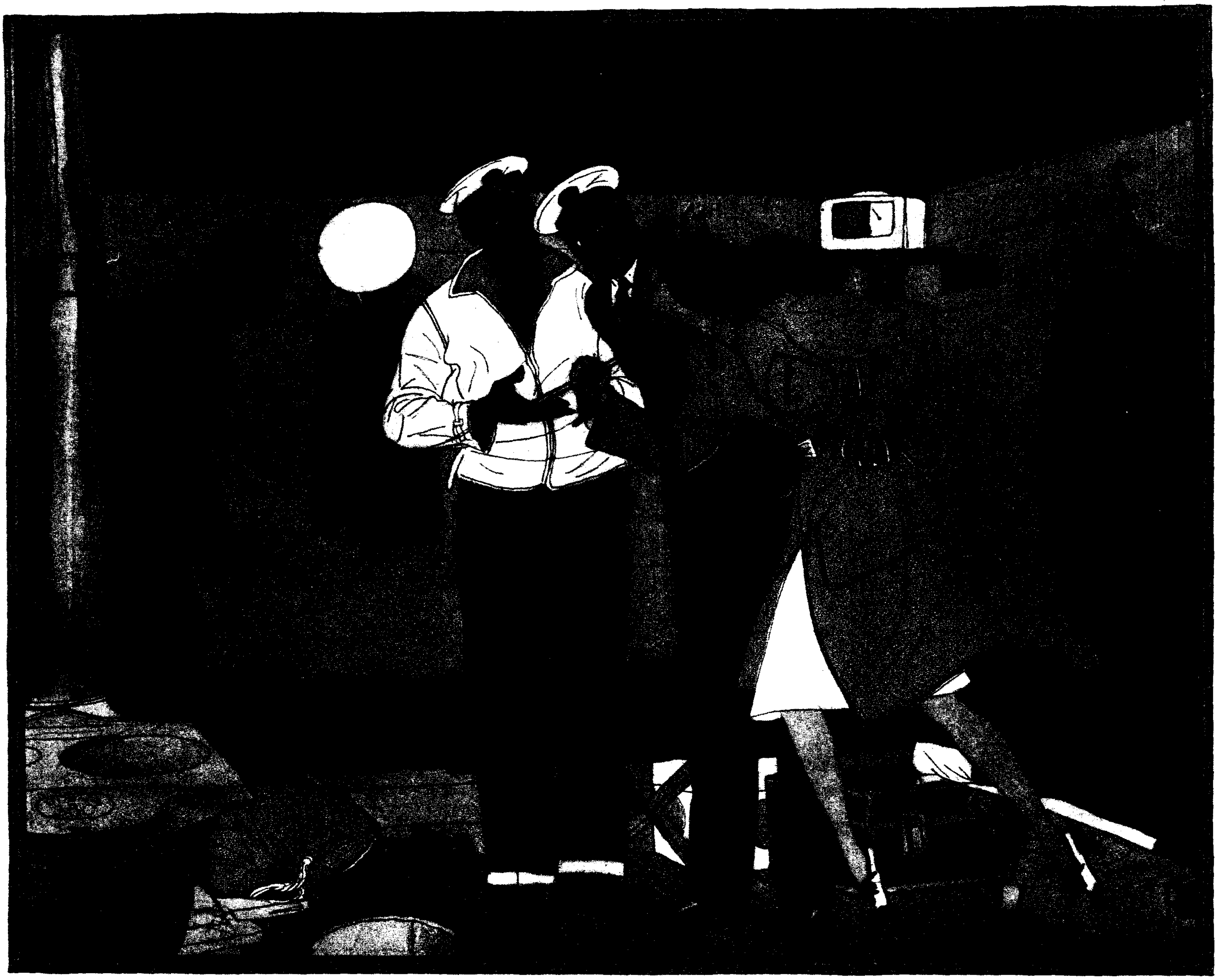
Willy knew that he could never be a funny man like Brother Lew. He could think up funny stories, but he couldn't tell them from a stage. In Kaplan's it was different: you didn't have to worry when you said the stories came from Lew.

THAT made it easy. Lew, of course, was born to be an actor. Willy now was twenty-four, but he could go back almost fifteen years to the days when Lew was doing vaudeville around the circuit, coming back from time to time to play the Bronx, and how it was then, long ago, to have your own brother on the stage, telling stories, doing skits, and saying names like Jolson, Cantor. . . . "I seen Georgie Jessel yesterday and Georgie said, 'Hey, Lew; look, Lew' . . ." such wonderful things as that, with Willy listening and soaking in the Broadway by the bucketful while Lew, offstage, told friends, acquaintances, the way it was in show business—the way it really was . . . "I don't mean what you read in the papers, understand?" Oh, that was wonderful.

You take Max Kaplan. Max remembered Lew. He kept Lew's picture up above the mirror in the back of the bar, along with Milton Berle's and Ozzie Nelson's and Jean Harlow's, who had made a personal appearance long ago at the Paradise around the corner and had stopped in several times at Kaplan's . . . "Just as nice as she could be," they all remembered. "A great little lady," Max would say.

Willy couldn't help it. It was not his fault. The stories and the gags occurred to him. The stories and the gags had jumped into his head for years, while

(Continued on page 39)



"The heck with being so brave!" I said. I snatched the cylinder from Savvy

The Traitor

By Frederick Hazlitt Brennan

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY BECKHOFF

The Story Thus Far:

IN COMMAND of a small Western naval station, Captain Hartney, U.S.N., is dumfounded when an investigator sent from Washington—Lieutenant Commander Kirstell—informs him that one of his officers is a traitor. *Who can the traitor be?* Assisted by a capable aide—Hartney's lively daughter, Phyllis—Kirstell goes to work to answer the question.

Phyllis has a suspect list with one name on it—the name "Bert Sedden." Bert is the son of "Pop" Sedden—Commander Sedden, the captain's executive officer. True, he is not an officer. But he is a "conscientious objector"; and (as Kirstell is presently informed) he had once been a Communist. Phyllis has a talk with Bert and is appalled by his cynicism, pacifism (attributable, she feels sure, to cowardice) and contempt for everything his father and the Navy stand for. She gives the boy a piece of her mind, and decides to watch him.

Apparently unaware that a traitor is operating at the station, three young men—"Dutch" Prentice and "Pat" Rorabeck, M.I.T. graduates, and Lieutenant Dent ("Savvy") Roberts—are striving to perfect a secret device of some sort behind a protective fence and sentries. Once a prowler tries to tunnel under the fence. The fellow runs away when a sentry fires at him. . . .

At the Officers' Club, Lieutenant Roger Collins, Captain Hartney's aide, knocks Bert Sedden down, after listening to some of his pacifistic utterances. Bert does not defend himself but his father enters and, realizing what has happened, gives Roger a punch on the jaw—a punch which the lieutenant acknowledges with an "I'm very sorry, sir." He bows and leaves the club.

Both Kirstell and Phyllis witness the incident. And Kirstell strongly suspects that Bert is the man he is after. He instructs Phyllis to see as much as she can of Prentice, who, according to headquarters, is one of Bert's friends.

Phyllis soon learns that the two men are close friends—and have been for a long time. She discovers that they think in much the same terms. So the name of Dutch Prentice goes on her suspect list. But Savvy Roberts—to whom she is strongly attracted—assures her that both Bert and Dutch are all right, trustworthy. Phyllis believes Savvy is being duped by Dutch.

Mrs. McMatthews, a gossip, telephones Phyllis. She says that "that Briscoe woman" (an officer's wife) is spreading the news that a traitor is at large at the post, and that certain persons are trying to frame her husband—to get him out of the service.

V

THERE are times when any woman must feel grateful for that ancient heritage of her sex—the ability to lie easily and without an instant's hesitation.

"What nonsense, Mrs. Mac," I said. "You shouldn't even repeat such tommyrot!"

"But she's *telling* it, Phyllis—"

"She won't tell it any more. I'll guarantee that! If you hear anyone quote Mrs. Briscoe, say it is a contemptible falsehood. The woman must have lost her mind!"

"*I've* said all along she was crazy—"

"Loony! Out of her head. Stark mad."

"Your father must *take definite action*—"

"He will. Don't worry. Goodby, Mrs. Mac."

"But, *Phyllis*—"

I put down the receiver and turned from the phone to find Roger at my elbow.

"What's that Briscoe woman done now?"

"Oh, nothing . . . just some more mean gossip . . . I'll fix *her!*"

"Who's she after?"

"A catfight with some of the women," I said, desperately. "You've got to run along, Roger. I want to clean up for dinner."

Roger still wanted to play Sir Galahad. "I think I know what it is," he said. "I'll have a talk with Briscoe."

"No, no—you keep out of it—"

Fortunately, my father walked in the front door just then.

"Hullo, Dad," I said, quickly. "Roger is just leaving, so don't ask him to stay and have a drink. He's had one and I want to get rid of him!"

Roger grinned. "That's plain language, isn't it, sir?" he said.

The skipper smiled at Roger and slapped him on the arm with fond indulgence. "Go, my boy," he said, "an order is an order!"

"Right, sir!" Then: "Roberts insists on starting that test at four in the morning."

"Very well. I'll be there."

"An ungodly hour. Why don't you ask him to—"

"No, it's all right. The Jap fishing boats won't be so thick."

"Aye, aye, sir. See you later, Phyllis!"

The skipper looked at me, the deep lines of his face crinkling quizzically. "On pins and needles, eh, Phyl?"

"Yes, sir!"

"Well?"

"Come in here—where we can shut the door!"

He followed me into the library. I shut the door and, standing with my back against it, blurted out what Mrs. McMatthews had said.

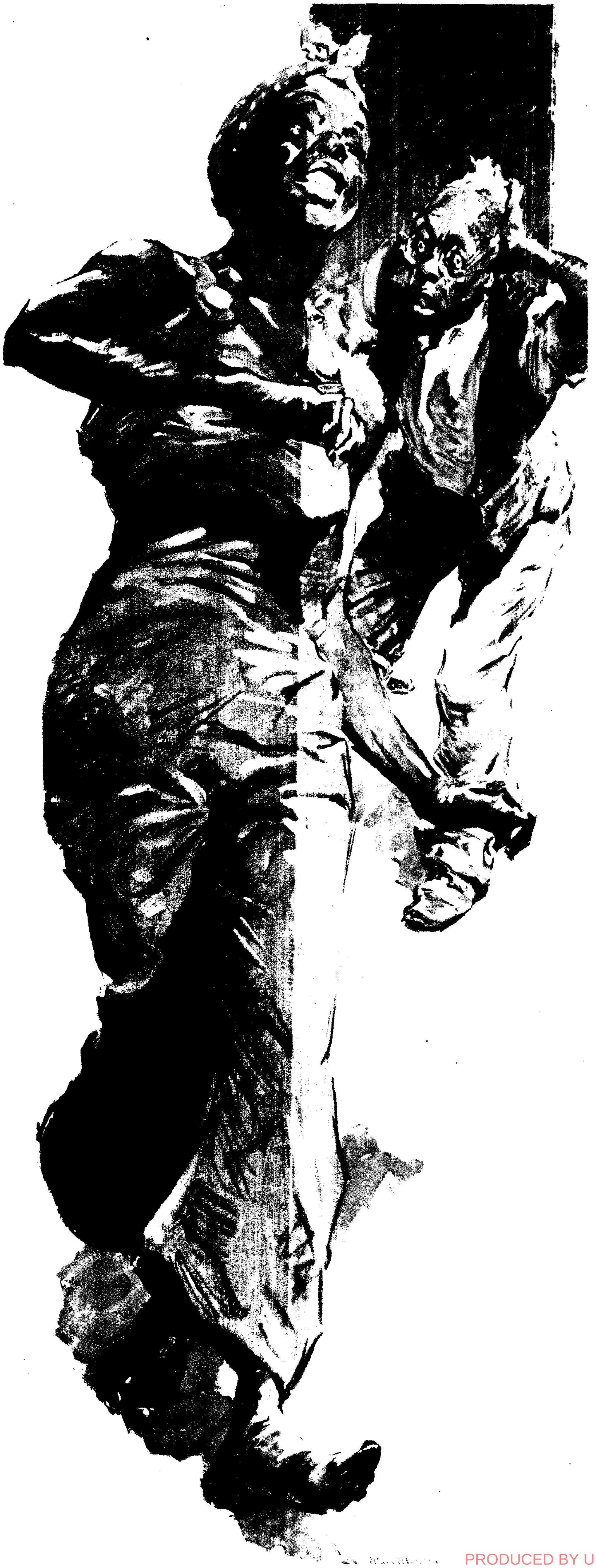
(Continued on page 57)

RED PANTS AIN'T NO SIN

By Roark Bradford

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM MEADE PRINCE

The two times in his life when B'r Charlie tried to do a piece of thinking, the Lord had to act quickly to save his bacon



B'r Charlie gulped. "You, gal!" he yelled to her. "Whyn't you git home and take off dem red over-halls and put on a dress?"

PEOPLE who rated B'r Charlie as a "strickly no-good" were not entirely accurate in their estimate of the one-legged preaching blacksmith of Little Bee Bend plantation. Giles, the foreman, admitted B'r Charlie could sharpen a plowpoint better than anybody in the Red River bottoms, provided he devoted his entire attention to the job. And the Widow Duck conceded there were moments in the life of her pastor when he gave his whole soul to the unselfish betterment of mankind.

"O' cou'se," she would add, "no good ever come f'm B'r Charlie's thinkin', but to give de devil his jues, sometimes B'r Charlie do set down and do his best."

The trouble with B'r Charlie's mental efforts was the fact that his brain was not nearly as sharp as were the plowpoints he hammered on his anvil. From long practice he could tell by the ring of the metal, the feel of the hammer as it struck and the smell of the heat from the forge when a point was ready to be ducked into the cooling tub and dropped into the box, ready for use. But when his brain was at work, B'r Charlie got no instinctive reaction. There was no beaten trail over which a thought could travel, picking up slickness and maturity as it rolled through mental pools of experience until it emerged a complete, well-rounded idea. A thought in B'r Charlie's mind bumped through the uncharted wilderness of unused cells until it died of weariness or emerged dented and twisted out of all semblance to a thought.

People still laughed at the last time B'r Charlie had tried to think. It was back yonder before the government got interested in cotton raising. The price was four cents a pound and times were so tight that a man had to work a vegetable garden in addition to his crop if he wanted to have enough to eat. The bossman was constantly urging everybody to take care of the mules and plows because there was no money for replacements; and Giles was demanding a full day's work "in high gear" from everybody on the place.

"Hit takes a heap er fo'-cent cotton to buy sixteen-cent meat," Giles had explained.

B'R CHARLIE had caught the spirit. Although keeping the plowpoints sharpened occupied his full day, he was seized with a feeling of inactivity. He wanted to help. For a whole week he had goaded his mind for an idea with which he could battle the tight times. Then, suddenly it came—complete in detail. It concerned a big cottonwood tree in front of his own cabin.

The tree had stood for half a century, providing cool shade in summer and a windbreak in winter, and had harmed nothing. It occurred to B'r Charlie that a storm might come and blow the limbs of the tree against the roof, thereby forcing the bossman to spend money for new roofing. To circumvent such a possible catastrophe and save money for the bossman, B'r Charlie chopped down the tree. It fell across B'r Charlie's house and wrecked it. The bossman was enraged; and Giles threatened B'r Charlie's life. But the Widow Duck, understanding the good intention, interceded, and B'r Charlie was allowed to remain on the place, on condition he'd do no more thinking.

And now, after seven long years, B'r Charlie was destined to think again.

He came to the door of the blacksmith shop to catch a breath of the afternoon breeze and to allow the miles of green, growing cotton to sweep the forge smoke from his eyes. Everywhere, men and mules were plowing and women and children were hoeing. Giles had Prince in a lather, galloping from one group of workers to another; having a plow adjusted or making a joke with the women to keep them good-humored and hard working.

B'r Charlie knew the fields were clean of grass, but he knew that made no difference to Giles.

"Hit liable to rain any time," the foreman pointed out. "And us got to be ready for de rain. Whup Johnson grass befo' hit sprouts and den de rain won't hurt you."

B'R CHARLIE looked at the box of plowpoints and shook his head. It was not nearly filled. It would have to be full by sundown or Giles would want to know why not. B'r Charlie suddenly felt low in his mind.

The prospect of thinking up an explanation for Giles was enough to make him feel low, but oddly, that had not occurred to him. Instead, he mumbled half aloud: "All dis work goin' on, and Giles yellin' for mo'! Makes my haid swim!"

His mental processes were interrupted by a young woman passing through his line of vision. She was dressed in a pair of red overall slacks that billowed far out in the bosom, fit too snugly at the waist and hip line, and ended in bell-bottom legs. Her movement was a slow-rolling dance rather than a walk.

B'r Charlie gulped. "You, gal!" he yelled. "Whyn't you git home and take off dem red over-halls and put on a dress?"

"Dese ain't no over-halls," the girl objected. "Dese is what dey calls a playin' suit."

"De way you was cuttin' dat dust wid yo' strut," B'r Charlie told her, "don't look like you was fixin' to play. You was steppin' like you meant business."

The girl dug a toe into the ground. "I was jest goin' home to git supper started for Mamma," she said. "I felt ailin', and Mamma tole me to go home and start supper on account er I wa'n't doin' much good out yonder in de field."

B'r Charlie squinted at her. "Ain't you Sissy Lewis' gal?" he demanded.

(Continued on page 67)

Top Story Man

By Jerry D. Lewis

Bob Riskin writes movie scenarios, not ordinary scenarios, but the kind that win Academy Awards. His latest effort, Meet John Doe, will provide a good example

LIKE countless other red-blooded men in 1913, Joe Golden was in love with Trixie Friganza, the foremost soubrette of the day. Joe had two important advantages over most of the other sighing swains. The first was that he had met her, and the second was that he had a young fellow working for him who could write his love letters.

Joe Golden was in the textile business, and almost every lunch time, when he passed his secretary's typewriter, he would pause and read the poetry said secretary was composing. Like the average layman, Joe decided that anyone who could rhyme words was, at the very least, a literary genius. So he called his secretary in, and said:

"Young man, how would you like to become an executive in my business? I'm in love with Trixie Friganza, and I want to send her a letter proposing to her. And you're going to write that letter."

The secretary gulped and went back to his typewriter. Miss Friganza not only did not marry Joe Golden as a result of the letter—she didn't even answer him! Two days later, the secretary was fired.

That letter was the only flop Robert Riskin ever wrote. The name "Robert Riskin" has appeared on credit slides in movies all over the world, since he wrote the screen plays for Lady for a Day, It Happened One Night (for which he received the Academy Award), Broadway Bill, Mr. Deeds Goes to Town, Lost Horizon, You Can't Take It with You and the current smash hit of the cinema, Meet John Doe.

Behind his success, as behind most successes, lie talent, bitter privation and, more important than anything else, unbounded courage.

Anything for a Gag

Bob was born on March 30, 1897, a few years after the introduction to America of soup kitchens and bread lines. His father was without a steady job as far back as Bob can remember, and his few odd jobs just did manage to feed the family.

When he was eleven, Bob already had a love of the stage. He used to "crash" the neighborhood theaters in Flatbush, and try to remember all the jokes those funny fellows on the stage were telling. He tried copying them down but found that he couldn't write as fast as they talked. Then he heard about Isaac Pitman's shorthand book. He got a newspaper route, made enough to buy the shorthand book and learned the system of dots, jots and hooks.

Copying every joke he heard, he soon had a better collection than Joe Miller ever boasted. "And, with a touch of polish on them," Bob tells you, "I'm still using the same gags." Transcribing his notes by longhand bored him, so he determined to get a typewriter.

Back to the newspaper route he went, saved three dollars, and rented a typewriter for three months. With the machine came a free booklet explaining the touch system. In two weeks Riskin had mastered it.

After grammar school, he went to work, and by the time he was fifteen he had risen to the position of office-boy-secretary to Joe Golden, which job lasted until he wrote that letter. His next job was another office-boy-secretary spot in a shirt manufacturer's office, and, grotesque as it may sound, this was the job that brought him into the movie business.

One day his boss called him in, and said: "Some of my friends and I have invested money in some comedies to be released by Famous Players-Lasky. You're always telling jokes. Come on up and look at a professional's jokes."

The Amateur Disagrees

All the backers looked, and unanimously agreed that these were probably the funniest two-reelers ever filmed. Only one small voice in the back of the room was raised in disagreement. It belonged to Riskin, who said:

"They smell. A moron could write better, a blind man could direct better and as far as the acting is concerned I could be funnier. Famous Players-Lasky will throw you all out on your ears when you show these to them."

His boss was very tolerant. "Bob," he said, "you're just a young kid. You shouldn't be so positive in your opinions. These men are all older than you, and more mature in their judgment."

Riskin shrugged his shoulders, and said: "To me, they still smell."

Famous Players-Lasky agreed with him and refused the shorts the next day. Now, the shirt people were in a dither. They had told all their friends that they were in the movie business, and they would be laughingstocks when it was discovered that they couldn't even get their pictures released. They decided to form a new company to make short comedies.

A production genius was needed. Well, who was the only person who said the first batch was no good? Young Riskin. So, at seventeen, Bob became executive producer of a company making two-reel comedies. They were family comedies, starring Victor Moore and his then wife, the late Erma Littlefield.

He knew that he would have to look older than he did in order to command respect, so he grew a mustache. But there was one spot on his lips where the mustache wouldn't grow, so he darkened it with mascara.

In two years, Bob wrote and produced 104 comedies. Our 1917 Orson Welles then joined the Navy, which accounts for him until Armistice Day.

After the war, Riskin confidently expected to be snapped up by the movies, or by the legitimate theater. Both fields studiously ignored him. The closest he could get to the theater was bumming a bed at the Green Room Club, the poor man's Friars Club of those days. Among others who shared the attic with him were the late Louis Wolheim, Jimmy

(Continued on page 83)

KERLEE

Director Frank Capra, the other half of the amazingly successful writer-director team of Riskin and Capra, takes time out on the set of their newest picture, Meet John Doe, for a hamburger with his star Gary Cooper

Robert Riskin is the author of a long list of smash hits, most of which have been directed by Frank Capra. Riskin and Capra are now producing their own pictures. Between them they have turned out such successes as It Happened One Night, You Can't Take It with You and Lost Horizon

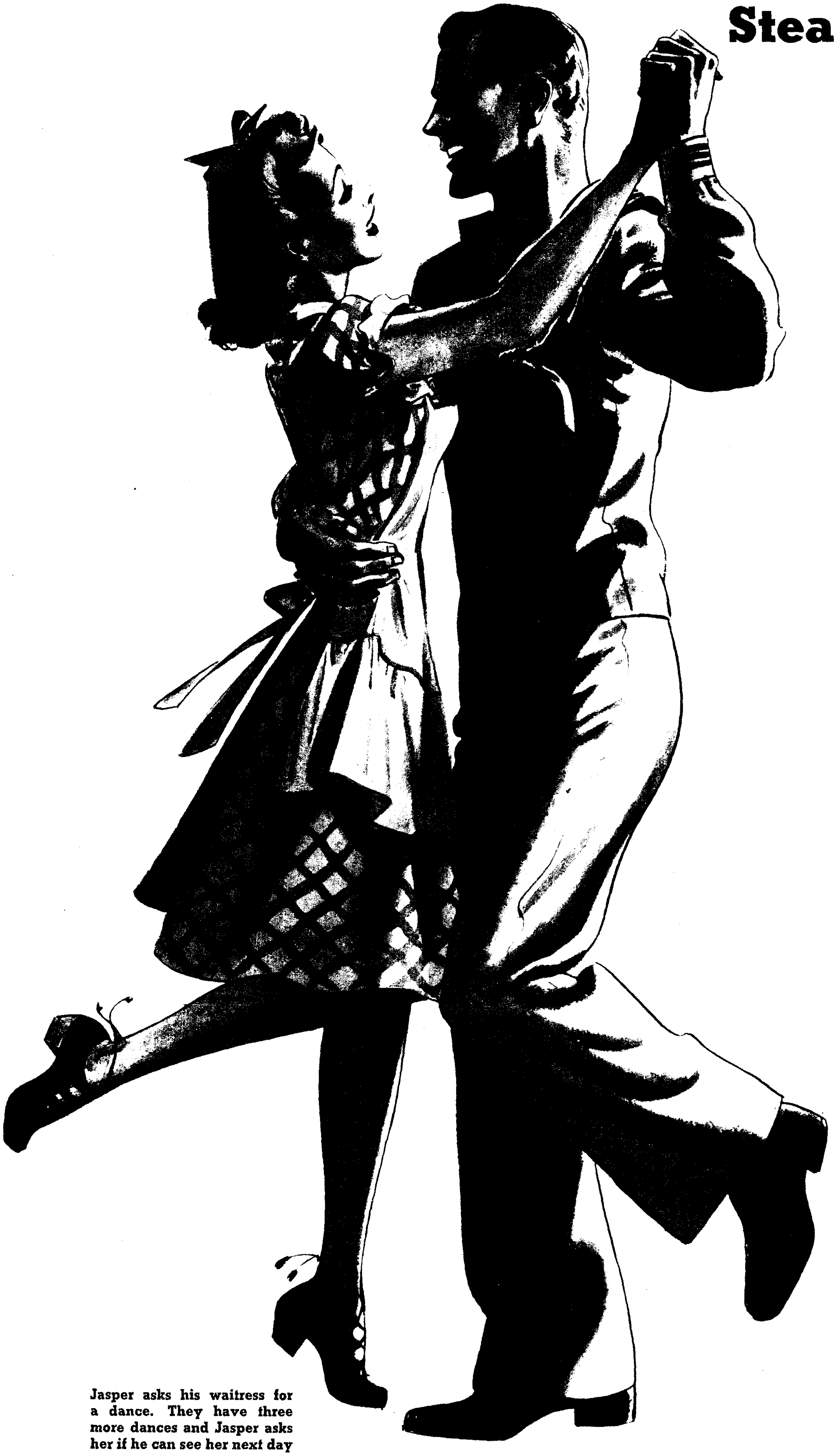
THOMAS

Steamer, Steamer!

By James B. Connolly

ILLUSTRATED BY GILBERT DARLING

There is no provision for romance in the Navy expansion program. Do not weep for the boys, however. The boys are doing all right by themselves



Jasper asks his waitress for a dance. They have three more dances and Jasper asks her if he can see her next day

OLD Roarty on our ship is chief yeoman of communications, and I'm yeoman second-class, under him, which means that when he feels like sounding off about something, it's me has to lend an ear.

He's a great one for books out of the library aboard ship and going to movies when he's on liberty. We're with the Fleet at Hampton Roads, waiting to be reviewed by the President, and Roarty is peering through our office air port and telling at the same time about the movie he saw in Norfolk his last time ashore.

"It was loaded to the armor belt with romance," says Roarty. "With admirals and saluting guns, side boys and bosun's pipes, foreign spies blowing up munition plants and a handsome young ensign singing tenor to a glamorous young creature under the moon."

"An ensign yowling up at the moon would go better ashore than with a Navy crew aboard ship," I say to that.

"Romance," says Roarty, "could be running wild hereabouts. Some time, you might take notice of the coxon of Number Two steamer."

Our ship's steamers are tied up to the boat boom just outside our office air port, and Number Two steamer is the captain's private boat. Jasper Hallen is her coxon, and he's always acting as if being rated second-class in the first year of his first hitch is something in Navy history.

"What about Jasper?" I say; "besides he's always polishing the brightwork and washing down the decks of his steamer like he's bidding for compliments from the skipper for keeping his steamer in good condition."

"Jasper isn't bidding for compliments. That's the Navy blood in him," says Roarty.

"Navy blood?" I say.

"Navy blood," says Roarty, "urging him to his full duty always. Jasper's father is Admiral Hallen, retired. I was shipmates with him a cruise. A stiff disciplinarian, but a good officer. Jasper growing up was making grand records on the playing fields of his college, but he was also AWOL too many hours from the study halls to suit the admiral, and he hints that a hitch in the Navy might restore Jasper to the real values of life; and so there's Jasper out there now, and not a soul aboard knowing he's an admiral's son except myself and the skipper. And it was me told the skipper, and now I'm telling you."

To which I say, "There's been admirals' sons enlisted in the Navy before Jasper, and where's the romance in it now?"

Roarty don't answer. He is histing to Jasper and pointing to a big power yacht steaming in from sea. She's all white lower sides, and all mahogany and chromium or whatever it is topside, and she's the tonnage of a light cruiser.

Jasper looks up from his brightwork, and right away he goes excited. "In a few minutes now," says Jasper, "I'll be taking the skipper in to the beach and on my way back I'll slip alongside that oversized play boat and I'll have a talk with somebody aboard her, and it won't be any bedside talk."

Jasper turns back to his brightwork, and I say to Roarty, "I'm still looking around to see romance, and where is it?"

"It's in the making," says Roarty. "When the fleet lay into North River, Jasper takes in one of those lunches that shoregoing people rig up for bluejackets sometimes. The waitresses were poor girls and well-to-do ones, but there was no telling which was which, being all dressed like milkmaids. After the lunch there's dancing, (*Continued on page* 29)

China Sky

By Pearl S. Buck

ILLUSTRATED BY MARTHA SAWYERS

The Story Thus Far:

LEFT in charge of a hospital in China when her chief, Gray Thomison, goes to America to raise funds for his work, Sara Durand, a young physician, has a curious experience: Chen-ta, a noted Chinese guerrilla, who is commonly known as "the Eagle," brings in a seriously wounded prisoner—Yasuda, a Japanese officer of high rank—*and insists that his life be saved!* Puzzled by Chen-ta's interest in Yasuda's welfare, Sara operates; and the Japanese does not die.

Then the young physician receives a crushing blow—Gray Thomison (with whom she is secretly in love) returns from America, bringing with him his bride—"Louise." . . . From the first, Louise—terrified by the daily air bombardments to which the hospital is subjected—is wretched; and, because her husband is busy, she sees much of Harry Delafield, an attractive Englishman. . . .

Yasuda is a clever man. Working through Doctor Chung (who is in charge of the men's ward), he succeeds in inveigling Louise into getting his letters through the censors. After the first of the letters is received by Yasuda's friends, the bombings cease; and Louise (who has been told that the Japanese will not attack the hospital if they know Yasuda is there) believes that she is doing a good deed. Unfortunately, Yasuda's letters contain details of Chen-ta's battle plans, brought in by one of Chen-ta's men: Chung's brother, Chung Third.

Gray Thomison's cook, Siao Fah, does not trust Louise. Watching her through numerous keyholes, he presently learns of the letter business; and he sees enough to feel sure that Louise and Delafield are enjoying a clandestine romance. Not sure whether he should report all he has learned to "Thomison doctor," he asks Sara to advise him.

Sara, in a difficult position, does not commit herself—she evades the cook's questions adroitly. . . . Again and again, Louise implores her husband to take her home—or, at least, out of China. By this time, Gray knows that he loves a woman who is far finer and stronger than the girl he has married—by this time, he is in love with Doctor Sara Durand. Nevertheless, in a moment of weakness one night, he yields to Louise, promises to take her away. As they talk, Siao Fah is at the keyhole of their room. What he overhears astounds him.

IX

"GIVE me the yellow pills," Yasuda said.

Ya-ching rose in her slow, sleepy fashion. She seemed always to be aware of nothing, and Yasuda, after long watching of her, had come to believe that she was as stupid as she looked. Indeed, Chung had said she was. "Besides, she is in love with me," Chung had added, laughing. "She will do anything for me!"

Ya-ching poured tea into a bowl and handed it to Yasuda. Then she took a small, brown bottle out of the table drawer and shook two pills into the palm of her hand.

"Not with your hand, filthy hag!" Yasuda screamed in quick rage. "How many times must I tell you?"

"Ah, I am so stupid," she murmured. She threw the pills into the waste basket, for once regretting her stupidity. It had taken her some time and much care to make these pills which looked exactly like the real ones. One would have said flour and water could be mixed easily enough, but the yellow was a strange shade. She had had a hard time even with sulphur, and only at last had she found a harmless dye. Harmless it had to be, for Yasuda must not confuse her with a new illness.

She shook two more pills into a bowl and he swallowed them with tea. Though he was now so familiar with the effect of the depressant which Chung gave him he could never avoid a curious and hateful feeling of terror while he waited for it to begin. He glanced nervously about the room.

"I shall sleep," he told Ya-ching. "Open the window a little more." Soon the oppression in his chest would begin. "Where are my papers?" he asked next.

"Here—under your pillow," she replied.

She watched him closely, seeming to be indifferent to all he did. He composed himself and lay back on his pillows and closed his eyes. She thought, watching him, had he taken the real drug, he would now have been turning ashen, his nails blue. There was no change. He lay waiting. Then he opened his eyes.

"You may leave the room," he said suddenly. "I prefer to be alone while I sleep." He dreaded the last sinking into unconsciousness. He could never be quite sure that he did not speak. If he did, probably it was in his own tongue, but still he preferred to be alone. She moved slowly and heavily to the door. "But come back in an hour to see that all is well with me," he commanded her. He closed his eyes. "I will simply pretend I am going into ordinary sleep," he thought, strengthening himself.

"So," she agreed carelessly, and shut the door upon him.

In the corridor she quickened her flat-footed pace. She had an hour of her own. The question was, should she use it to tell Siu-mei now, or should she wait until after the hour and go in and prove for her own eyes that Yasuda was himself, and so that the pills that Chung gave him were a poison? She could not, however she thought about it, imagine why Yasuda would be willing to take a poison, but if he were, if it were a poison, then Chung had intention in it with Yasuda.

She skirted cautiously about the door of Siu-mei's small office. A very little would have put her off. Had a patient been there, had there been danger of Chung's passing—but Chung she knew had gone to a foreign hotel at the port for a feast. This was his free day. She had seen him go, as she saw and knew everything he did in one way and another. And there were no patients in the hospital except two beggars in the charity ward. She stood tiptoe and pressed her nose against the slightly frosted glass in the door of Siu-mei's office. By staring hard against the light of the window within, she could see Siu-mei's dim shape, alone. She opened the door and peered in. It was true—Siu-mei was alone. The thing was decided.

Siu-mei looked up and saw her standing back against the door. "What is it, Ya-ching?" she asked.

The girl had not come to her since the night she had come to tell of her trouble. She had thought of speaking to Chung of that night to ask his help for the girl

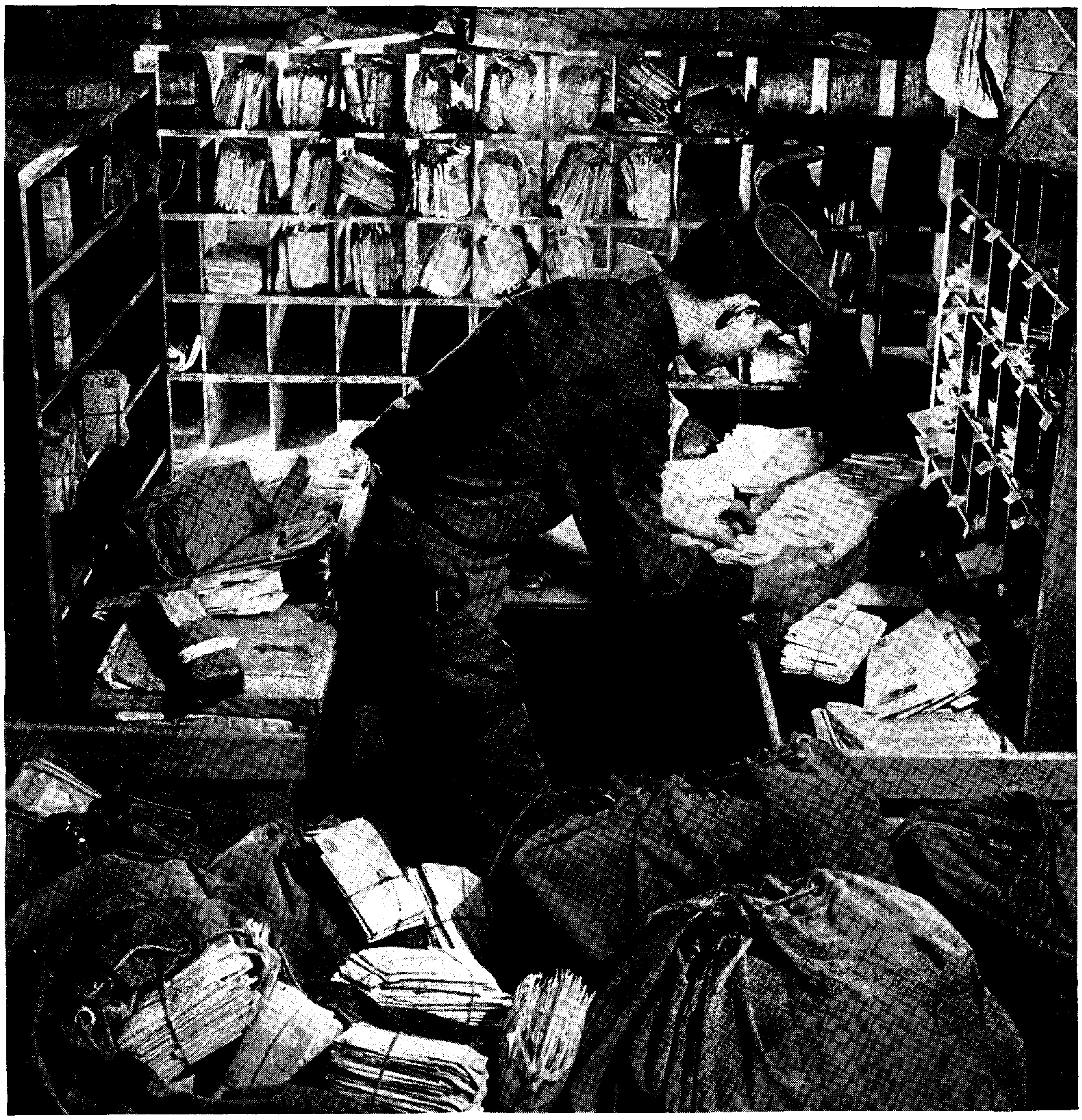
(Continued on page 49)

Not until they were within a mile of the mountaintop did he call to her: "Rest now, Daughter. And mend your hair. A handsome young man is waiting up there"

OUR NEW ARMY

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY RALPH MORSE AND HARRY PENNINGTON, JR.

Peak load of mail delivered to Fort Bragg, North Carolina, soldiers is 34,000 pieces daily. Incompletely addressed letters and packages force clerks like 1st Class Pvt. Earl B. Bond of H.Q. M.P. Co. (below) to comb file of 45,000 names, cause three-week bottlenecks in sorting and delivering



POSTAL PROBLEM. The Eastern Seaboard mail is one of the Army's major headaches right now. Some of the soldiers at Fort Benning, Georgia, and Fort Bragg, North Carolina, haven't received letters and parcels sent to them three weeks ago. Trouble is, the men were rushed through New Jersey's Fort Dix so fast they hardly had time to give their correspondents new and complete addresses. Consequently, mail sent to Dix is readdressed merely to Fort Bragg or Benning where clerks, compelled to thumb rosters of 45,000 names to find each man's company and regiment, are quietly going nuts.

* * *

FORT LEWIS, WASHINGTON. Company B, 163d (Montana) Infantry, would like a chance to mind its own business. All but six or seven of the men are Indians; and when some astute Army publicity man tipped the press off to the "swell feature story," reporters, photographers and newsreelmen swarmed and cavorted. Reporters seemed disappointed at the lack of feathered headdresses, beads and moccasins; one wanted to hire some outfits from a Tacoma store and stage a war dance. A photographer persuaded an Indian to pose peeking around the edge of a tent as if about to scalp somebody. The other Indians sat stolidly by, obviously unamused. They'd willingly have done the manual of arms or something, but this Redskin stuff sickened them to a considerable degree.

Many of the Indians look scholarly in glasses; half a dozen are college graduates; more than half can punch a typewriter with dexterity. Most are members of the Sioux nation from the reservation in northeastern Montana about 70 miles east of Fort Peck. They like the freedom at Fort Lewis. The half- and quarter-bloods can buy beer in taverns, not being recognized in khaki as Indians. Only way they can be differentiated from whites is by a slight variation of their 41st (Sunset) Division insignia—and we won't tell. No use gypping them out of their beer.

IN ONE day through the Fort Lewis reception center passed selectees Goebels, Chamberlain and Winston A. Churchill. The Army discreetly kept them separated.

IT'S high time we settled the question about who wakes up the bugler. Bugler Harold L. Enz of Forest Grove, Oregon, explains it very simply: "The fireman wakes me . . . and he's up all night." A bugler has probably the longest day—5:45 A. M. to 11 P. M.—of any soldier, but not the hardest. Every other day he puts away his bugle and serves as message runner, which frees him from a lot of field training; and by virtue of his job he never has to peel spuds or massage greasy pots and pans. Army regulations give him three months to learn sixty calls. Bugler Enz has blown as many as eighteen in one day.

FORT BRAGG, NORTH CAROLINA. It was a bugler who unwittingly caused Pvt. John Gilchrist to turn blue. The way it happened was, Pvt. Gilchrist was lying on his cot one recent night, alternately applying a soothing balm to his sore chest and runny nose and penning a letter home, when "lights out" sounded. Hurriedly, Pvt. Gilchrist reached for one more blob of ointment, missed the jar by a good three inches—and swept the ink bottle up into his cot. Pvt. Gilchrist, from Ireland's County Carlow, boasts a brogue that could be cut with a knife and shipped by parcel post; but the language he is said to have employed that night as he raced to the latrine, the rich blue ink rapidly drying on his chest and face, couldn't have been shipped anywhere, even by freight.

* * *

FORT ORD, CALIFORNIA. When the Army took over the Hearst ranch at Jolon for use as an artillery range and sham-battle area, it found a miniature Africa on its hands. First task was to see that the wooded hills and grassy valleys were cleared of antelope, gnus, wildebeest and other critters. Some had been stocked on the ranch, others had roamed onto it from Hearst's San Simeon, which isn't far from the ranch as an antelope reckons distance.

Scout cars, tanks and howitzers moved in from Fort Ord and the bellow of 75's and 155's was enough to scare the pants off the rabbits, coyotes and other small game that had evaded the roundup. Days later a scouting party was startled to come upon shepherds and a flock of collie-nosed, earless sheep belonging to a woman who had imported them years ago from Asia Minor. The herders said they were going to stay, howitzers or no howitzers. Luck has been with them to date, but it worries the artillerymen. "I get a terrible feeling," says a sergeant of the 31st Battalion, "every time we fire a volley. I keep imagining all that shrapnel and H. E. raining on those goofy-looking sheep and I feel just like we were shooting at a Christmas card."

ON ONE of his first days of liberty Pvt. William Clement left the Presidio at Monterey so self-conscious about his uniform and excited at the prospect of getting back to his San Francisco home that he attracted the attention of an M. P. at the Monterey station. "Just a minute, buddy," growled the Army Law. "Sure you got a pass?" Chirped Pvt. Clement: "I don't need a pass—I can pay my own way."

* * *

CAMP BLANDING, FLORIDA. Among the first 500 Negro draftees, organized as a Headquarters Service detachment, were three preachers: Jeremiah Ferguson (Episcopal) of West Palm Beach, and Baptist Alfred U. Denefield of Miami and Reviner Matthew of West Palm Beach—all privates. Ferguson, an excellent cook, was assigned to one of the mess halls; Denefield established a Sunday school which 300 of the 500 men in the detachment regularly attend. Ferguson and Matthew pitch in to help him.

Regular Sunday service at Bliss is conducted by one of the chaplains at 9 A. M.; at 9:40 the Negro preachers take over and church continues without pause until noon mess call. The Negro services are undenominational but no one can forecast just what will happen when the weather warms up. Lake Kingsley is only a stone's throw from the quarters—and the Baptist ministers outnumber the Episcopal two to one.

CAPT. JOSEPH R. RANCK, Regular Army, in charge of Negro draftees pro tem, was approached by his sergeant major, a member of the 24th Infantry cadre and veteran of twenty-six years. "Captain," said the sgt. major, "what is your policy regarding crapshooting in camp? If you order it stopped you'll only drive the boys into the bushes." Capt. Ranck figured it out quickly. "Don't," he replied with commendable understanding, "let me see any dice-throwing." The captain indubitably won't see any.

TAMPA, with its MacDill Field, and Jacksonville, with the Naval Air Station on its outskirts (not to mention visitors from Blanding), each has its own ideas about handling prostitutes. Some Tampa authorities favored a restricted area but after a series of conferences attended by ministers, health officials and others, Mayor R. E. L. Chancey told the cops to get the gals out of town.

On the other hand, Jacksonville police licensed the prostitutes. Each girl was ordered to police headquarters, fingerprinted, photographed, registered and given an identification card bearing name, picture and the designation "Public Prostitute No.—" (the largest number was around 340). Each licensee was required to visit the County-City Venereal Disease Clinic for medical examination every two weeks and to carry a certificate testifying to her freedom from disease. The plan worked for several months, then a committee of citizens recommended that the police follow Tampa's example. All prostitutes not in houses were ordered to quit the city by March 1st and all houses were to have been closed a couple of weeks ago.

Reports from Blanding indicate that the Jacksonville plan was highly successful in preventing disease. One Florida unit, with an enrollment of 800, had only five venereal cases this time last month and in each instance it was contracted during week-end visits to home communities in southern Florida. Jacksonville wasn't one of them.

BLANDING'S receiving center has been rushing new men through the equipment section at the rate of twenty-five every sixty minutes. Draftees grouse about the Army's large supply of World War I uniforms; when a man and a pair of breeches match up he gets them, whether they're old or new issue, and cussing is rampant. The largest shoe in Blanding's stock, by the way, is size 13-C, measuring thirteen inches from toe to heel. A pair weighs four pounds, two and a half ounces, which means that the big-footed boys pick up and lay down several tons of cowhide in a day's drill.

FORT SAM HOUSTON, TEXAS. Arguing with an M. P. isn't good sense, especially if he's of the Second Division Military Police who have been trained in the art of Judo, a sort of *(Continued on page 66)*

An expert at Judo, the military adaptation of jujitsu, Major Wayne C. Smith of the Second Division Military Police at Fort Sam Houston, Texas, shows a future M.P. how to disarm an opponent (above). Major Wayne's M.P. course takes six weeks, is the only one in the U. S. which teaches Judo

On ninth day of training, inductees at Fort Houston reception center don outmoded Army masks, watch tear gas generate from crystals placed atop a tin can heated by candle flame (above). Later, they'll scurry through nearly *airtight gas tent sniffing fumes to identify the smell*

For a Collier's photographer, Company B of 47th Infantry at Fort Bragg, North Carolina, re-enacts prize boner. Men were told to stand at attention when in doubt as to nature of bugle call. Picture below shows company motionless as bugler sounds mess call and wiser soldiers head for chow

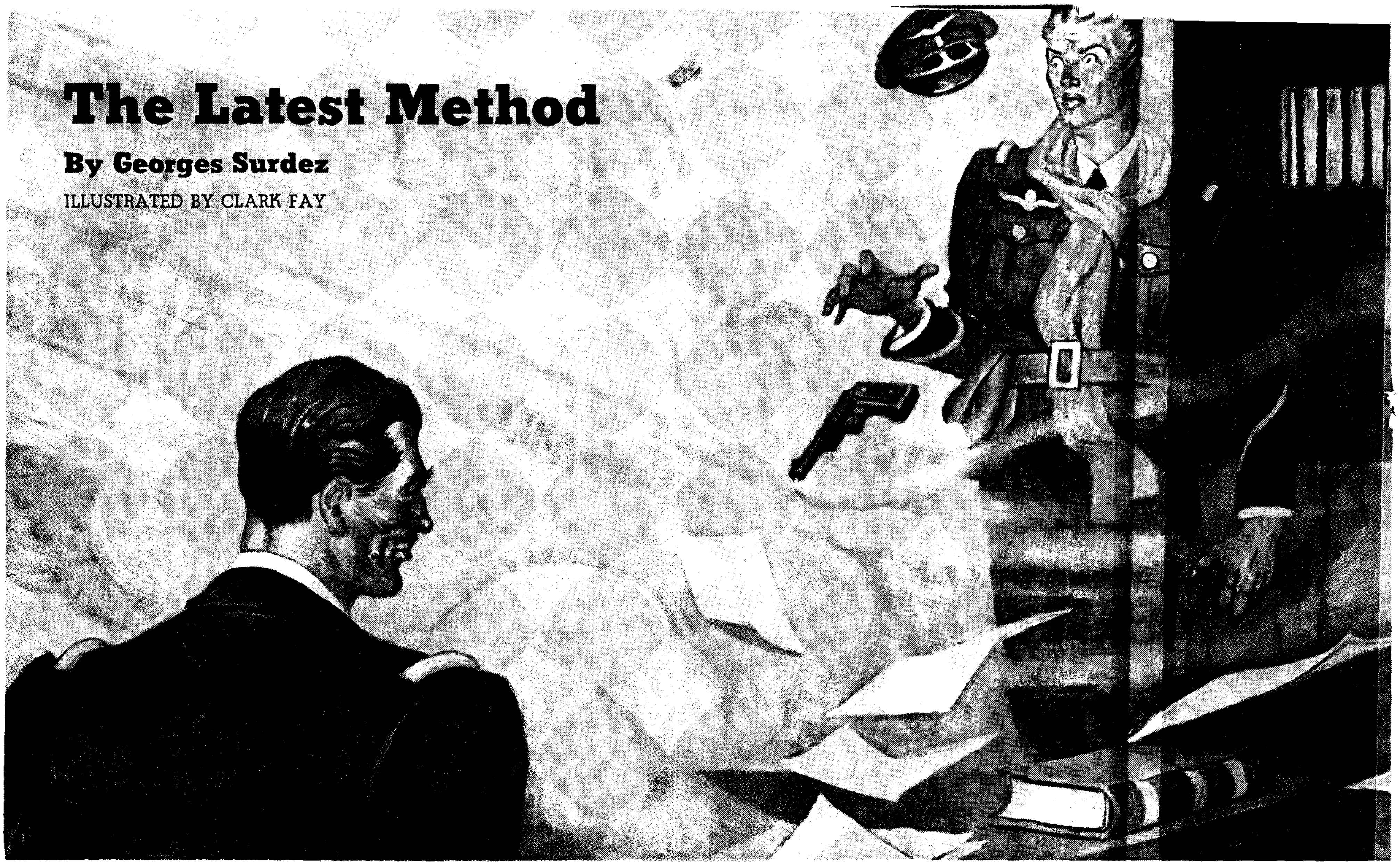
Forty-two New York and New Jersey selectees from Fort Bragg's Company M, 60th Infantry, charter bus for week-end trip to Manhattan (below). Round trip cost each man $10.75 plus a quarter to cover ticket for Sgt. D. W. Bruffett. *Motorcycle police escorts preceded fifteen such busses*

TRAILWAYS 222
SPECIA

The Latest Method

By Georges Surdez

ILLUSTRATED BY CLARK FAY



"There you are, Captain, what did I tell you—I—" There was another detonation. The agent stared at Dorsaux. Then both legs sagged at once

CAPTAIN DORSAUX considered with approval the young man who had entered the squadron's office. A very handsome chap, tall and wiry, a soldiery silhouette in the pilot's uniform. Dorsaux had spoken a few words with him when he had reported for duty on his arrival in Morocco. He had watched him work, knew that he was a competent flier. It was too bad that such men could no longer be employed usefully, that because of the armistice their youth and energy must be wasted.

"You wish to speak to me, Launay?"

"Yes, Captain."

"Well, go ahead." Dorsaux prepared his little speech, for he expected the usual request for permission to go to Casablanca or Rabat for the day. As his whole squadron was confined to the field for a fortnight, because of a row between some of his younger pilots and officers of the Italian Armistice Commission in a hotel bar, no exception could be made.

"My captain will understand at once from this—" Launay placed a card bearing his name on the table. "Military Intelligence, Special Mission."

"Oh, a cop," Dorsaux murmured with a disappointed smile.

"An agent of the Military Intelligence." The young man's face lighted with amusement. "Placed here especially to watch for attempts to desert with government material." He showed a sealed envelope. "I don't dare use the telephone, for the operators listen in and would warn those involved. I ask you to see that this is dispatched to Rabat headquarters at once, by special messenger."

"May I ask what it's about?"

"One of the Amiot bombers is due for a check-up flight—"

"This afternoon, I know. Lieutenant Gondral's the pilot."

"Right, Captain. I have learned that the machine will be fueled for a longer flight, that seven additional men will board her at the last moment, and that the plane will head for Gibraltar. That will make the fourteenth machine this month, some seventy fliers gone over to the British. The Italian Commission is sure to protest to Vichy."

DORSAUX'S smile held a trace of disdain. "I cannot say I like your methods, Launay, and—"

"I was warned that I might not obtain full co-operation from you, Captain," Launay said quietly. "And I was instructed to remind you that you have a wife and two children in France, that your parents are in the occupied zone. They may be held responsible."

Dorsaux was a stocky man, about thirty-two, with thick dark hair and red cheeks. The blood left his face. "Are you French, Launay? I mean really French?"

"Yes, Captain." The pilot flushed a bit. "That is why I serve as I do. We must side with the strongest, use their methods to clean house and rebuild a solid state."

"What will be done to those poor chaps?"

"They will be intercepted and brought down by a loyal machine. An example is needed, Captain. The courts-martial have been acquitting such deserters right and left, despite the government's decree. I must ask you to detain me here on some pretext, as I was supposed to go along. Don't fear, the full quota will be aboard, for there's a waiting list. They're guilty; they intend to desert. Two of them have brothers already flying for the British. Probably bombing our ports. An example *must* be made."

"I understand that," Dorsaux approved. "But I'd like to save as many of those young fools as possible. Gondral seems to be their leader. Suppose something happened to him at departure? We'd save lives—and preserve an expensive machine."

"True, Captain. But how could Gondral be disposed of without the others?"

"Can you shoot straight?"

"I'm an excellent shot, Captain."

"All right. I suppose that the passengers will not run for the plane until the motors are started. Well, you must arrange to be the last man, and instead of climbing in, you'll shoot Gondral at the controls. His guilt will be evident, plane fueled for a long flight, unauthorized passengers with baggage. . . .You won't hesitate to shoot at the last moment?"

"No, Captain. It's my job, one man's life is not important," Launay smiled grimly. "We are all learning the latest method."

"You will not miss?"

"I couldn't—at the distance. A few feet."

"Those easy shots are the easiest to miss." Dorsaux laughed, indicated the picture of a pretty girl directly behind him on the wall. "Overconfidence. One night, four of us got to arguing about shooting. There was another picture there, a head almost life-size. We stood by the door, fifteen feet away. Only one of us hit it on the first shot."

"I beg your pardon, Captain," Launay smiled calmly, "but you must have been—well, *happy!*" He took the automatic pistol from the holster, raised his arm, aimed, smiled again. "Couldn't miss!"

"One says that," Dorsaux laughed gently, "and then one misses. I should know, for I lost money backing the same belief."

"Why, I'd give odds, Captain."

"No. Say one cold bottle against another. Next time we go to Casa. Moreover, you are not nervous now, under tension, as you will be when—"

"I'm not nervous," Launay declared flatly. "And I shall not be nervous."

He still hesitated; some dim instinct seemed to urge him not to shoot. He had stepped back almost to the door. Dorsaux did not press him, continued to smile. He knew the hypnotic effect of a target and a challenge on any man holding a loaded pistol. Launay's struggle with himself was short; he lifted the gun again, aimed above the captain's head, fired.

The bullet struck the wall, placed a fraction of an inch above the girl's left eye.

"There you are, Captain, what did I tell you—I—"

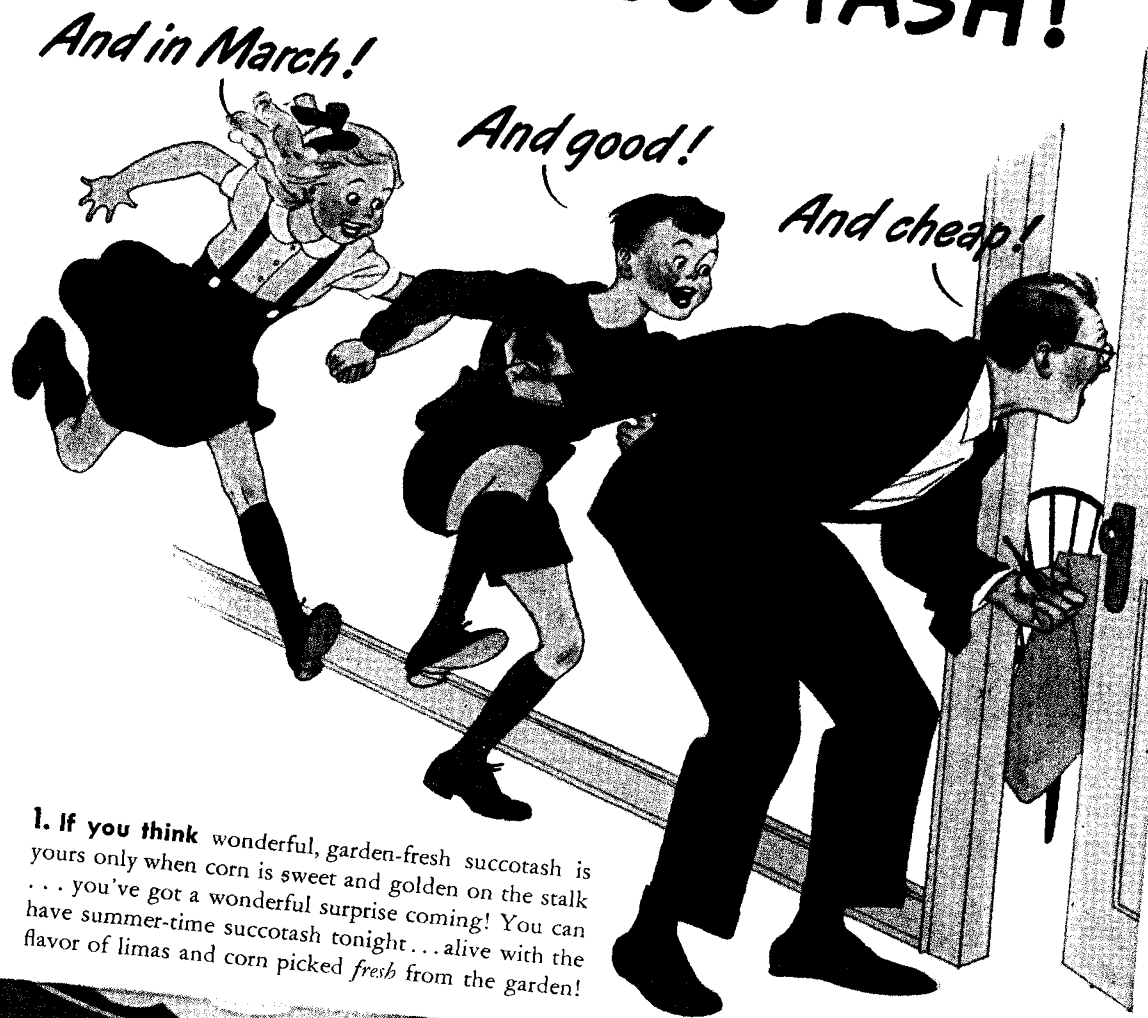
There was another detonation.

THE agent smiled on, staring at Dorsaux. Then he knelt gently, both legs sagging at once. For a tenth of a second, his body was erect, his head high. The weight of the head came forward, and Launay sprawled face down on the floor.

"He must have gone mad," Captain Dorsaux explained to the crowd attracted by the shots. "He asked for an interview, talked logically enough for a while, then grew incoherent. Something about the terms of the Armistice seemed to prey on his mind. I started to rise, and he took a shot at me. My pistol was right there—I didn't stop to think—what a ghastly mess!" The officer indicated his chair, the picture. "There was nothing else to do, you can see how near the poor chap came to killing me—"

A SHORT SHORT STORY COMPLETE ON THIS PAGE

Oooooh...SUCCOTASH!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LUCKY STRIKE
CIGARETTES
LUCKY STRIKE
With men who know tobacco best—it's LUCKIES 2 to 1

Steamer, Steamer!

Continued from page 22

and Jasper asks his waitress for a dance. They have three more dances, and Jasper asks her if he can see her when he's ashore next day. They meet next day and he takes her to dinner and spends half his month's pay on a dinner for her, for which she chides him."

"Chides him? But does she stop him? I bet she don't," I say. "None of 'em do."

"Jasper isn't easy stopped," says Roarty. "And every day he can get ashore he takes her to dinner, and always he asks her can he see her home, and always she says no, and hurries into a subway station. Well, the days pass, and not to bore your sour soul with all the frivolous details, one lovely moonlight night Jasper asks her why she's never let him meet her folks. She hesitates, but he insists, and finally she tells him her father is prejudiced against Navy men.

"'Let me see him. I'll talk to him,' says Jasper, and hails a taxi. She gives the address to the driver, and when the taxi pulls up, Jasper sees a house that only lacks a drawbridge and a moat and a row of halberdiers looking out from above the crenelated walls to be a perfect setting for one of Scott's medieval romances. The girl rings the bell, the door opens and an imposing-looking man in evening clothes is standing there.

"'So this is the sort you have been spending your evenings with of late?' shouts the man. The girl starts to say something, but the man shushes her and hauls her inside. To Jasper he says: 'As for you, young man, get back to your ship! Get, I say!' and slams the door shut."

"And did he get?" I say.

"He did," says Roarty. "What else could he do? And now who would you say was the imposing-looking man who met the girl at the door?"

"That's easy," I say. "In the big house ashore he's the butler, and at sea he's the chief steward aboard that big yacht."

"WRONG, as usual," says Roarty. "Would the name Apperson mean anything to you?"

"There's a million Appersons," I say.

"But only one Joel Apperson. And it was Joel himself was the girl's father. When Jasper finds that out, he writes to Joel to explain that while it is true he's an enlisted man in the Navy, he is no fortune hunter, having a spending allowance for himself of a thousand dollars a month and a five-million-dollar trust fund coming to him when he is twenty-five. What does that faraway look on your smush mean?"

"I was wondering," I answer, "why he didn't make it five hundred million, him and Rockefeller Center."

"He made it five millions," says Roarty, "because five millions it is—from his mother's side of the family. And that big white yacht is the Girl Muriel, and Muriel is the girl's name, and this day should see something doing for Jasper's romance."

By and by, Jasper takes the skipper to the beach in the Number Two steamer, and then heads for the Girl Muriel. But by this time she has hoisted her anchor and is heading out to sea. Jasper runs alongside her before she can get speed up, and through our air port Roarty and me can see him gesturing and almost hear him speaking his mind to a big man topside.

THE Muriel keeps on out to sea. Pretty soon she's logging plenty of knots and leaving the Number Two steamer behind.

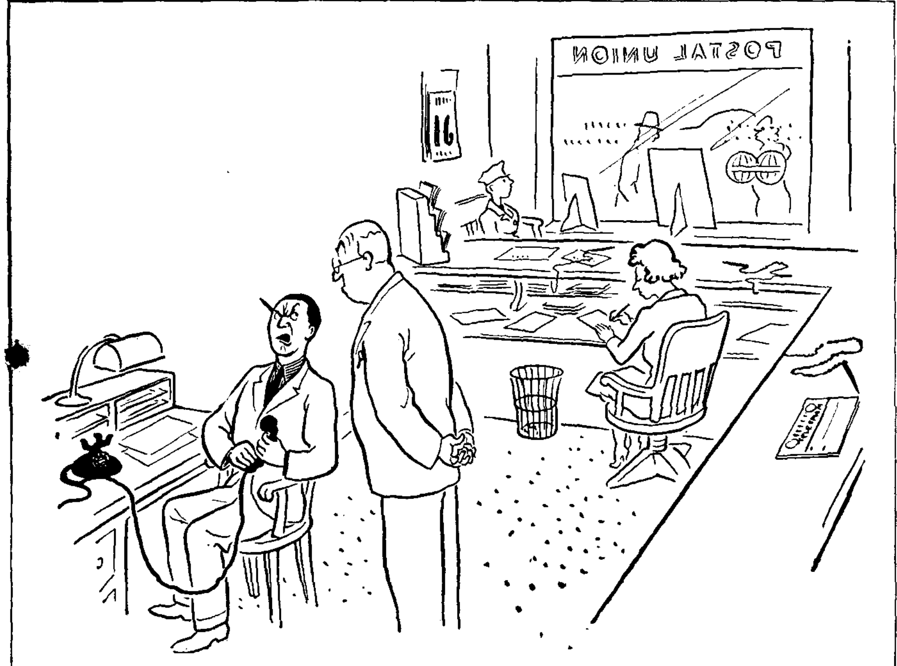
Jasper comes back to the ship and ties up to the boat boom. Roarty asks him what happened, and Jasper says:

"Is he tough! I asked him if he got my letter, and he roars back, 'Yes, I got your letter! And so you want to marry my daughter!' I tell him I do, and what's wrong with that, and he goes on to tell me. He hollers down at me that he isn't standing for his daughter being married to a somebody who's liable to be ordered overnight to China or the Philippines or some coral island in the middle of the South Seas, and she not be seeing him for three or four years again."

"Was Muriel anywhere around?" asks Roarty.

Jasper lets out a kind of moan: "I saw her smiling down from the wheelhouse at me, but she's gone from me now, and where d' y' suppose the yacht is headed for, Roarty?"

"Where would any big yacht be headed for after the Christmas holidays?" says Roarty. "And cheer up, boy, an inner voice is telling me that we



"It's a petition to the President containing fifteen hundred signatures, and she wants me to read it back!"

DANIEL ALAIN

How's your "Pep Appeal"? —by Davis

The Lawyer: Gentlemen of the Jury, there comes a time in every man's life when...

The Lawyer: How was I, sweetie?

His Daughter: Very logical, Dad. But where's that old fire—you know, that old zip, zest and zowie? You need more *pep appeal!* I'll bet you're not getting all your vitamins.

Kellogg's
PEP
VITAMIN-ENRICHED

Daughter: There, my learned Mr. Counsel for the Defense, is your first lesson in getting your vitamins. A dee-licious cereal called KELLOGG'S PEP that's extra-rich in the two vitamins that are least abundant, and thus more needed, in ordinary diets.

The Lawyer: Hold on a minute! With all that vitamin talk, why didn't you tell me it tastes good too? Why this is the most delicious cereal I ever tasted!

The Lawyer: Gentlemen of the Jury, now that counsel for the defense has discovered vitamins and KELLOGG'S PEP, before long things are going to be different around here.

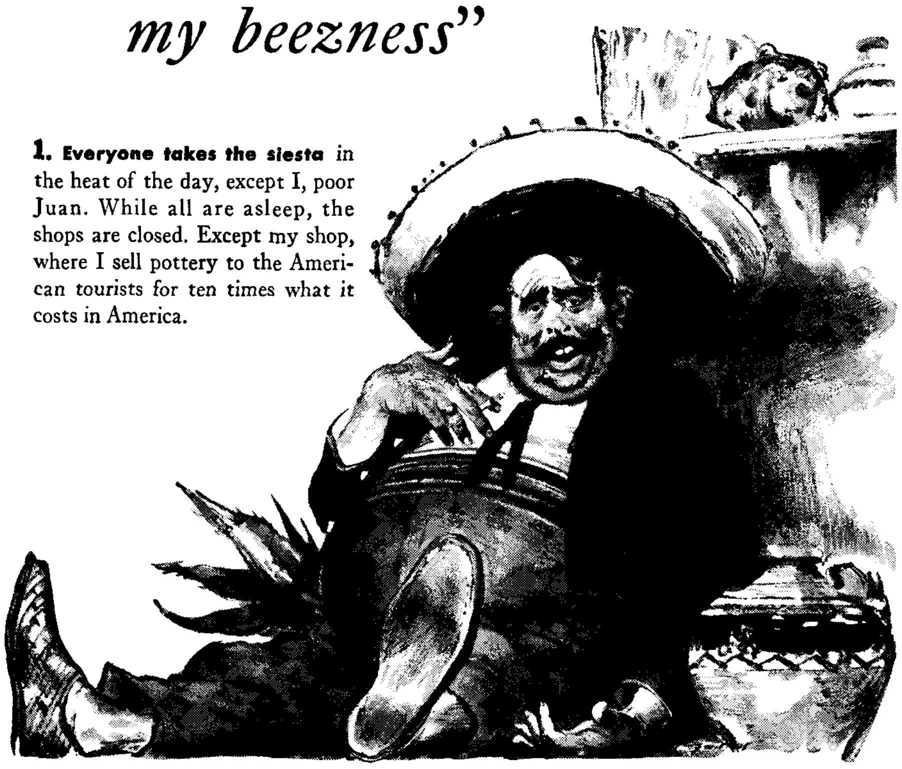
Daughter: Well, where there's pep there's hope!

Vitamins for pep! Kellogg's Pep for vitamins!

Pep contains per serving: 4/5 to 1/5 the minimum daily need of vitamin B_1, according to age; 1/2 the daily need of vitamin D. For sources of other vitamins, see the Pep package.

MADE BY KELLOGG'S IN BATTLE CREEK COPYRIGHT, 1941, BY KELLOGG COMPANY

"How a kind word ruin my beezness"



1. Everyone takes the siesta in the heat of the day, except I, poor Juan. While all are asleep, the shops are closed. Except my shop, where I sell pottery to the American tourists for ten times what it costs in America.

2. An American senorita comes one afternoon to buy the pottery. "How is it that you do not take the *siesta?*" she asked, speaking that strange language which I have heard called Highschool Spanish. "Ah, *senorita*," I sighed, "I cannot sleep!"

3. "It is the coffee!" I explained. "I love the coffee. I cannot resist it. But when I drink it with the lunch, then all afternoon I am wide awake!" She nodded. "It is good business to be open when other shops are closed!"

4. "I would give all the beezness for a good *siesta!*" I cried. "Then you should drink Sanka Coffee," she said. "It's 97% caffein-free, and *can't* keep you awake!" "It is an American trick!" I scoffed. "How can it be *good* coffee?"

5. "It's wonderful! A blend of fine Central and South American coffees!" she replied. "And the Council on Foods of the American Medical Association says: 'Sanka Coffee is free from caffein effect, and can be used when other coffee has been forbidden!'"

6. So in gratitude I charge her only *five* times what the pottery is worth. Later, I try Sanka Coffee. Delicious. And I *sleep* each day during the afternoon. My pottery beezness, he is ruin but *ah, amigo*... how I enjoy the *siesta!*

REGULAR GRIND
SANKA
COFFEE
DRIP GRIND
SANKA
COFFEE

SANKA COFFEE
REAL COFFEE... 97% CAFFEIN-FREE

Sanka Coffee is real coffee... all coffee... a blend of fine Central and South American coffees! Drip or regular grind.

TUNE IN..."WE, THE PEOPLE"—Tuesday evening. See your paper for time and station.

may be meeting up with her in some tropic port before the winter is over."

That afternoon the President reviews the Fleet, and next morning we sail for our winter naval base. It's all useful work there, and a healthy outdoor life, but after three months of it steady the scuttle-butt gossipers are asking one another ain't it time they made a liberty in some nice tropic port.

The topsiders ain't always dumb. A liberty is declared, and our ship and the Missalama sail for Belloporto. We get radio advices before we sail of an earthquake, and hidden reefs along the coast north of Belloporto, so we keep clear of the coast line and arrive off the harbor of Belloporto.

It's a lovely tropic morning and a lovely city to look at with its blue- and pink- and cream- and chocolate-colored walls of houses and the red-tiled roofs above them.

OUR ship comes to moorings, and the ship's boats are lowered over the side, and the next thing is Jasper looking through our air port and moaning to Roarty that it's six months now since he saw Muriel, and in all that time not a line from her.

"She's still under age, and her father doubtless made her promise not to write to you," says Roarty.

Jasper moves away from the air port, and I ask Roarty why he's encouraging him to remember the girl instead of forgetting her.

"You're a yeoman," says Roarty, "and not the worst one in the Fleet, but it wouldn't reduce your efficiency a bit if you were to look up from your typewriter now and then and take notice of what's going on around you. For weeks now, our radio lads have been picking up messages out of the air and passing them to me. The Girl Muriel will be stopping at Belloporto on her way north, and to my notion that's no mere coincidence."

"You think Joel is relenting?" I say.

"Gosh, no! Not Joel! But things can happen in spite of him. The Muriel should be here by dark."

That afternoon a bunch of our wardroom officers are invited to have dinner with some classmates on the Missalama. Now we have watch officers who are always afraid they'll be needing all the ship's steamers for the ship's regular business, so our wardroom crowd ask the skipper if they can have his steamer to take them over and bring them back later. The skipper tells them to help themselves.

At half past five, Jasper takes our wardroom officers to the Missalama. At dark all the ship's steamers except Number Two are hoisted aboard for the night.

Steamer crews usually come aboard the ship to kill time when they know they're not going to be hailed soon for a duty call. Jasper comes into the office with his special pal Cadigan to moan to Roarty about his girl. They are still there when a radio messenger sticks his head in the office door, and sings out: "Say, Roarty! The Girl Muriel is coming to anchor on the south side of the harbor."

Right away Jasper gets excited, and says he's going aboard the Muriel. Roarty asks him how he expects to get aboard with Joel and his deck force standing by the gangway to heave him back into the harbor.

"I'll slip under his bow and climb aboard by his anchor chain," says Jasper.

"I have a better plan," says Roarty. "The skipper and myself are old shipmates, and he was your father's executive officer one time. I'll talk him into going aboard the Muriel in the morning and saying the right word to Joel about you."

"Yeah? And will Joel be there in the morning?" says Jasper. "Remember how he slipped out to sea at Hampton Roads? If he finds out my ship is here, he'll get under way even if it's the middle of the night. I'm going now. What d' y' say, Caddie? You with me?"

"Why not?" says Cadigan, who is Jasper's engine man.

The next thing we see is the pair of them catwalking out over the boat boom. Then we see the shadow of Number Two drifting away from the boom.

I ask Roarty won't it mean a general court-martial for Jasper if our officers over on the Missalama call for a boat before he's back.

"It would," says Roarty, "and that would be a blow to his father. But when those Navy school classmates get together on the Missalama they're liable to talk the night watches through. There goes four bells—eight o'clock. And unless Joel is allowing him time for a whale of an argument, Jasper should be back here by one bell of the new watch."

One bell strikes, and Jasper isn't back. Two bells strike, and no Jasper back. When three bells strike, and still no Jasper, Roarty says we better go topside and see what's doing. We arrive there in time to hear a quartermaster of the watch reporting a signal from the Missalama to send the Number Two steamer to bring our officers back.

The Number Two steamer is hailed to come alongside the port gangway. There's no answering hail. The watch officer, who is Mr. Emmer, hails again. No answer. Mr. Emmer orders a messenger to skip along and climb out on the boat boom if he has to, and shake the Number Two crew awake.

The messenger skips off, and soon he's skipping back with the word of no steamer at the boat boom. Roarty is standing near by, and he's one of those old-timers that officers sometimes defer to. "No steamer! What d' y' make of that?" says Emmer to Roarty.

Roarty ponders and says, "Could she have come loose from her boat boom and gone adrift?"

"If she went adrift, why haven't her crew brought her back? This is a serious matter. The captain's own boat missing!" says Emmer, and sends a messenger to inform the skipper.

The quartermaster of the watch hails to report the Missalama signaling again for a boat. "Tell them to wait," says Emmer.

THE skipper emerges from the cabin hatch, and Emmer gives him the story, and adds that Number Two's crew probably seized the chance to slip in to the beach for a few drinks.

"Hallen would never drink on duty, sir," says Roarty, who's a specially privileged character with the skipper.

"Roarty has young Hallen right, Emmer," says the skipper. "But some venturesome lads may have stolen my steamer in the dark for an hour or two of a frolic. Sound quarters, Emmer, and let's see what men are missing."

Quarters sounded in a foreign port is not to be ignored, and fourteen hundred and odd souls, counting the Marines, come bouncing out of their cots and hammocks. Politicians who hadn't been seen above decks since the presidential review hurry to button into uniform and muster with their divisions topside.

The rolls are called, and division officers report everybody present or accounted for and all officers with their side arms—all except Second-Class Coxon Hallen and Second-Class Machinist's Mate Cadigan.

Divisions are dismissed and they go below, with everybody saying to everybody else, "Steamer, steamer, who's got the steamer?"

The quartermaster comes into the picture again to report a signal from the

941 CHEVROLET

Yes, Indee
all counts-yo

T
AUS IT'S
INEST!"

GIVE LOW-PRICED CARS THIS **"QUALITY QUIZ"** AND YOU'LL CHOOSE CHEVROLET!

	CHEVROLET	NO.2 CAR	NO.3 CAR
90-H.P. ENGINE	YES	NO	NO
CONCEALED SAFETY-STEPS	YES	NO	NO
VACUUM-POWER SHIFT *AT NO EXTRA COST*	YES	NO	NO
BODY BY FISHER *WITH UNISTEEL TURRET TOP*	YES	NO	NO
UNITIZED KNEE-ACTION	YES	NO	NO
BOX-GIRDER FRAME	YES	NO	NO
ORIGINAL FISHER NO DRAFT VENTILATION	YES	NO	NO
TIPTOE-MATIC CLUTCH	YES	NO	NO

ONLY CHEVROLET HAS ALL THESE QUALITY FEATURES

1st IN STYLING

among all biggest-selling low-priced cars

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Again CHEVROLET'S the LEADER

EYE IT··TRY IT··BUY IT!

Said a Young Buckaroo Named McSneelum

"These shoes fit so well I can't feel 'em,
They're so easy and light
That I wear them all night,
So no one can sneak in and steal 'em."

● You can't blame McSneelum. Walk-Over WINGS are unusually flexible. Actually weigh one pound less, yet give you all the wear of a heavier pair. Try Walk-Over WINGS today.

WALK·OVER
Wings

Illustrated: Two smart WINGS on the Raleigh last. Antique tan for town. White suede and tan for sport. Each $7.75. Other Walk-Overs from $6.75 to $12.50 (slightly higher west). Geo. E. Keith Company, Brockton, Mass.

Missalama. "A personal signal to you, sir, from our officers on the Missalama," says the quartermaster to Emmer.

"Speak out! What is it?" says Emmer.

"The signal says they had the captain's permission for the use of Number Two steamer and now where is she?"

"Answer message received," says Emmer.

"What could possibly have happened to my steamer?" says the skipper to Roarty.

Roarty ponders that one and says, "Could it be her engine broke down, sir?"

"If that is so, she will be drifting somewhere about the harbor," says the skipper, and orders Emmer to turn on the searchlights.

The lights make pretty pictures playing on the blue-and-green water, but they don't bring any drifting steamer into view.

The quartermaster reports a Missalama signal asking if the officer of the watch has dropped dead.

"Ignore it," says Emmer.

The skipper by now is saying he doesn't give a hoot about losing his steamer, but those two lads drifting around in the rising wind and sea—and reefs handy—he doesn't like the idea, and he orders the ship to get under way. So we up-anchor and head out the harbor with our searchlights playing ahead and to both beams.

I don't see any Muriel to anchor as we steam out, and I ask Roarty what he makes of that.

"And no Number Two steamer, either," answers Roarty. "Joel is a tough hombre. I wouldn't put it past him to kidnap Jasper and his steamer and dump him and Cadigan on some uninhabited island."

Outside the harbor the ship heads to the north, keeping clear of the land, of course. Wind and sea are making, and inshore our searchlights disclose white water breaking over the hidden reefs. The quartermaster reports another signal from the Missalama. This time our officers are asking what's the idea putting out to sea and leaving them marooned on another ship?

"No answer," says Emmer.

WE STEAM along, and by and by we sight a big white hull off our inshore bow. We head in and soon we see she's laying across a reef with her back broken. The sailing lights of a small steamer are close by the white hull. It's the Girl Muriel on the reef, and our Number Two steamer standing by her. We lay off in the safe water, and pretty soon our Number Two is making her way between the reefs and heading for us.

Her deck and her cabin companionway are jammed with people. She rounds to under our quarter, and there's Jasper at her tiller. And standing close by him is a girl.

"Romance, there it is!" whispers Roarty, which I agree to, if Jasper can explain how he come to be there with the skipper's steamer.

Our port ladder is rigged, and the rescued people come piling aboard. A big man in evening clothes and with a voice of authority—Joel, of course—informs our skipper that his yacht is a total wreck on a reef that was not marked on any chart he had, and why is that? Shouldn't somebody in Washington be hauled over the coals for that?

"Suppose we let that lay for now," says our skipper, and orders his mess attendants to make the admiral's cabin ready for Miss Apperson, and to put a cot in his own cabin for Mr. Apperson. He then passes the word to our executive officer to see that the Muriel's officers and crew are made comfortable for the night. Mr. Emmer at the same time is ordering the Number Two hoisted aboard and Hallen and Cadigan not to turn in yet awhile.

Roarty and me go below and there's Jasper waiting in our office to tell how before he could get alongside the Muriel she was headed out to sea. She heads north along the coast, and Jasper right away thinks of those hidden reefs and puts after her. Cadigan gives Number Two everything she has, but the Muriel draws away and keeps drawing away till she piles high up on a reef.

"Number Two, of course," adds Jasper, "doesn't draw any water to talk about. So I let her feel her way in between the white spots marking the reefs, and I slip her to the lee side of the Muriel and take her people off."

"Didn't Joel recognize you?"

"The Muriel's lights were out of commission," says Jasper. "It was all dark."

"But you had to give orders. Didn't Joel recognize your voice?"

"In my two interviews with Joel," said Jasper, "he did all the talking."

"But Muriel knew you?"

Jasper grinned.

The skipper's orderly comes along then to say that the captain wants to see Hallen on the quarterdeck.

Roarty follows Jasper up the ladder and I follow Roarty.

Joel is talking when we get near enough to hear. "I don't mind losing my yacht," he's saying; "I can have another one built. And now, Captain, a few words for the cool competence of the young man in command of that little steamer. I would like to thank him personally. And to reward him and the other chap in a substantial way."

"Forget the reward," says the skipper. "And here is the young man himself. Coxon Hallen, step forward."

"Hallen?" says Joel, squinting at Jasper. "Did you say Hallen, Captain?" He has another squint at Jasper and submerges. And he doesn't come up for air until the skipper is well under way telling that Coxon Hallen comes of an old naval family and that he himself served under his father, the admiral, now retired.

Mr. Emmer still has the watch, and he's eying Jasper like he's only waiting a chance to ask him how Number Two steamer happened to be out among those reefs, and Jasper catches Emmer's eye and draws himself up like a man facing a firing squad; but silence is the order of the day aboard a big ship of war while the captain is talking. And the skipper goes on to say:

"There was the situation, Mr. Apperson. My steamer is gone, and none of us able to guess what happened to her until my Chief Yeoman of Communications Roarty figured it out that she had parted her boom lashing and drifted off on the tide with her engine broke down. But her machinist's mate gets her engine working again. Her engine was in working order when you first sighted Mr. Apperson's yacht, wasn't it, Hallen?"

"It was in working order then, sir," says Jasper, with one eye on Emmer.

"Now most coxons would have returned to their ship for orders, but fortunately for you, Mr. Apperson, Coxon Hallen has initiative. It is in his family. Does Hallen return to his ship? No! There isn't time. He puts after you and —well, you know the rest."

Joel looks as if he wants to say something to Jasper, but he doesn't know how to start and the skipper goes on to say, "That's all, Hallen. And tell Cadigan I am not overlooking his part in the rescue of Mr. Apperson's crew."

"Aye, aye, sir."

JASPER goes below to tell Cadigan, and Roarty and me go below and turn in. Next morning we are in the office early and through the air port we see Jasper turning the skipper's steamer loose from the boom. Roarty asks him where to so early, and Jasper grins and says, "Going off watch last night Mister Emmer forgot to inform his relief of our officers over on the Missalama. I'm going over to get them now."

"I'd like to be standing by to hear what they have to say to Emmer after they're back aboard," says Roarty. "Also I'd like—"

What stops him is a voice from the passageway saying, "There's Chief Yeoman Roarty, miss."

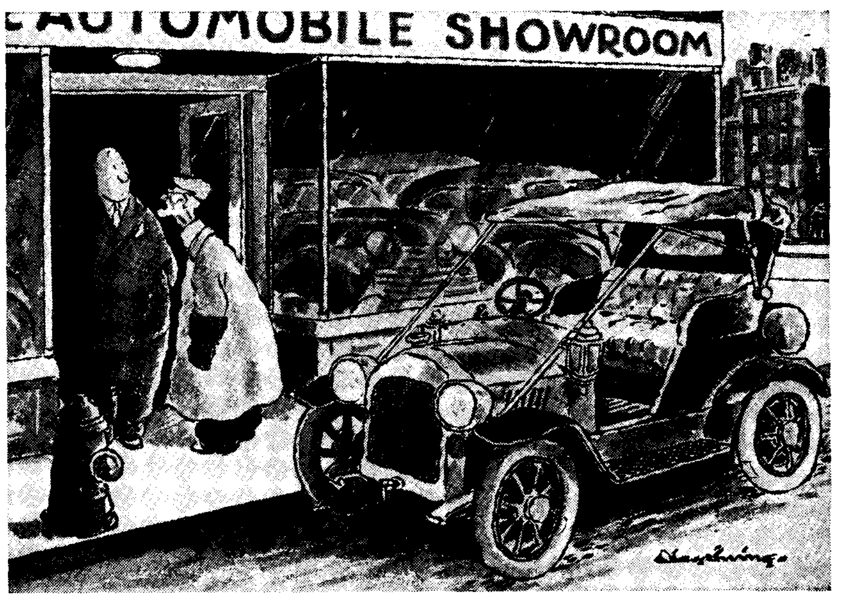
It's the skipper's orderly speaking and in the doorway is the Apperson girl. She smiles at Roarty and he smiles at her, and they start in talking like they're old pals. As I get it from their talk, they've been writing to each other about Jasper since before Hampton Roads. After a while she says, "What's a C.P.O., Mister Roarty?"

"It's a rating," says Roarty, "that will do no harm to an enlisted man who is hoping for a commission. You might tell your dad that."

Off she goes, and Roarty turns to me saying, "There's your heroine! What d' y' think of her?"

To which I say, "She has a pleasing voice and a pleasant smile, and her shape will do, and she isn't bad-looking, but I wouldn't call her glamorous."

"You can think up the darnedest things to say!" says Roarty. "What sensible man spending half his time away from home wants a glamor girl for a wife?"



"What's this I hear about a new automatic gear shift?" JAY IRVING

An Important Safety Message!

THERE HAVE BEEN four great inventions of immense importance to greater safety in motoring. The first was the Safety-Steel Body. The second was the Hydraulic Brake. The third was Safety Glass.

The fourth, offered for the first time this year on the new Plymouth, Dodge, De Soto, and Chrysler Cars *exclusively,* is a new Safety Rim Wheel.

As every motorist knows, a flat tire can cause trouble when you are traveling along the road.

This patented new Safety Rim Wheel is designed to prevent a tire from twisting, or crushing down into the center of the rim, or rolling off the wheel, in case of a blowout or puncture.

With an ordinary wheel, a flat tire may be "chewed up" quickly unless the car is brought to a stop in a short distance.

The important point is, with this new Safety Rim Wheel, the tire is held in place and you have more time to slow down and stop your car more safely, and with less damage to the tire. Test drivers, experimenting with blowouts, give glowing testimony. They say you are hardly conscious of having a blowout on either front or rear wheels until you slow the car down to stop it.

This new safeguard against the effects of a puncture or blowout should be good news to all motorists.

Chrysler Corporation pioneered Hydraulic Brakes, popularized the Safety-Steel Body, was one of the first users of Safety Glass, and is now proud to make this new and vastly important contribution to greater safety in motoring.

Safety Rim Wheels not only mean more safety for you and your family, but also for others on the road. Already, nearly 2,000,000 of these new Safety Rim Wheels are in use.

You get Safety Rim Wheels on the new 1941 Plymouth, Dodge, De Soto and Chrysler Cars *only—and you pay nothing extra for them!*

CHRYSLER CORPORATION
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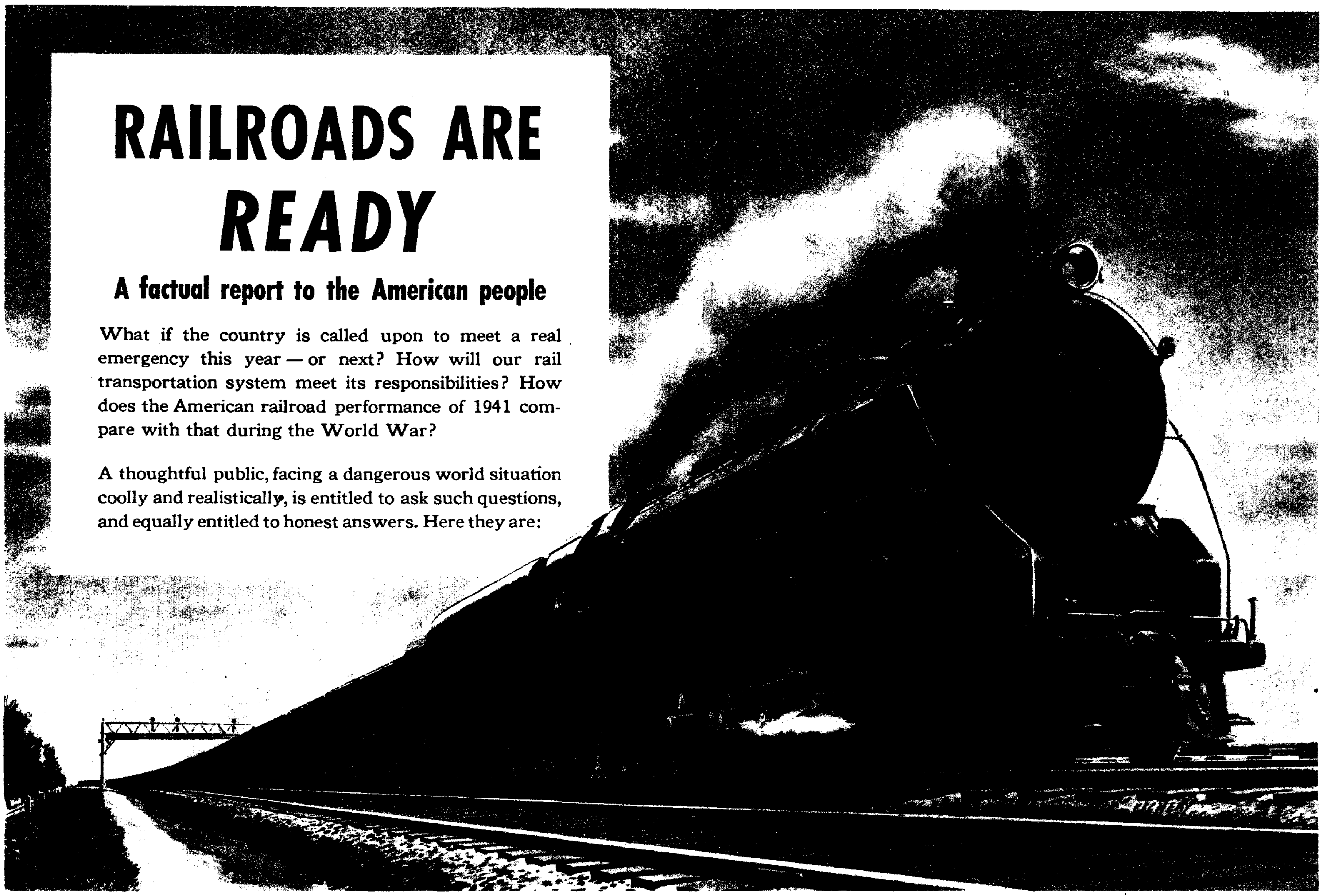
RAILROADS ARE *READY*

A factual report to the American people

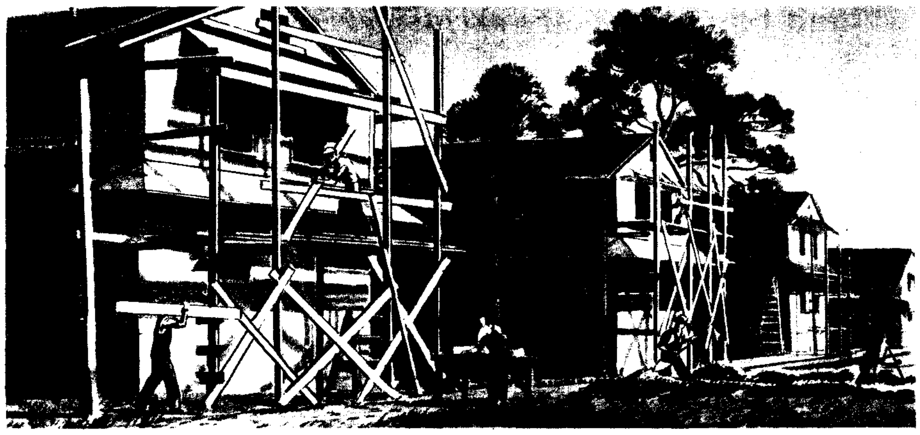
What if the country is called upon to meet a real emergency this year — or next? How will our rail transportation system meet its responsibilities? How does the American railroad performance of 1941 compare with that during the World War?

A thoughtful public, facing a dangerous world situation coolly and realistically, is entitled to ask such questions, and equally entitled to honest answers. Here they are:

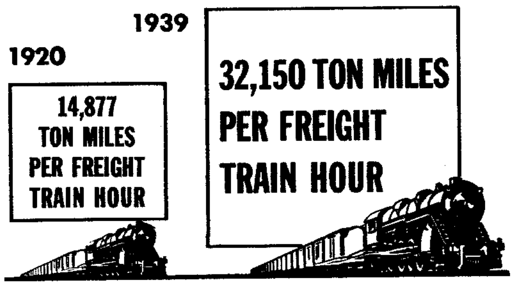


Bigger locomotives pull more freight. Unqualified statements that railroads have fewer locomotives and cars than in 1917 are meaningless. Today's locomotives average half again more powerful. Today's better freight cars hold a fifth more and travel 64% faster.

It can't happen again! In 1917 ports and terminals were congested and transportation was slowed down because freight cars were used not to move goods but to store them. On just one order, 40 miles of cars clogged the tracks for weeks until a shipyard got ready to unload them. That won't happen again because close teamwork by the railroads, shippers and government agencies now keeps cars moving and gets them unloaded promptly.



Housing a million men. For the new army camps, the railroads delivered nearly two billion board feet of lumber—75,000 carloads—in 6 recent months. Work was never held up because of any railroad failure to deliver materials. Cars were loaded and unloaded promptly by shippers and contractors. There was not the least interruption of regular rail traffic.



★ ★ ★

Railroad efficiency more than doubled. That is the net result of larger engines and cars, longer trains, faster schedules, better signals, streamlined yards and greatly improved operating methods. In the peak year of 1929, the railroads hauled 8¼ million more carloads of freight than they did in 1918 although they had 60,000 fewer cars and 5,000 fewer locomotives.

Whatever the demand—America's railroads, despite the hard times of recent years, are keeping fully prepared to meet the nation's transportation needs.

ASSOCIATION OF AMERICAN RAILROADS, WASHINGTON, D.C.

P.S. PERFECT SHIPPING A national campaign each APRIL to promote good packing, secure loading and careful handling of ALL shipments—sponsored by Shippers Advisory Boards. Avoid loss and damage. We can't afford to waste our national resources.

Home-Town Boy

Continued from page 13

felt flat and empty, with a taste in his mouth like that after too many beers. So this was the kind of welcome a fellow got. Okay, then. Loretta went off, came back again with a well-filled plate, and proffered with it a timid peace offering.

"I won't be working tomorrow, anyway."

"No, but I will," he said.

She flared up then: "If you call it work!"

WHEN it was time for Rusty's pie, the other waitress served him, and he could only hope Loretta would see his helping standing there untouched after he had left. At first he meant to take the car and go on back to camp, but he met some guys from the Lazy-Y and it was only decent to stop and gas a little, then naturally they had to have a beer.

"Just one," Rusty said, the first three times or so, and by and by he was feeling good again and mellow, and he would have been willing to forgive Loretta, only she wasn't there. But a lot of other people were, some of them dudes from the big ranches in the mountains, and a little dude girl who called herself Plain Jane had taken charge of Rusty. She wasn't plain, he thought, though not quite pretty, either. She had black hair swinging down to her shoulders, and a white, three-cornered face, with big black eyes, and soft, crushed-looking lips just made for kissing. And the way she acted seemed as if she knew it. Rusty liked the kind of perfume she was using, and even the smell of cigarettes and whisky, though he never would've stood for that if it had been Loretta.

Somebody with her called Arthur, a guy with a tight, pink mouth under a little yellow mustache, kept saying, "We ought to go now," and Plain Jane would say, "Not me, I hope to tell you. I'm having a wonderful time. Why do you think I came West, anyway?"

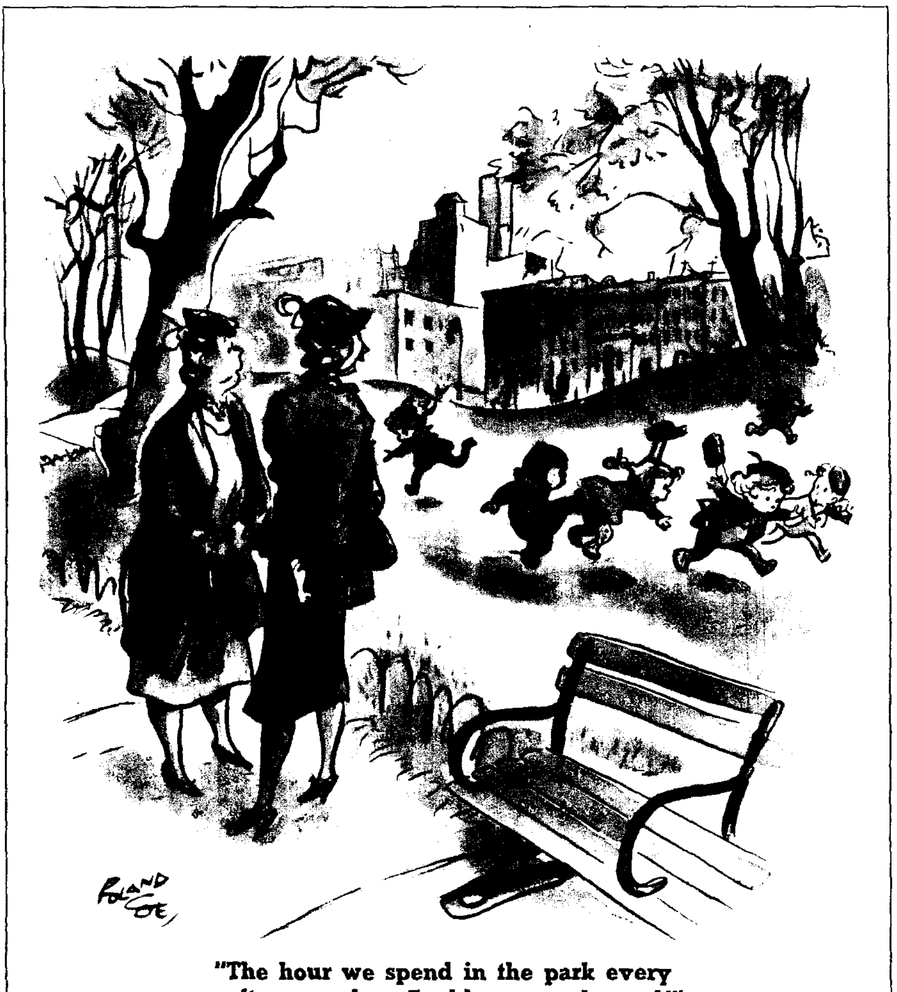
They went from Oscar's Place down to Hell Roaring Bar, and from there to Mag's Last Chance; they stopped at all the carnival booths to shoot wooden ducks, and pop balloons, and throw balls at a sad-faced darky with a woolly wig and flaring, painted lips. Arthur paid for everything, and carried the two big dolls and the teddy bear they won, and Rusty knew they knew he didn't have much money. Part of his mind was cold and clear as glass; through it he could see how this thing was to them—to Jane: Wild West stuff, half an adventure, half a joke. She would be home again, back there in the East telling about it, laughing. *Oh, those cowboys!* Okay, then. He'd have his laugh, too, wouldn't he? Something to boast about to guys like Chuck or Spike Poland from the Lazy-Y. Maybe he would. . . .

Because there was more than that to it for both of them. There was the littleness of her, the thin, little fingers clutched in his, the way she hung on his arm so close and sweet with the smell of her hair in his nostrils, while Mag's cowboy quartet was singing The Last Trail. Maybe he hadn't been to college, and he might not have much money—not right at the moment—all the same he knew that Plain Jane liked his looks and the kind of strength she felt in him; a spark of excitement and desire crackled between them. Heck, it took more to make a man than clothes and grammar and a wad of folding money—Jane knew that. His arm was frankly around her when they went into the dance hall some time after midnight.

Arthur got rid of his dolls and teddy bear and cut in before they were halfway around the floor:

"Jane, no fooling, we have to go. The station wagon's waiting—all the rest are out there."

"Oh, gee!" Jane said. "What an awful



"The hour we spend in the park every afternoon does Freddy so much good!"

ROLAND COE

You'll like yeast this new way

PETE: You're sure full of the old whoop-de-do! Been eating yeast again?
MILDRED: No . . . drinking it! Fleischmann's Yeast in tomato juice is simply divine!

PETE: Baby, you hit the jack-pot there! I remember how swell life looked when I was eating yeast.
MILDRED: Well, you'll never have to leave it again. It's delicious in tomato juice . . . tastes like oven-fresh bread, and the longer I stay with it, the more I like it.

PETE: O.K., I'll give it another whirl. I always knew the experts were right when they said "yeast is one of the richest natural sources of the amazing vitamin B complex."
MILDRED: Oh, that's been proved long ago. But maybe you're not getting enough of these vitamins. Drink yeast first thing in the morning, last thing at night . . . See if the world doesn't get brighter!

MASH . . . Take a cold cake of Fleischmann's Fresh Yeast and mash it in a dry glass with a fork.

STIR . . . Add a little cold tomato juice, milk or water. Stir till blended. Then fill glass. Stir again and . . .

DRINK your yeast this delicious, easy way. It's quick, too . . . whole business takes less than a minute!

Fleischmann's Fresh Yeast

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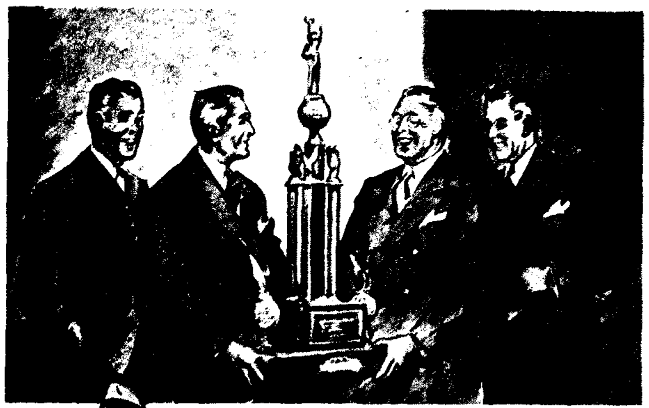
DRINK IT . . . TO YOUR HEALTH!

ALL CARS ALIKE ?

Not By a Jugfull!

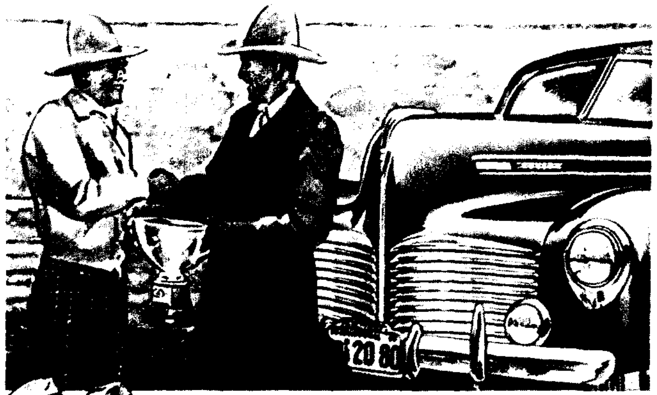
HERE'S ONE THAT'S *DIFFERENT* IN 5 IMPORTANT WAYS... 1941 HUDSON



"All Cars Alike In SAFETY?"

"Not On Your Tintype!"

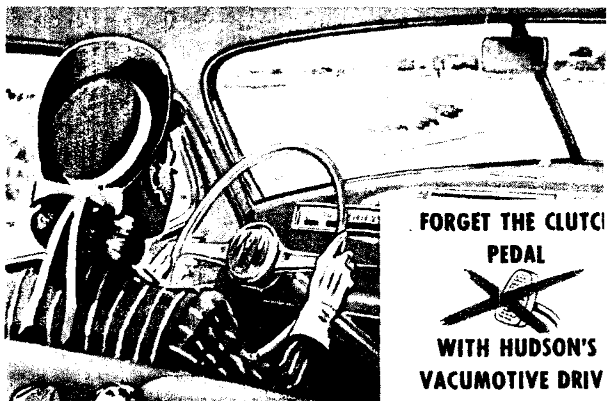
Just take a look at the picture. It shows Hudson getting the Safety Engineering Magazine Trophy for safest body design of any 1941 car, *with the first perfect score any car ever made.* Then look at Hudson's brakes—husky big hydraulics, and the *only* hydraulics with a reserve *mechanical* system that takes hold *automatically* from the same foot pedal if ever needed. That's a difference which, in some sudden emergency, might be worth more than any amount of money you can name. No wonder they call Hudson *"America's Safest Car"!*



"All Cars Alike In ECONOMY?"

"Not For My Money!"

You can bet there's a difference in economy. Look at that big, 92-horsepower Hudson Six that stood competitors on their heads in the 1941 Gilmore Grand Canyon Economy Run. Picture shows this Hudson getting the Gilmore Economy Cup for its price class. Most miles per gallon of any entry except two of the shortest, lowest-powered cars in the entire run! And over 20 miles per gallon for the 128-horsepower Hudson Eight! And Hudson's more than 150 official performance and endurance records show there's just as big a difference in *performance.* For going places and saving money, too, you just can't beat a Hudson.

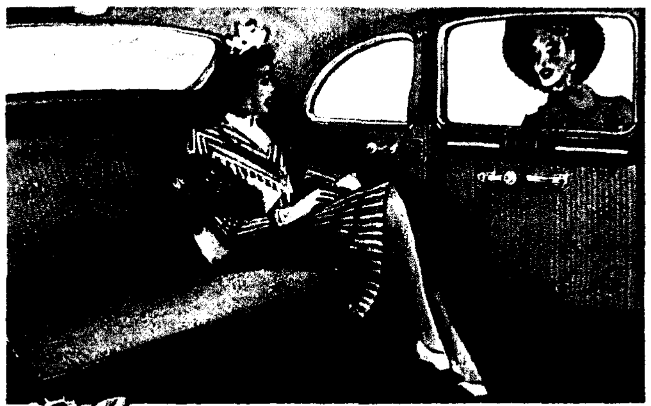


"All Cars Alike In DRIVING EASE?"

"Not On Your Life!"

Drive without ever using the clutch pedal. Start, go, stop and back up, in a Hudson with Vacumotive Drive—your "clutch foot" has nothing to do. Talk about easier ways to drive—here's the tops, and it costs less than any other feature that lets you forget the clutch pedal.* You'll find that a Hudson's a honey to steer and to shift, too. Overdrive? You bet Hudson has it. There's none better, and it gives you a lot of extra fun and extra economy, too.

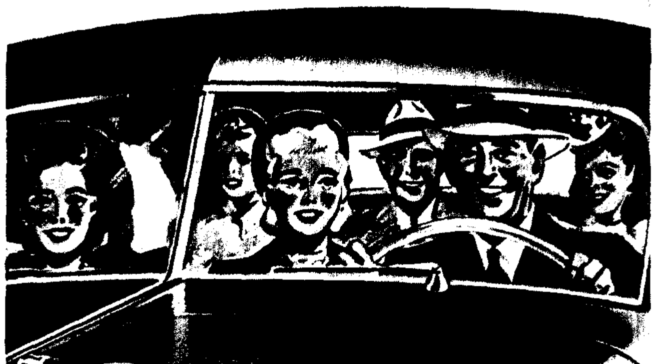
**Only $27.50 extra, installed at factory.*



"All Cars Alike In BEAUTY?"

"Come Again, Brother!"

Like a green car? Then—in a Hudson—you get an interior that carries out that color scheme in harmonizing tones of green, even to such things as carpets and floor mats. Brown or tan? The interior's in harmonizing tones of the same color. There's still a third choice *in tones of gray.* You'll be surprised how much this complete color harmony—Hudson calls it Symphonic Styling—adds to the looks of a car; *and it costs nothing extra.*



"All Cars Alike In COMFORT?"

"Tell It To The Marines!"

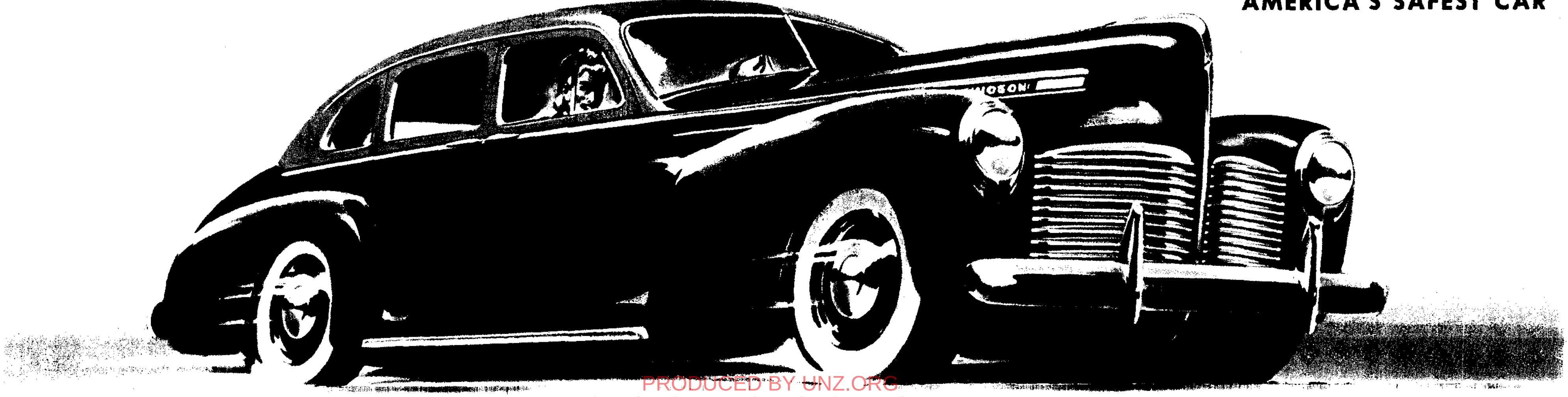
Your ride in a Hudson is the smoothest thing you can find on four wheels. And no wonder! You can't get better springs than Hudson uses—big coil ones in front, extra long leaf ones in back. Every Hudson is a real 6-passenger car (see picture). And, if you want real conditioned air—no drafts, no stale, fume-loaded air, no fogged windows even when it's raining or freezing—just try Hudson's Weather-Master. It keeps you warm in winter, cool in summer. It's the last word in all-year comfort!

A WHALE OF A LOT OF CAR FOR MIGHTY LITTLE MONEY

Remember, the big, 92-horsepower Hudson Six illustrated below is one of the lowest priced sedans on today's market.

And remember that, in every popular price class—lowest, low and moderate—Hudson's 31 years of engineering leadership bring you a Hudson Six or Eight equally far ahead of the rest in value. See your nearest Hudson dealer for a whale of a lot of car for mighty little money—and a deal on your present car that you can't afford to miss.

AMERICA'S SAFEST CAR



bore! Well, if I must, I must. Come on, Rusty. Come out and see me off."

And there by the door was Loretta with her girl friend, Bonnie Lamson, both of them looking fussy in silk dresses and high-heeled pumps, instead of boots and overalls like the dudes. So she had changed her mind and come, and he knew why. She saw him, but pretended not to, and he tightened his fingers around Jane's thin, little arm.

"See you tomorrow, broncobuster. Don't pull leather," Jane said.

"You bet," he answered to the first of it; "You bet not," to the second, and the station wagon was pulling down the road before he remembered that he wasn't riding broncs this time. Perhaps she wouldn't think so much of calf-roping; he wished there was some way to let her know about the record he had broken, down in Texas. . . . But that was more the kind of news Loretta could appreciate, and now it was in his mind to be nice to her and tell her, and he turned back to the hall just as she and Bonnie were coming out. Once more her eyes swept over him unseeing; color was pushed high in her full cheeks and her lips looked stiff and sulky, not soft and crushed and ready to be kissed. . . .

"Running after dudes, my gosh!" Bonnie said loudly. "As far as I'm concerned dudes make me sick. Riding around in those old trucks, and wearing pants to dances!"

All meant for Rusty, as he knew. Bonnie was one of those sheep-faced females, with plenty of time for other people's business, never having any of her own. But the suspicion that her volubility was covering up Loretta's tears filled him with a kind of anger and confusion. He would've taken her to the dance, wouldn't he? She was the one who had refused to go, so she had no kick coming. Nothing was his fault. He couldn't help it if other people kind of liked his looks. Vanity tightened his nerves again; his thoughts went toward tomorrow—crowds and dust and the smell of horses, and that Plain Jane up in the grandstand, watching him perform. Tomorrow night there'd be another dance. . . . Bet you she wouldn't get away unkissed next time. . . .

RODEO day was hot and windless. Sunshine blazed down on Rusty riding Patchwork in the parade; he felt good. There was a kind of fizz to things, riding along Jerris' main street, hearing his name called out sometimes and catching the looks, admiration or envy that came his way.

Rusty's eyes went hunting Loretta, but it was Plain Jane he saw, leaning out of the station wagon, her Stetson pushed far back on her dark curls, and her shirt open at the neck showing her tanned, flat little chest.

"Hi-ya, cowboy?"

He swung his hat, and his skin went tight again, his muscles rippling under it, and he was filled with strength and pride and hope. Top money today, or know the reason why. . . . He left Patchwork in the field behind the grandstand till it was time for her to work, and went along inside. There was going to be a crowd all right; the bleachers were filling fast and the grandstand, too.

He crossed over to a corner near the chutes where he saw Chuck Barrus and other guys he knew. Last year's bulldogging champ was there, sunburned and cocky, wearing a dark blue pullover and a silver-studded belt, with his levis very low on his hips. "Yare, I do too mean thirteen seconds," he said. Rusty shook hands with Lucius Minifree, who ran the Jerris show and a string of other smallish rodeos.

Little Willy came along and begged a cigarette, and rolled his eyes toward the bottle that went from hand to hand, but nobody offered him a drink. When the liquor came Rusty's way he shook his head; his nerves didn't need any stiffening, he was keen enough. Chuck wasn't drinking either, Rusty noticed.

Pick-up men were riding up and down, looking smart in their wide hats and checked silk shirts, but how they looked wasn't important: the thing that counted was how fast they could get a guy off a bucking horse in case of trouble. Rusty heard talk about a bronc called Devil Heels that was said to be a killer. "You won't catch me up on that one," Jim Peabody declared; "not if I have to forfeit my entrance money." It wasn't anything to Rusty; he wasn't riding broncs, but he hoped Chuck Barrus wouldn't have bad luck. Minifree had no business bringing in a vicious horse just for the extra bit of thrill in it. Suddenly the loud-speaker blared, the show was starting, and Rusty saw Jane just coming into the grandstand with a bunch of dudes. He had already picked Loretta out right up above him in the bleachers, looking hot in a red-flowered dress. Bonnie was with her and they both were careful not to see him.

Chuck was the first man up. He had already gone over to the chute and waited, poised, for the saddling to be finished. The way they ran things here, bronc riders opened the show, and then they'd have the other stunts, bulldogging, calf-roping, trick riding and what not, and then more broncs, so that the spice of excitement lasted clear to the end, because bronc riding got the biggest hand.

"Chute Four," the announcer cried. "Chute Number Four! Chuck Barrus coming out on Dynamite."

But something had gone wrong. The gate swung back a little slowly and the bronc twisted sideways against it, scraping Chuck's leg, so that he lost the stirrup and had to pull leather right away or he would've been off, and it burned Rusty up to hear the sound of booing from the grandstand. By gosh, he thought, they wasn't the ones that had to do it. Pick-up men had cornered Dynamite, and Chuck was down, walking back to his place with a swaggering pretense of unconcern, but Rusty knew he must be thinking about his wife and the unpaid hospital bills and what not.

"Tough," he said.

Right on the word, however, the loud-speaker blared again, announcing that the fault had been inside the chute: "Chuck Barrus to have a remount. . . . The judges vote a second chance for Chuck. Now in Chute One. . . . Chute One. . . . Ken Hawley on Crazy Boy. Now coming out."

HEAT, dust and noise, good acts and poor ones, cheers and booing. The champ had broken the bulldogging record again and looked chestier than ever; a girl did stunt riding on a creamy palomino; a man with a silk hat and a big, false nose prodded a sulky and mangy buffalo through some stupid tricks. Time went slow and then too fast and all at once they were driving in roping calves, thin as shadows, quick as fleas and Rusty, with a tight knot in his middle, went to fetch Patchwork. . . .

"Next calf roper will be Rusty Reed, one of our home-town boys. . . . A big hand now, for a home-town boy. . . ."

Then the calf was out and running like a streak, and he was after it, and everything was smooth and easy the way it ought to be. Not a breath wasted, not a motion. His rope went where he wanted it, and Patchwork stiffened, holding it taut, wheeling slowly round the calf; Rusty was on the ground and running, a couple of seconds more and he would be done—and boy, had he been fast! Right that instant somebody in the bleachers let off a firecracker and Patchwork bolted, dragging the calf behind her like a kite. Nobody could've caught up with them, though Rusty tried it, running head down against the waves of laughter that beat on him, against a clear voice from the grandstand crying, "Get a cowboy!"

Patchwork got clear away from everyone and out of the enclosure; she was halfway across the field behind it before she quit and let Rusty come up to her and free the half-choked calf. "You . . ." he said softly. "You . . ." But it wasn't the pony's fault, not really, and all he wished was he could have five minutes alone with whoever threw that cracker. Going back in, he felt his shoulders swinging with the same swagger he'd noticed earlier on Chuck and all the losers. Heck with it, anyway, he thought.

Chuck gave him a kind of half grin that was better than words. "You ought to have another go, by rights."

"Fat chance," Rusty said, "after the laugh I fetched. Forget it, will ya? . . . When you getting your remount?"

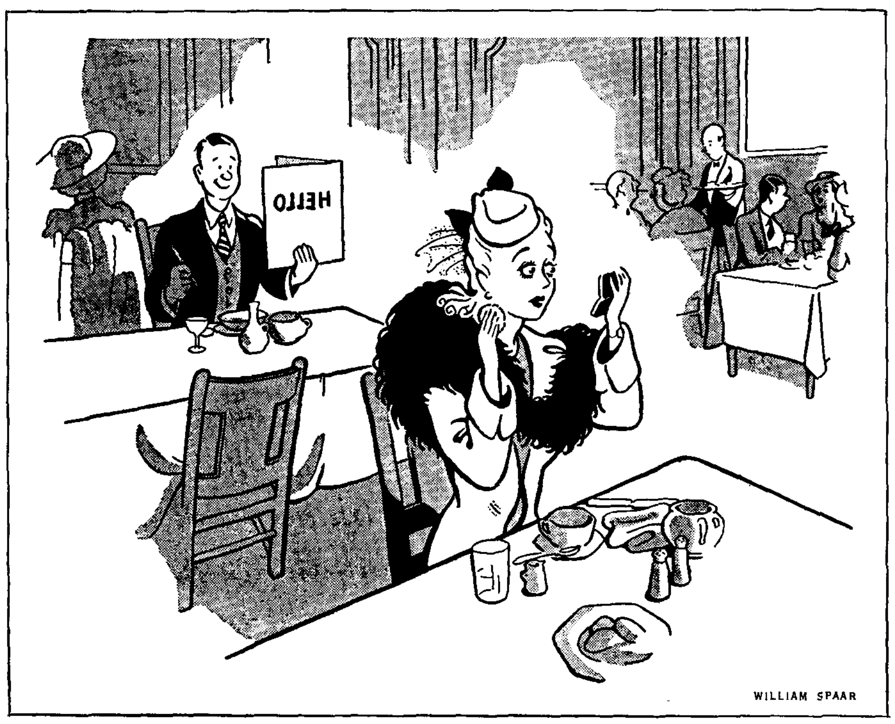
"Any time now."

"Don't let him give you Devil Heels."

"He's out of it. Wouldn't nobody ride him. Nobody that much interested in suicide."

"That so?" Rusty turned the information over in his mind, and after a little he went away from there, looking for Minifree which took a while because the fat man didn't mean to see him. Cornered at last, he spoke right up, getting his word in first and quickly:

"No griping, Reed. The decisions are



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GO places
and
DO things"

O.K., Connie! But first... check up on your breath!

Connie, like so many others, has bad breath and doesn't know it. That's the tragedy of this common fault—you rarely suspect it in yourself. Yet dentists say...

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COMBATS BAD BREATH
COLGATE RIBBON DENTAL CREAM
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up to the judges, and I don't have—"

"I ain't here to complain," Rusty broke in. "Not that I couldn't raise a fuss about them fireworks if I wanted. But that's finished. I need some money, howsumever, and I want you to let me up on Devil Heels."

"Too late," Minifree said. "You ain't entered for bronc riding, and the boys won't stand for it."

"Yeah. But I don't mean for prize money. I mean an exhibition ride."

"How much?"

"Ten dollars," Rusty said. "If I stay on."

SOMETHING that might have been compunction moved behind Minifree's small eyes. "Ten bucks if you stay on or not," he said. "Got a couple of remounts coming up and then we'll let you finish off the show."

"Oke," Rusty said, and a cold lump sat suddenly in his belly. What was it Chuck had said? "I'm getting out while I've still got a backbone." A drink would've tasted all right now, but Rusty didn't have one. He went across for a bottle of soda, lukewarm but better than nothing, and while he stood there by the stand Loretta came along carrying two empty bottles for an excuse, but both of them knew she had been watching him and had followed.

"Hi-ya," Rusty murmured.

"Hi-ya."

And something went between them more than words. It was comfortable and pleasant to walk back toward the bleachers with Loretta by his side.

"You got a bad break," she said.

"Seems so." He didn't tell her then about his ride because he was going to show her; he was going to show the whole of them. When he got back to the chutes Chuck Barrus was going after his remount, and Rusty wished him better luck this time.

"You bet you," Chuck agreed with grim determination.

No use, though. It wasn't Chuck's lucky day. He made a pretty ride and stuck on good almost to the whistle, then all of a sudden off he went head foremost, rolled over once and then lay still with the breath knocked out of him, and had to be carried off. Don't think about it, Rusty told himself, because they were already saddling Devil Heels, and from what the talk had been you didn't get a chance to roll out of the way of that one.

"All ready now!" the loud-speaker bellowed. "Ready for Rusty Reed's exhibition ride on Devil Heels—the devil's horse."

But first Minifree raised a laugh by sending out Little Willy mounted backward on a mule. He got bucked off and kicked, and stood there spitting blood and a broken tooth.

"Oke," a voice said, and he went down quick, the gate swung back, and Devil Heels was out there bucking. Four feet together and a backbone like a hoop, and when you fall try to fall clear, try to get away from those devil heels. Going off was no disgrace; nobody could ever stay up on this one. Sweat came on Rusty's face, cold as big drops of rain. "Don't pull leather," he said out loud, but he couldn't hear himself, let alone anyone else hearing above the noise there was, a low, murmuring roar, half applause and half suspense. Suddenly it was over. He was still up and Devil Heels went prancing around as sweet as pie, a bronc that never had even dreamed of bucking.

Rusty took off his hat and waved it high and handsome. "Cowboy! Cowboy!" they were yelling. It was nice. He looked toward the grandstand, feeling good. Then he was down and back in his corner again, saying, "Aw, shucks," but not believing it. The show was over, and folks crowded him some. Little Willy appeared with his fawning grin, and Rusty saw Loretta come along, trailed by a disapproving Bonnie. Before they reached him, Plain Jane was there, along with Arthur and some other dudes. Jane threw her arms around him, hugging him right in front of everyone.

"You wonderful old thing, you! I never saw anything like it."

"Sez you," Rusty said. His skin tingled and a great warmth rose in him and yet he wasn't sure he wanted things this way. He could see Loretta, no longer coming toward him; she looked red and mad again, and he could almost hear Bonnie's satisfied, "What did I tell you!" Jane's hand slid down his arm. "Mmm, muscle!" she said, and her eyes were round. "Oh, Rusty, you are strong! Somebody told me that horse has killed three men."

"Aw, shucks—" Rusty began, but Little Willy interrupted, in his thin, foolish voice:

"Killed? Say, didja hear the news? Chuck Barrus broke his neck. Say, whatja know about that!"

It was the dust, Rusty told himself. It must be the dust, making the air so thick he couldn't breathe. "You liar," he said. "That ain't true."

"It's true, awright. They're tryin' to hush it up for a while, but I seen 'em lay the blanket on his face."

It couldn't be true, because it wasn't fair. It had no right to be that way. Not Chuck, with his missis in the hospital and his new baby. . . .

"Ooh!" Jane squealed. "Killed? One of the cowboys we were watching? Oh, my gracious! What a thrill, and I didn't even know it!"

Rusty looked at Plain Jane. He saw her, too; red, moist lips and avid eyes, thin, little fingers gripping his arm; he could smell whisky and expensive perfume; he could feel her trembling with excitement over the death she had missed seeing. . . . *Why do you think I came West, anyway?*. . . .

"When was it? Who? Was he good-looking?"

No matter what she says, a guy can't hit a girl. "Shut up!" yelled Rusty, over the sob in his throat, and then let Arthur have it, though he knew as well as anyone that Arthur hadn't said a word. But the way it was, he would bust wide open if he couldn't sock somebody right that minute. It was a good fight while it lasted, and he had the comfort afterward of knowing that no dude had knocked him out. That job had fallen to one of Minifree's hired men. . . .

RUSTY'S head ached and his tongue was made of cotton wool; he opened his eyes and saw without surprise Loretta's flushed, tearful face bent over him. She was sitting on the ground, holding his head on her lap. Empty bleachers rose behind her, and from somewhere Rusty heard sounds of men and horses. The rodeo was over, and there was a lot in his mind to say to Loretta now. He sought for words, and finally brought out, "Hi-ya."

"Hi-ya," she said. "Take it easy, now."

Time passed. The sun went down. "We got to go," Rusty said. He could stand up now; he was dizzy but no longer sick, and there were things to do—Patchwork—and breaking camp—and something about Chuck's stuff— Then his mind went forward, past this day with its assorted miseries: he saw the future not at all as he had planned it, one sunset ago, when he was coming into town.

"Guess old Walters has got somebody else in the cabin by this time," he said.

"I guess so."

They walked on side by side. Loretta's arm was under his, comforting, steady. Her voice was quiet. "That ain't the only cabin in the world," she said.

This Will Kill You

Continued from page 18

he was working on the job or shooting pool or merely standing on the corner with the boys. It was good now, it was wonderful that Lew was working down in Florida. It gave you just that little added class. "It's a supper club," Willy explained, to those who wished to know. "A smart, intimate club. They call it The Sandman."

"What's Lew doin' there?"

"Well, you know him. What would he be doin'? He M. C.'s the show, tells a funny story. Lew always tells a terrific story. He sings a song, maybe a little dance. He says it's a breeze."

"I thought he was in Hollywood," somebody said.

"Hollywood? Listen—for a thousan' dollars a week Lew wouldn't go to Hollywood!"

WILLY was never quite sure what had happened to his brother Lew in Hollywood. Nothing good, of course. But a thing like that depends upon the breaks you get. It wasn't what you knew, it was who you knew. . . .

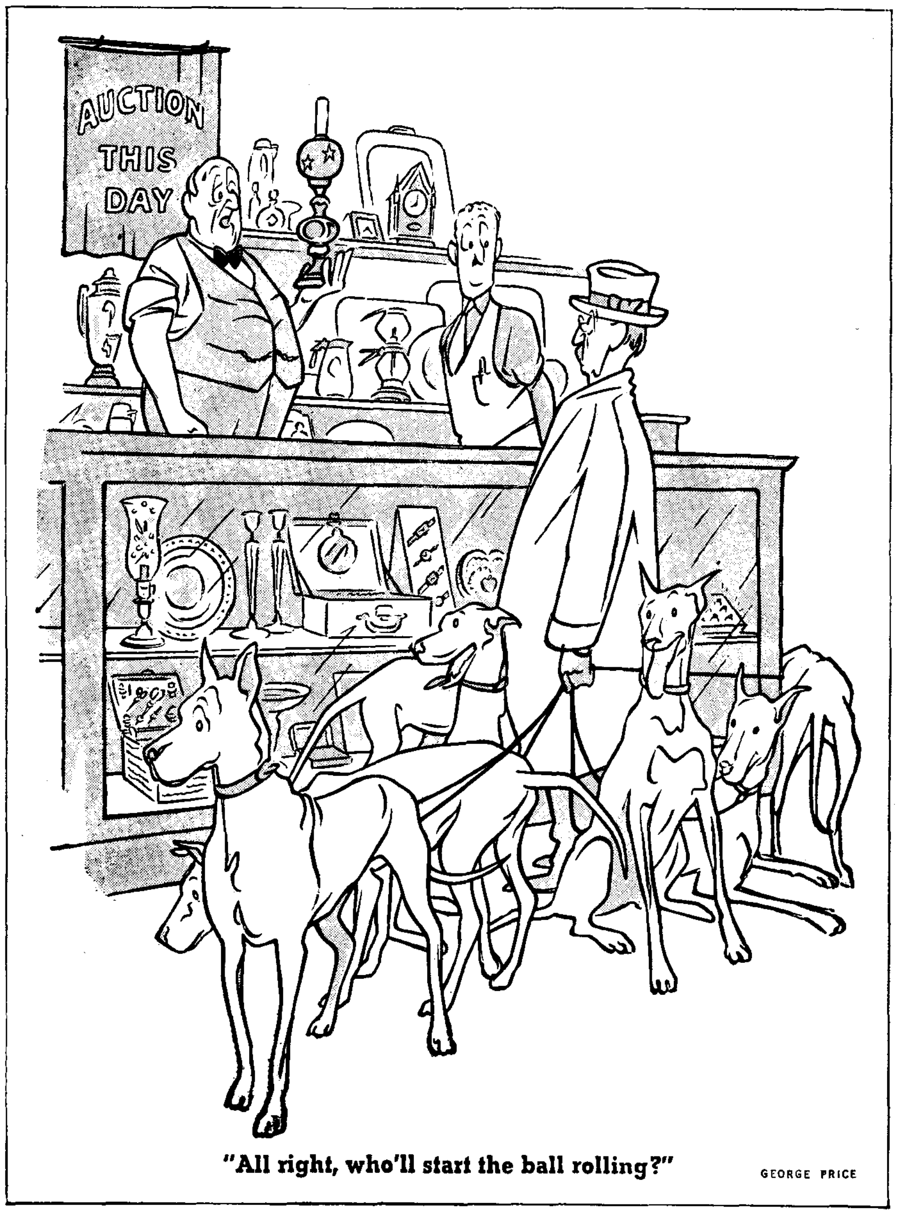
Willy put a twenty on the bar. For ten weeks he had been commuting from the Bronx to a factory out in Jersey, making parts for airplane motors, working overtime each night and gaining, for each eight hours of his effort, eleven dollars, forty cents. It added up. And then there was a dice game, in which Willy had a golden arm. He won so much that after all his purchasing of beautiful and costly things to wear he still had seven hundred dollars.

This was heavy money; this was something he had not been burdened with before. The money had fattened his wallet so that it threatened the careful drape of his coat.

Willy left the change of his twenty on the bar. He said, "Let's have it again, pal." He pushed his glass out with his fingers and gestured to the boys. He was telling a story about Bing Crosby. One of the boys, a guy—well, let us say a chap—who dressed as neat as Willy, simply loved the story; you could see it in his face the way he loved the story, and he said, "What's Crosby like off stage? Did Lew say that? I mean when he's not readin' from the script."

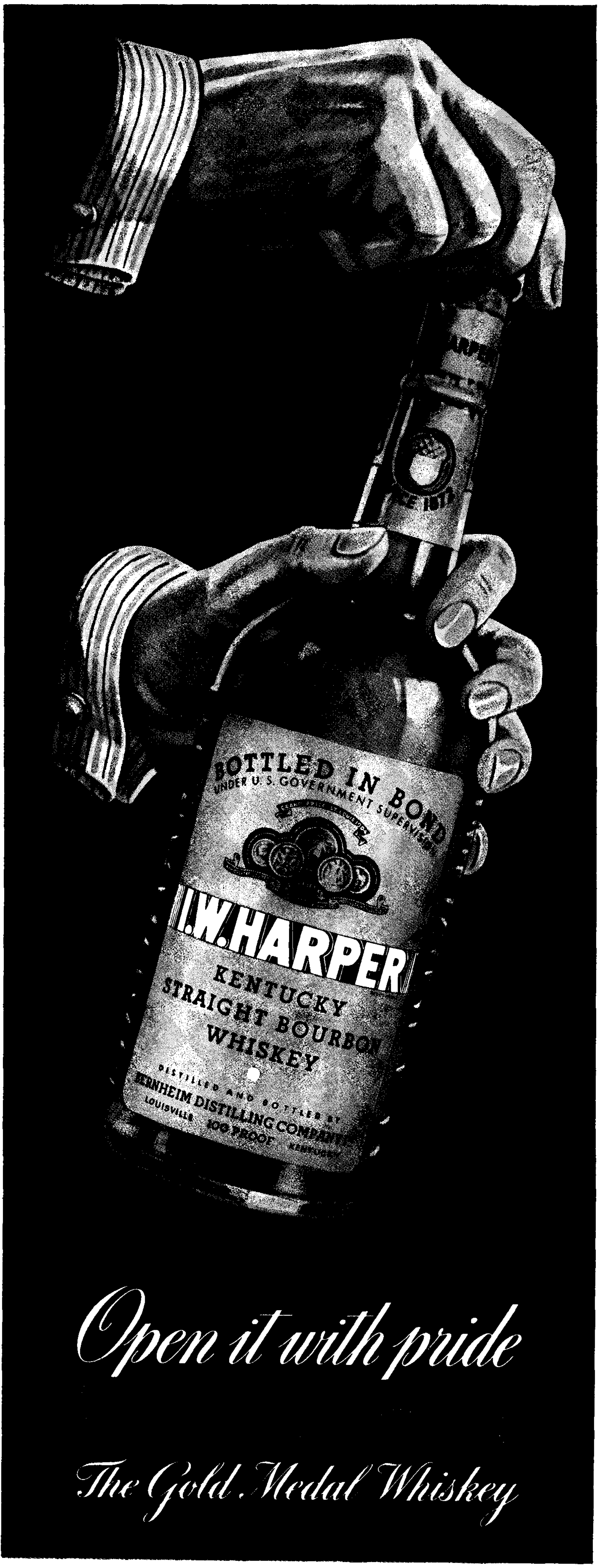
"Bing? Off stage? Why the man's a sweetheart. Greatest trouper in the world. Democratic? Well, let me tell you there should be more characters like Bing. He was playing golf with Lew—there was Bing and Lew and Franchot Tone—and somebody—I don't remember who it was—a guy come up. A bum, Lew said, a guy whose pants was held together with a pin. The guy says, 'Bing. Look, Bing. You got a dollar on you, Bing?' Bing stops. He was about to make a shot. But you would think this bum was maybe Darryl Zanuck from the way—"

Willy told the story. He invented it, but it was, after all, the kind of thing that Crosby would have done. It was a story that wrung hearts out like a beer rag. The man behind the bar paused in the mixing of the drinks. Two of the waiters stopped, to put their eager faces over shoulders in the group surrounding Willy. Max Kaplan, lord of this magnificence, this Club 18, this Lindy's, this smart spot and hot spot of the Bronx,

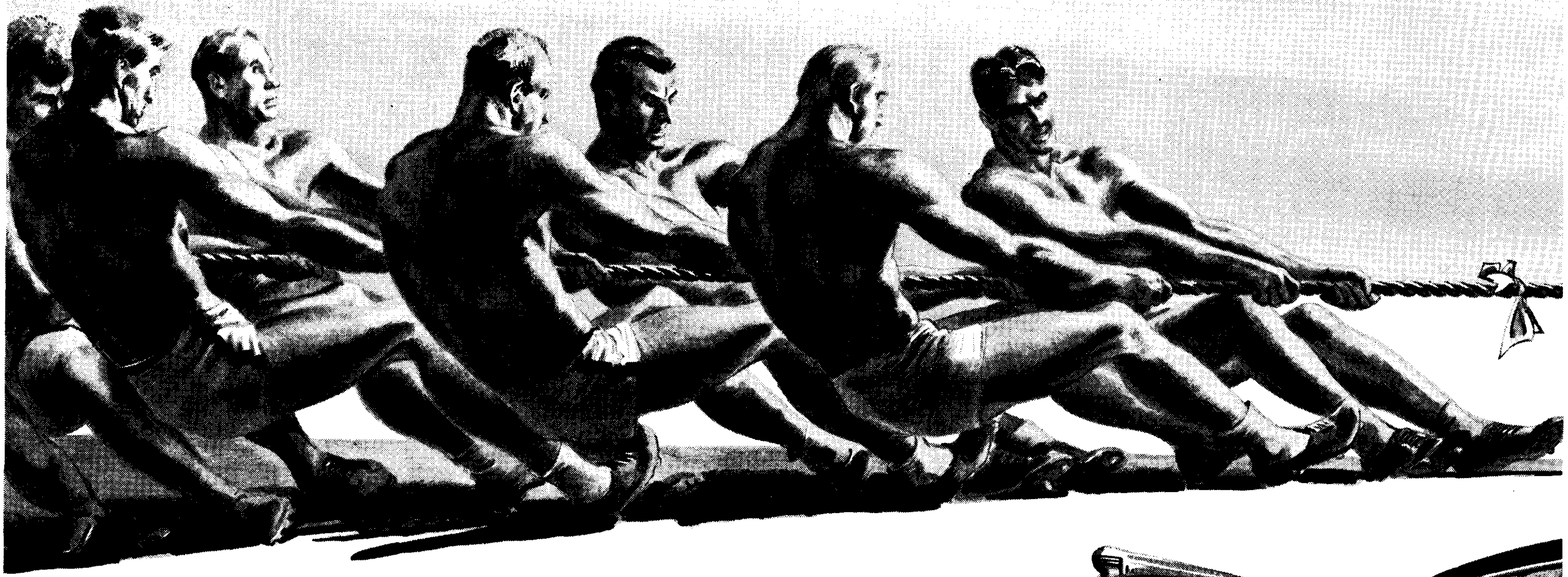


"All right, who'll start the ball rolling?"

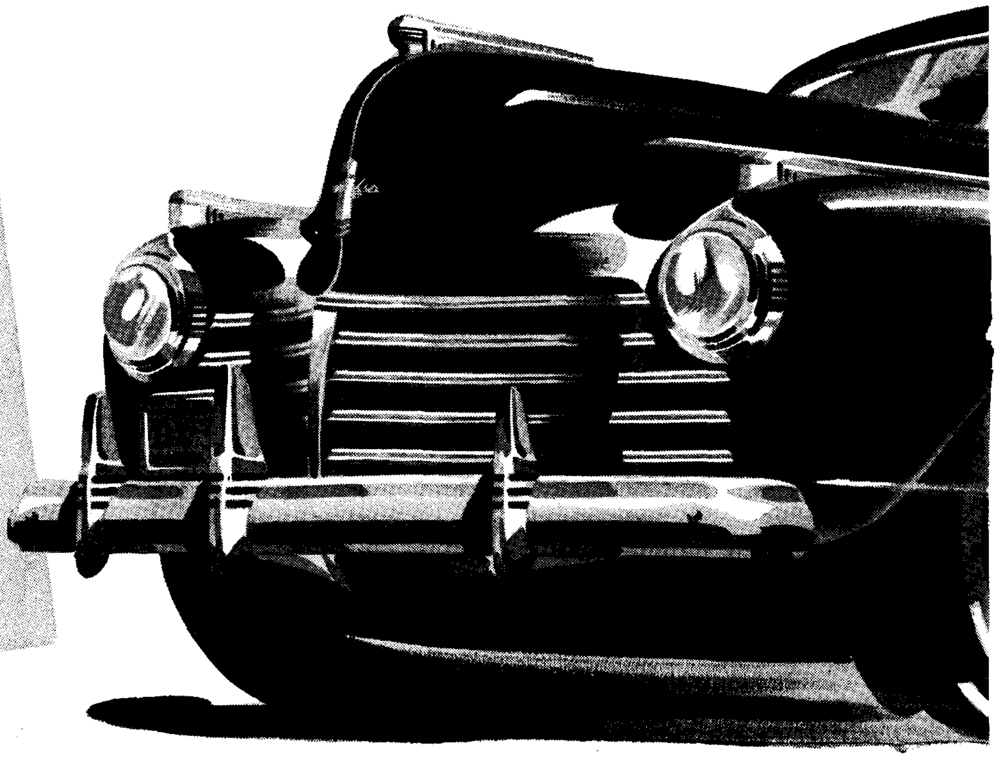
GEORGE PRICE



It's the SMOOTH



And Chrysler Engines with Fluid Drive give the smoothest pull in the world!



ASK any old-time track coach! He'll tell you it's the smooth pulling team that wins the tug-of-war. Even the biggest "beef-eaters" can't win on a pull, a tug, relax-jerk basis!

Just so in a car! The tremendous power of Chrysler's Spitfire engines is even more effective power because it is delivered through *Fluid Drive* . . . the smoothest drive ever put into an automobile!

That's why Chrysler owners—even after long experience with *Fluid Drive*—continue to be astonished at the feats their cars can perform.

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A lady driver describes an all-day trip through the Virginia mountains in a sleet storm. "Everybody told me to stop," she says. "Nobody could believe that my Chrysler could climb these icy hills without ever slipping once!"

The plain fact of the matter is that any power is smoother

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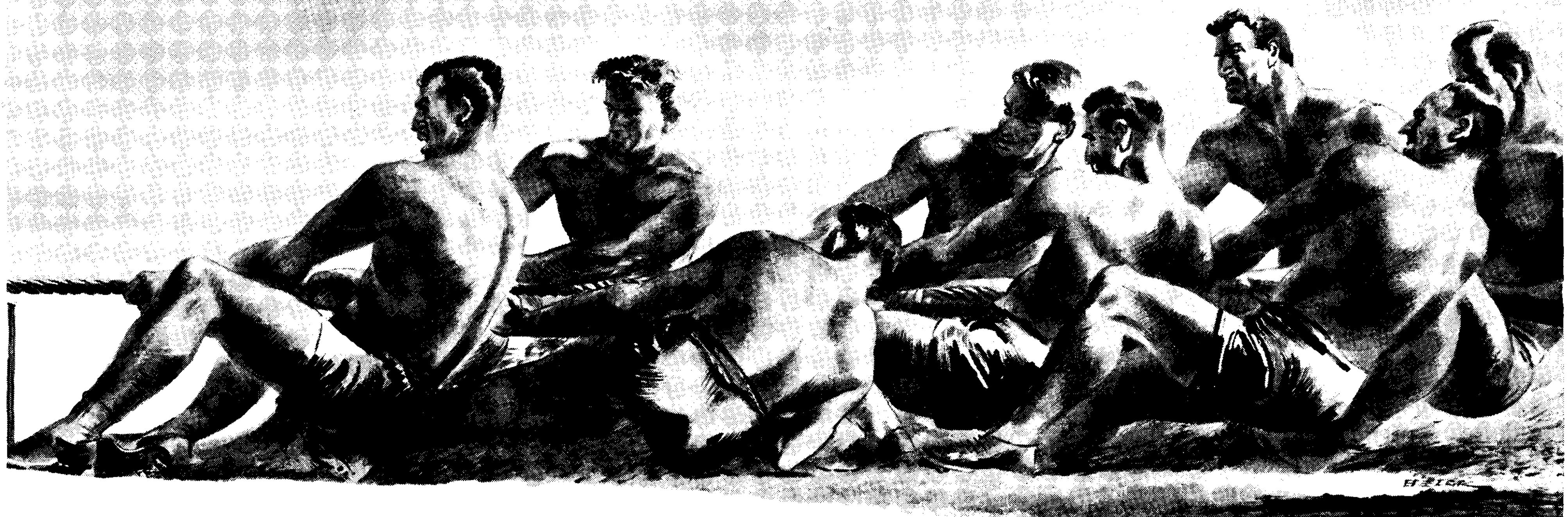

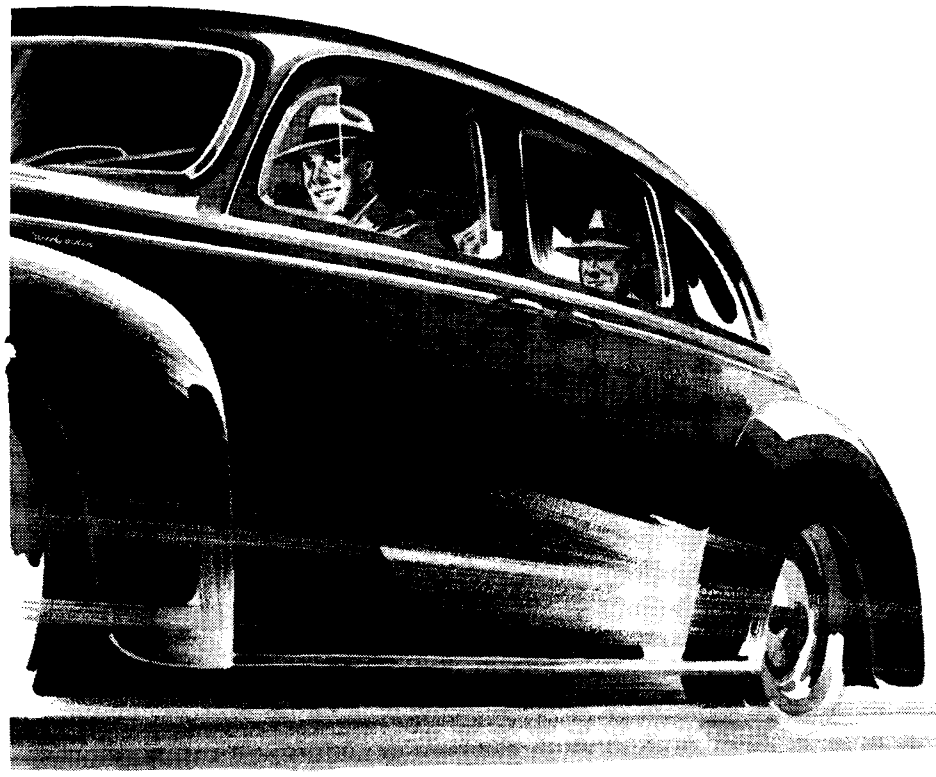

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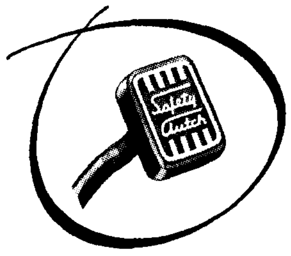
The Safety Clutch is like a lifeboat on a ship. You will use it very seldom, but you're mighty glad to have it when you need it. A very valuable safeguard for parking . . . for maneuvering your car in close quarters or dangerous places!



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was very touched. Max was a man who liked to mingle with the great.

"Mrs. Kay and I are going to Miami," Mr. Kaplan said, as though the words of Willy had helped to make the decision. "Well, when we can get away. Perhaps this month or maybe next month, Willy. We'll look Lew up at the—"

"At The Sandman," Willy said. "Just ask anybody. There's a million Broadway joints at the Beach. Just ask anybody. Lew will hand you the place, Max."

"Be nice to see Lew again," Max said. "It must be seven years since I seen Lew."

LATER, in the washroom, adjusting the complex turns of the Windsor knot in his necktie, and then combing his hair with meticulous care, Willy gave thought to Miami and to the intended adventure of Max and Mrs. Kaplan. It was a relief that Lew was working, and in a high-class Florida spot. Willy had not known of this until a friend, out at the plant in Jersey, had shown him a Broadway column of a recent date, clipped from a page of the Brooklyn Daily Argus. Willy's friend was a commuter, too. The Broadway column said, down in the middle of the second paragraph—Willy had it photostated in his mind—the column said, "Lew Longo, M. C. at Miami's newest hilarity house, The Sandman, quips this nifty . . ."

It went on to quip the nifty. It was not a nifty that would paralyze the population overnight. But at least it told Willy that Lew was working in a smart club in Miami and he told his friend that Lew gave his better gags to Winchell.

"I never see your brother's name in Winchell's column," said his friend.

Which doesn't matter now. You take Miami, Willy thought. You take the sunshine and the velvet nights, the music and the flowers, and the horses running at the track, the—what was that?—oh, yes, the beautiful flamingos—and the Broadway people in their summer clothes: Lew and Eddie Cantor, Harry Richman and the boys from Fifty-second Street. Max Kaplan and his wife would walk in there like anybody else. They would be sitting at a table while the show was going on and Lew might say—because those places in Miami, they are intimate and smart—he'd say, "I want that you should know a little lady from my own home town, the Bronx—Mrs. Shirley Kaplan. Shirley, take a bow!"

AND then, of course, he'd do the same for Max, but first of all, if he recalled correctly, Lew would request a big hand for the little lady. He would introduce them to celebrities, of course; celebrities are merely flies on the salami in Miami. Max and Shirley would remember it and they would talk about it, all of them together, through a lot of evenings at the restaurant, and that picture of Lew, above the bar, would have the full significance it used to have. Max and Shirley would come back all brown and healthy-looking, just like everyone who went to Florida—like the real big shots.

Willy had rather whitish skin that would not let him, in the wintertime, look quite so much like Georgie Raft as he would have cared to look. But if a guy went to Miami in the wintertime this problem was dissolved like salt and beer. And if your brother was the M. C. at a "house of hilarity" like The Sandman, you could learn firsthand the manners and the humor of the great, instead of rolling your own for the boys back home.

Seven hundred dollars is a large bag of potatoes, and the round-trip fare is not so very much, and he was tired, in need of rest and recreation . . . he owed it to himself. He could get leave of absence for three weeks, a month. Just cough a bit, just thump your chest, just tell them you were sick. . . .

WILLY went de luxe, and in the club car smoked a thirty-cent cigar and thought about the wondrous days ahead of him.

He arrived in the evening and checked his luggage at the station. He had some supper, though his stomach was too filled with happiness to have much room for solid food besides. The Miami lights were as brilliant as the Broadway lights. He took a little time to look around. The only thing, the only honest thing to do, of course, would be to go straight to The Sandman and announce himself to Lew. It had been seven years since he'd seen Lew. It would have been different if they'd had a common home. But Lew had been trouping a long time now—vaudeville, Hollywood, and nobody knows where else. Willy, on the other hand, had lived with his aunt and uncle and there was no closer contact than a Christmas card to bridge the long time Lew had been away.

He called a taxi and climbed inside; he said, "The Sandman."

"I never heard of it," the driver said. "Is it in Miami or Miami Beach?"

They went into a drugstore and consulted a phone book and the driver learned the location of The Sandman. "It's an expensive ride," he said.

Willy asked him how much and was shocked to learn how much and then the cab got under way. They drove across a causeway from the city of Miami, with the strings of lights along the concrete structure mirrored in the waters of Biscayne Bay.

They drove north, along the beach, and it seemed as they went the buildings dwindled in magnificence; the big hotels had vanished and it wasn't quite so elegant as it had been before. And then the taxi stopped, and Willy, looking, saw a neon sign that said The Sandman, and beneath the sign, in less impressive lettering, testimony to the biggest hamburger sandwich in Miami Beach for only a dime. Willy was ill and speechless, but then it did say, on the wall of this one-story structure . . . Music, Dancing, Nightly . . . Entertainment . . . No Cover Charge At Any Time . . .

Willy got out of the cab and paid the driver. There was music coming from within. The place looked clean. There was a blue-and-white-striped awning that was pretty, even if there wasn't any doorman. Willy walked inside. A tired lady with a pencil in her hair took his hat. She told him, "You don't need a check. I'll remember you all right," which wasn't such a trick, since there were no more than fifteen people in the place.

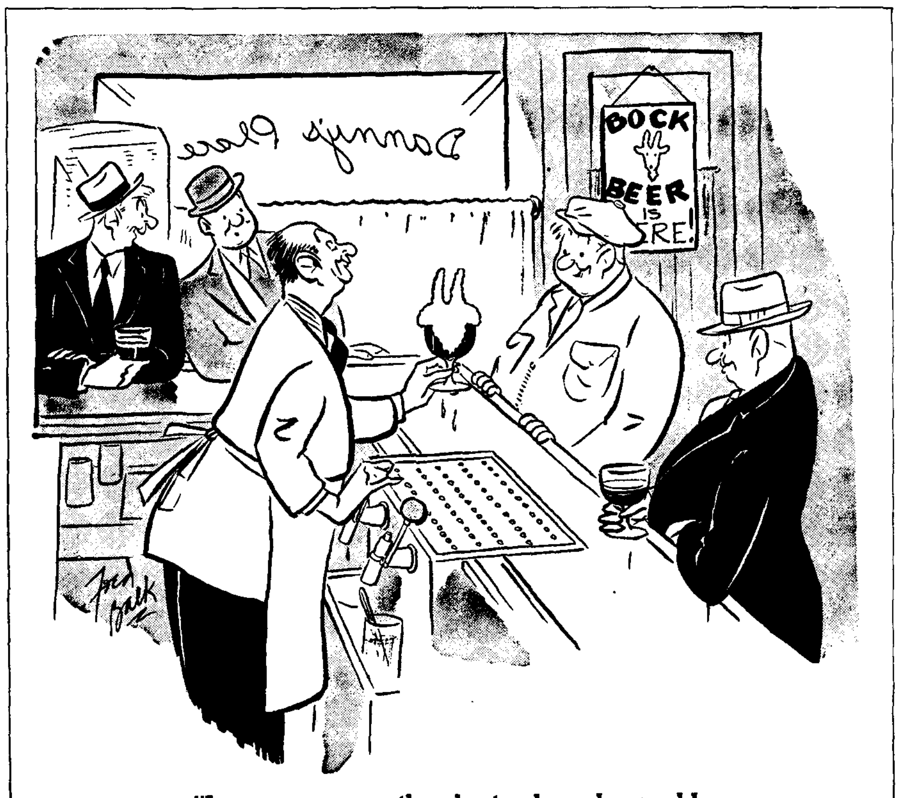
The Sandman wasn't very large. There was a bandstand, with a microphone, and room enough to hold a three- or four-piece band. But the stand was empty. There were zebra stripes, diagonal across the wood partitions of the separate booths, for class. There was a dance floor, little bigger than a billiard table, with two couples dancing slowly to the music from a nickel phonograph. And then there was a waiter, with a towel across his arm, who moved along in easy waltz time. He set down the mugs of beer and caught the second chorus of the tune the phonograph was playing. He sang nasally, but with a certain competence and feeling, with his hands clasped in dramatic supplication.

THIS was brother Lew. His hair had thinned and he was stouter than he used to be. The song was Maybe. You could tell that Lew had been an actor once. The people all applauded him and Lew picked up the beer again. He did a comic little jig. His apron swished. He got a laugh. He had a cigarette in the corner of his mouth and you could tell that he was not an ordinary waiter; he was featured; he had those certain liberties.

Now the three-piece band came back and climbed up on the stand. Willy watched Lew disappear into the kitchen. He sat conspicuously in the middle of things, resolved that he'd not help the situation if he hid behind a pillar until Lew discovered him. The band began to play. Not good. Not bad.

Willy kept watching the kitchen doors. He saw them open abruptly and Lew appear at a rapid, swinging pace, with a fat omelet on a plate, and making gestures to amuse the customers. Willy wished that he were home.

Lew put the omelet down and clapped his hands and did another little dance step. He looked over once to



"I never saw another bartender who could draw a head like that on bock beer"

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YOU CAN SEE IT! You can feel it! Every wisp of it is real! Man oh man! Shows you what something new can do! Dolly—that's my girl—says this little old mustache just completes the picture. And say! That's what adding that prized imported tobacco does for a famous cigarette.

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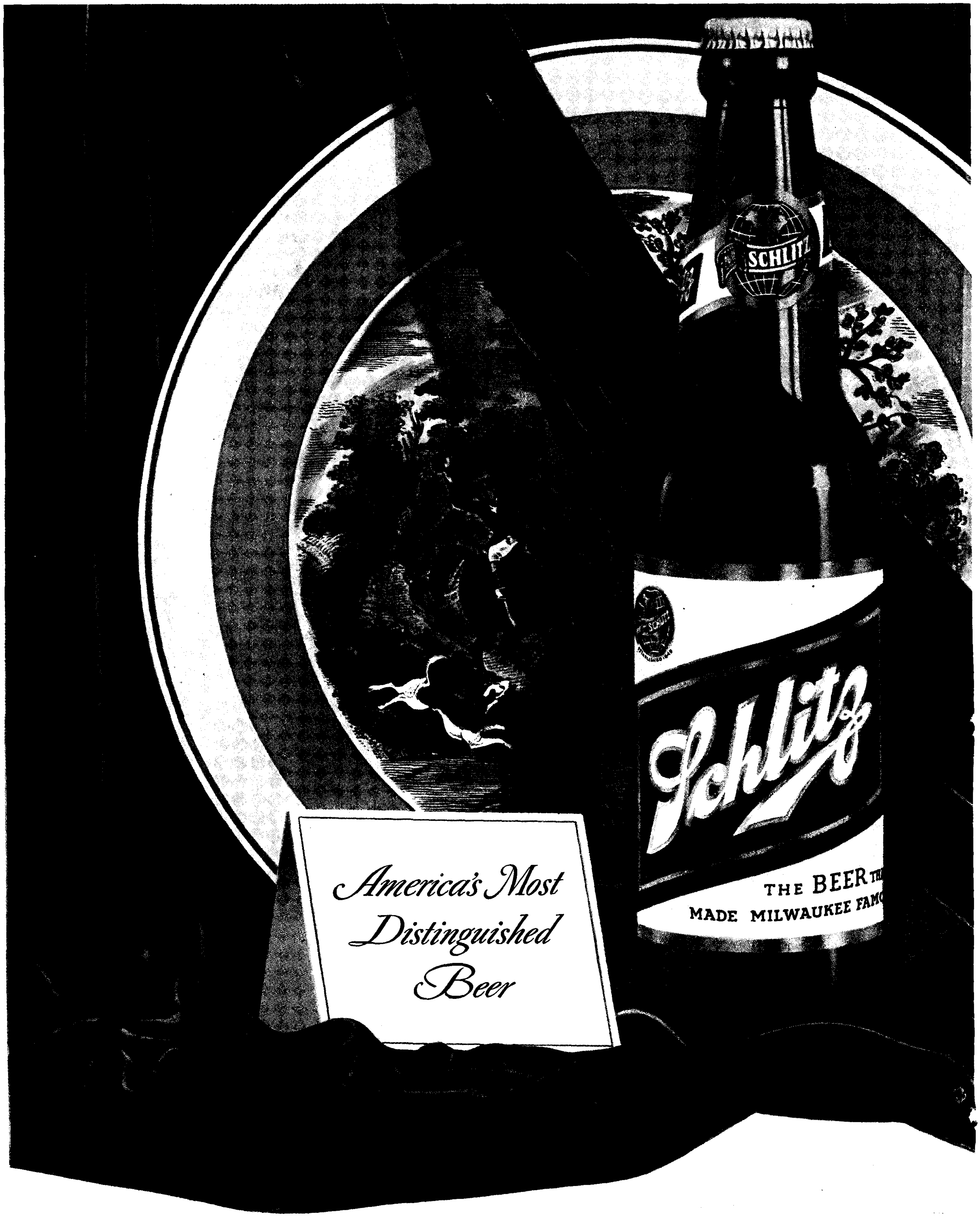
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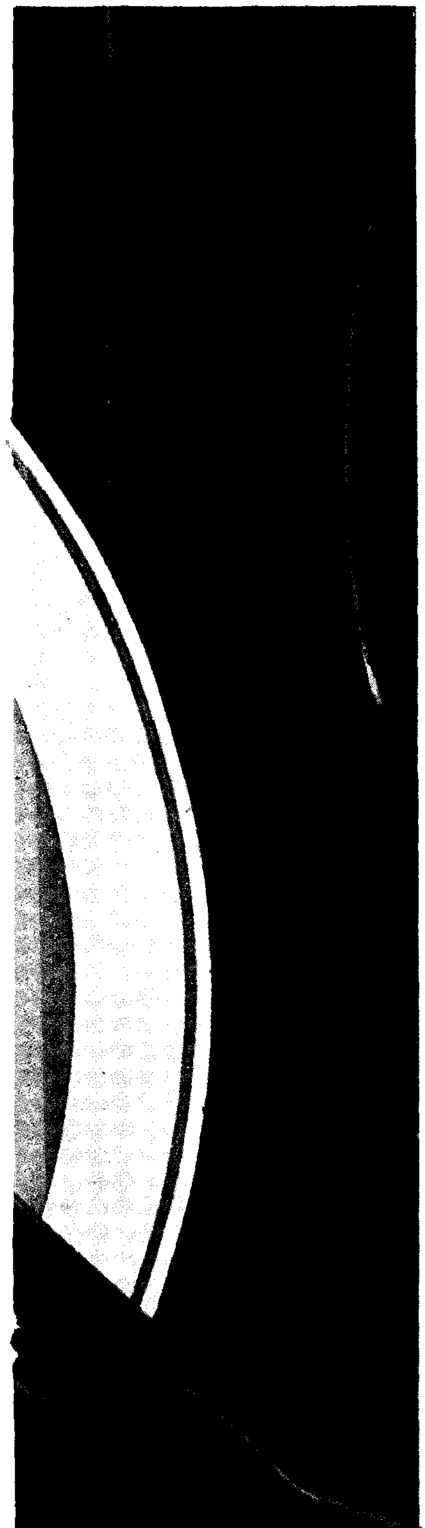
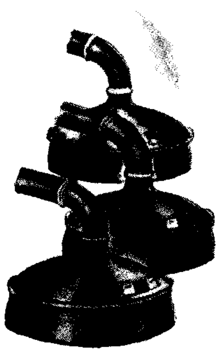


DID YOU KNOW THIS ABOUT BEER?

The subtle aroma that has made beer the favorite drink of millions of people comes largely from hops. The tiny yellow pollen of the hops flowers gives beer its pleasing tang, its distinctively different bouquet.

Hops are like all other flowers. Some are better than others. And it takes years and years of experience to be able to tell which hops will yield the finest flavor. The experience of the men who select and buy hops for Schlitz ranges up to 50 years. They are as familiar with the hop crops of the world as you are with the grocery stores in your neighhorhood. Naturally, they buy only the choicest hops that the world affords.

Schlitz gathers its hops at their fresh-best and rushes them into huge, specially-built, scientifically controlled warehouses where their tender bouquet is zealously guarded until they are ready to go into the beer.



But even with these finest of hops, a touch of genius is still required to produce the perfect flavor. Too many hops means a harsh, bitter taste; too few, a flat, uninspired flavor. The brewmasters at Schlitz (aged artisans all) call their magnificent result the "mellow median." How it is achieved is a Schlitz secret.

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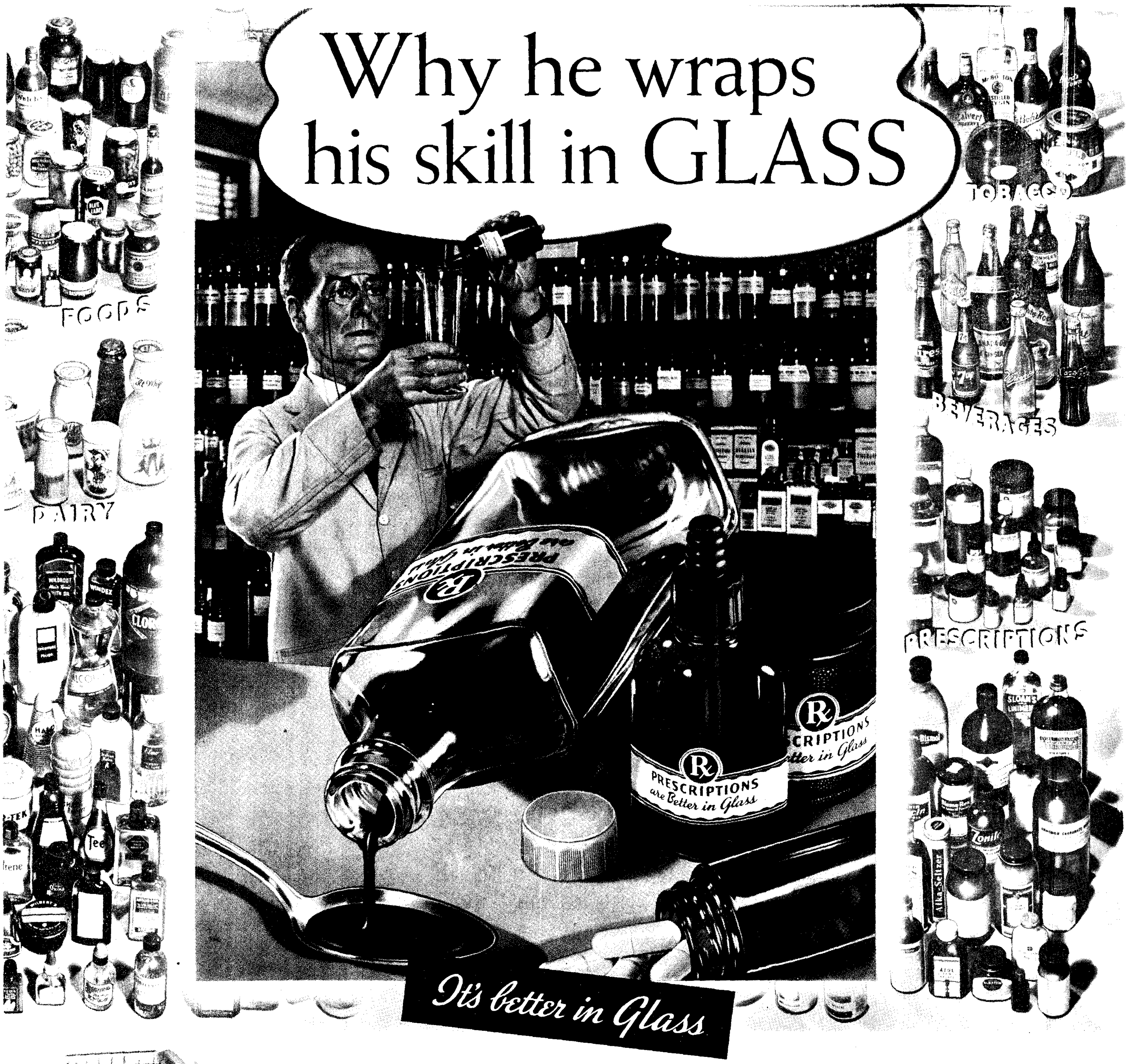
Why he wraps his skill in GLASS



ON: "Daddy, what is Duraglas?"
ATHER: "Duraglas is a new tech-
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OWENS-ILLINOIS GLASS

First in Glass

where Willy was sitting, but didn't seem to recognize him for anything but a paying guest. Willy was going to call him, but he couldn't get his voice to work. Then Lew came down the floor again, in and out between the dancers, and Willy caught his eye and called, "Hey, Lew. Hey, Lew."

Lew came over slowly, recognition dawning as he walked. He blanched a little bit beneath his splendid coat of tan but showed no clear emotion. Willy said, "It's me. Little Willy."

WILLY stood up. Lew took his outstretched hand and held it for a moment. He sat down at the table and Willy sat down, too. Lew said, "Hello, kid. Where'd you come from?" No more than that. He just kept looking at the kid. Lew was quietly defensive, waiting. He did not betray the shock of his surprise. He said, finally, "You're a big boy now, aren't you, Willy? You're all dressed up like half a dance team." Willy did not know what to say. Lew helped him. Lew relented. Lew squeezed his shoulders tightly and said, "It's nice to see you, boy. It's a long time."

"I just dropped down," said Willy.

"You just dropped down? You mean just like that?" Lew snapped his fingers. He took out his cigarettes.

"Well, not exactly, Lew. I figured—"

"Whatsa matter? You a millionaire now? Just dropped down? Just like that? Well, you got class, kid. You look all right." Lew felt a lapel of the linen suit. "Not bad. Not bad. I thought you was workin', Willy. I thought you was always workin'."

"I'm workin'. I just heard you were down here, Lew, you know—" Willy did not feel comfortable. "We seen it in the paper. It was in The Brooklyn Argus, Lew—in Joe Sarnoff's column. He said you were down here at The Sandman."

"Huh? Oh, that. That was nice of Sarnoff, wasn't it? Givin' me a plug like that. Except you thought The Sandman was a high-class joint. Er—excuse me, Willy. I got a number comin' up. Just a little bilge pot I wrote myself."

Lew took off his apron and somebody threw him a fireman's hat. The drums were already rolling and the piano player blew a siren. Lew galloped wildly up to the bandstand and fell deliberately, brutally on the seat of his pants. It was an old routine from Lew's fine days in vaudeville. It had been funny then, but didn't seem to Willy very funny now.

Lew came back, all out of breath, and sat down long enough to comb his hair. Willy said, "It was all right, Lew," and smiled to show it was all right.

"Oh, it stinks," Lew said. "It's all right for a joint like this."

"You're gettin' by," said Willy. "What the hell—you know the way show business is." Willy spoke as one who knew about such things firsthand.

"It's only for a little while," Lew said. "Things haven't been so good, but I've got a couple things lined up."

"You have?"

"Well, I seen Billy Kent the other day. You know Billy Kent? Books bands, books acts, books anything. Billy's got Victor and Verina, down at the Hurricane House. He's got the headliners all over the place. He's down here now. Well, Billy says to me the other day, he says, 'Lew . . .' "

Lew talked along, his confidence increasing while he held a sympathetic ear and Willy thought how much it sounded like the little dreams he dreamed himself at Kaplan's bar up in the Bronx, about the things that Crosby said to Lew, and of the things that Lew, in turn, would say to Eddie Cantor.

Lew got up to tell a funny story. Well, it was a story. It was a molded gag that could not hide its age, no matter with what skill it was unfolded.

Later, when The Sandman had closed for the night, Lew said it would be foolish for Willy to stay at one of the large hotels. "So whatta you get? You get a bed. Listen, for the prices they charge you should take the bed home." So Willy, discouraged, gathered his bags from the place he had checked them and took them along to Lew's little room. It was quite a squeeze in the single bed.

Lew went through the array of suits and haberdashery. He tried a white suit on and said the thing would fit if the sleeves were shortened the slightest bit. Willy thought, well, after all, the guy's my brother.

Lew said, "Frankly, kid—how do you do it? A guy who works with a wrench can't afford to live on your scale, Willy. You sure the cops ain't lookin' for you?"

Willy explained he had no business with the police at any time and that his fortune came through honest sweat and a turn of luck in a game of dice.

"A gambler, huh? A chip off the old block, huh? How much money you got, Willy?"

Willy said he had about four hundred dollars left, besides his ticket home, de luxe. The job was always waiting, Willy said. Sometimes you feel that you deserve a good time, Lew, that's all.

Lew said the Longos were all gamblers, every single one of them. When Papa was alive he'd gamble you which nostril he had stuck the snuff in. Lew said he knew a horse at Hialeah. It was a special horse that they'd been saving. This was just the time. Tomorrow was the time. "This horse is so hot you can smell his hair burning, Willy. You can smell him from here."

They went to Hialeah and the sun was shining. Lew looked great in Willy's suit. The sun shone in the calm lake in the center of the running track. The sun shone down on everyone. It was Miami at its best. The horses fought the reins and danced up beautifully and nervously to take their places in the starting stalls. The colors on the jockeys were as brilliant as the flowers that were everywhere. Lew said, "This dog can't lose. We'll play him fifty dollars straight," although Willy could not understand just whom he meant by "We."

WELL, the horse was fourth, but there would be another animal just as torrid in the second race. Horse racing is a gamble, it was understood. You got to spend money to make money. Willy looked up from the entries and he saw that they were standing next to Harry Richman.

He said to Lew, "There's Harry Richman."

Mr. Richman turned around and Willy grinned and Lew said, "Hello, Harry."

Harry said, "Hello. Why, hello," and generously took the proffered hand, though Willy knew, from the man's surprise, he did not know Lew from the grandstand or the second horse from the rail.

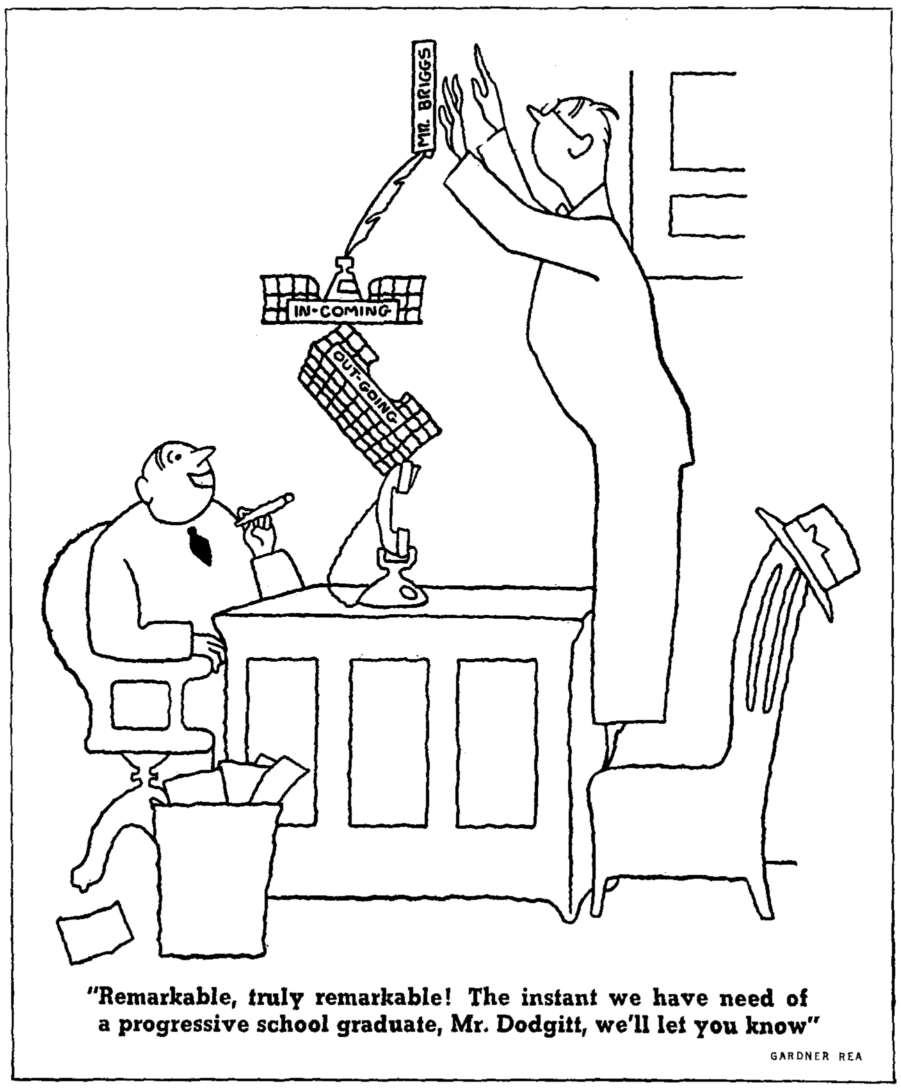
The second horse from the rail was Lew's and Willy's horse. This horse ran fifth. And then there was another horse.

Lew said, when they got home, when Lew was changing his clothes to go to work, "Can't understand it, kid. That last horse had no right to miss. That horse was hot."

Willy said, "I know. His hair was burning. You can smell him from here. You think I can't? Let's close the window, Lew."

"Oh—a wise guy." Lew dressed silently and didn't say a word until Willy had softened him with kinder remarks.

Willy wished more fervently than ever that he hadn't ventured to Miami. But he could not go back to the Bronx. Not for a while, at least. He'd said that he'd be gone for several weeks. He'd said that he'd be sitting around with Lew and Jessel, Cantor, Richman, all the smart set cracking wise in the hot spots in Miami. He felt quite ill. He knew the reckoning would come when Max and Mrs. Kaplan came to see Lew



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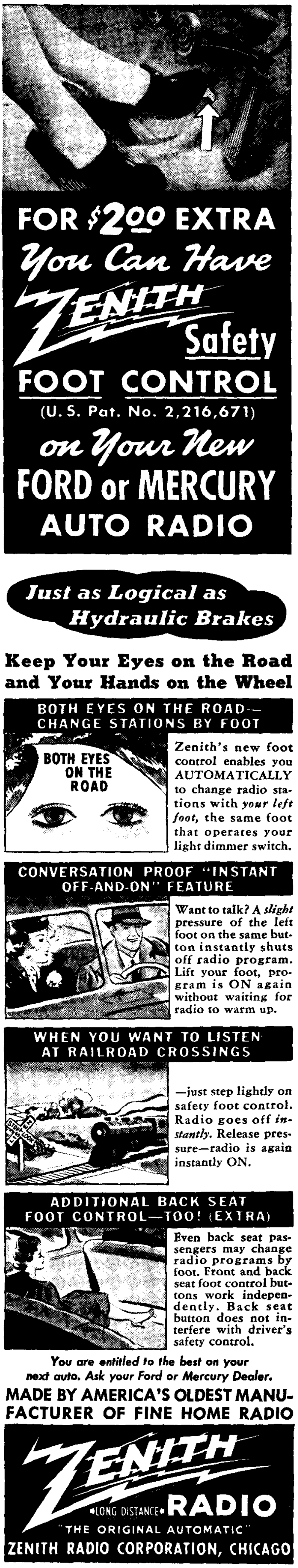
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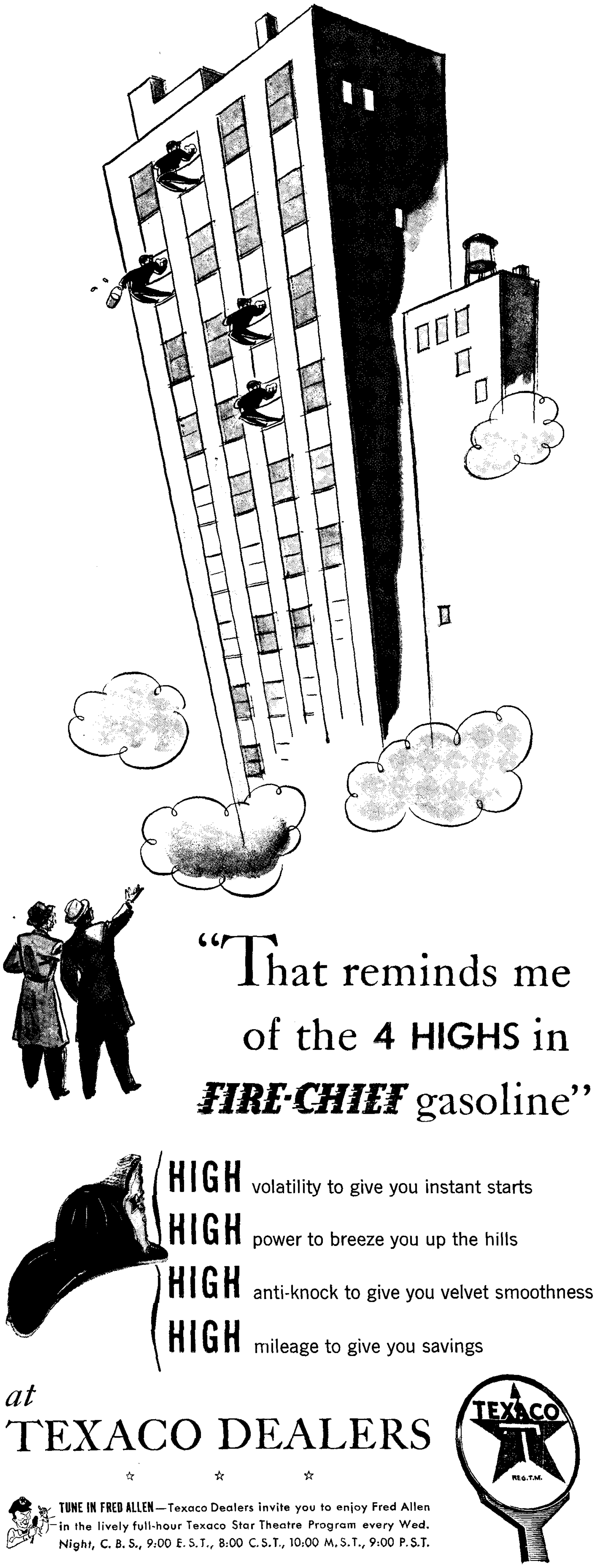

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at The Sandman later in the season.

Having no money, he went often to the beach, and acquired the lovely coat of tan that he had wanted. If you cared to, you could walk along the shore and mingle with the big shots. But it didn't matter now. Perhaps it was a better thing to be yourself. He swam in the ocean and slept on the sand. Most times he slept, and when it was time to go back to the Bronx, Lew said to him, "You been a great pal, kid; I mean it from the heart."

They were sitting in The Sandman and Lew's act would soon be on, and Willy thought he'd miss it if he could. "I gotta get to the train, Lew." Willy dug inside his coat, produced the gags he had thought up—and written down—in the past few years, the stand-bys that had laid them low in Kaplan's.

"What you got there, kid?"

Willy looked them over slowly. They had once been very dear to him. "Kind of a hobby, Lew," he said. "I thought that maybe you could use them. They're not much good, but anyway they haven't been used before."

WILLY didn't go to Kaplan's for the longest time, because the day that he got home he found a post card from the Kaplans, postmarked Jacksonville. The card said they were going to Miami Beach, and that they certainly would not forget to say hello to Lew.

Consequently, Willy stayed away. But not forever. A man can't leave his friends behind him, all his good and trusted friends, because they've caught him in the act of shooting off his mouth.

He went warily to Kaplan's. Max and Mrs. K. were back, it was explained. They had a great time in Miami, said the man behind the bar.

Willy let it go at that, and then Max came up from the kitchen and some of Willy's pals arrived. Max said, "Willy! Where have you been, Willy?"

All the boys were glad to see him. Willy wondered why. "The guy's as brown as a berry. You look perfectly marvelous, Willy," they told him, and that was very nice.

Max said, "Have a drink, Willy. Where you been hidin'?"

"No place, Max. I just been busy."

"Too busy to come in and see your pals?"

Willy just grinned. He gave no explanations. He was on guard. The talk would soon be of Miami, but maybe Max was understanding. Maybe Max was diplomatic. After all, he was a nice guy. He was not the kind to rub it in.

But Max got happily to work. He said, "I seen Lew."

From this point I'm supposed to do a handspring, Willy thought. "You saw 'im, huh?"

"What a time? What a character, that Lew! Willy, I never realized how much you look like your brother."

One of the boys, one of the regulars who'd not been in since Max returned from Florida, but was familiar with the deeds of Lew by word of Willy, said, "You saw Lew, Max? You was down there?"

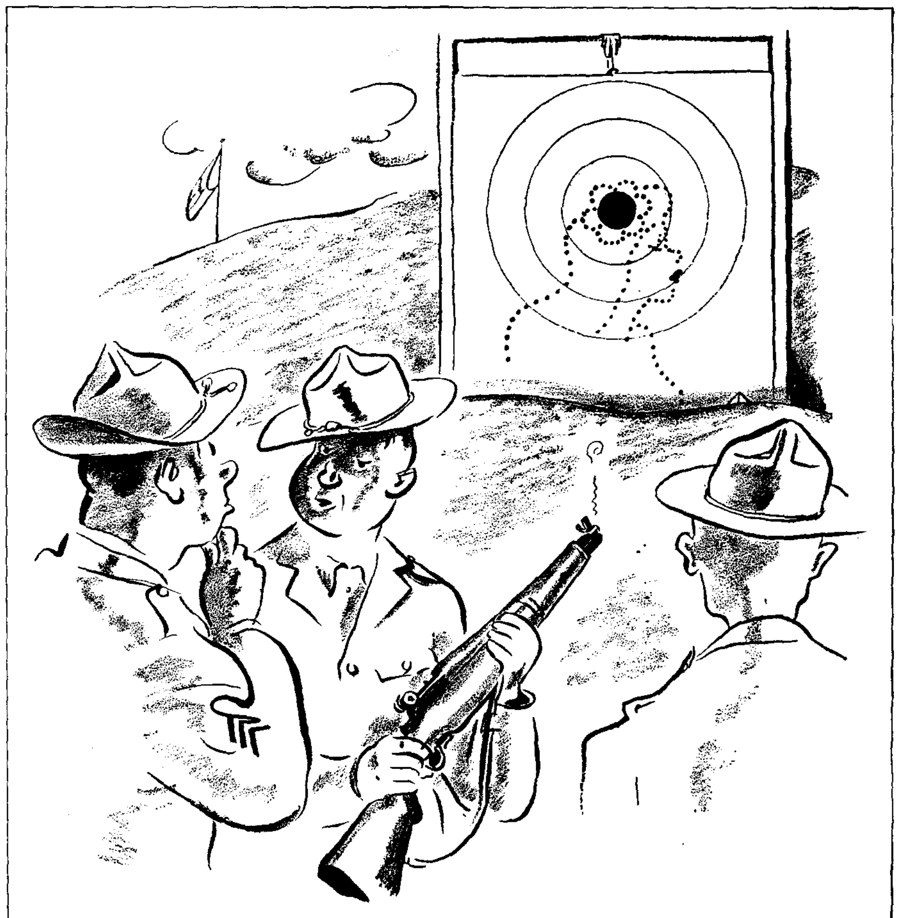
Max said, "What a time? I see him at the—at the—"

"At The Sandman," said the guy.

"No. I see him last week. He's not at The Sandman any more. We didn't make that stop. Lew's at the—what's the name of it?—you know, that fancy place, the million-dollar place—The Hurricane House, that's it. He only went in there about ten days ago. That agent—Billy Kent—signed him up and put him in there. Lew is killing them down there. I tell you they love Lew down there."

Willy stood stiff and listening. Willy said nothing. Max hit Willy on the chest. "And with the same old gags he is killing them, Willy. The same ones you been tellin' us for years. You got to give Lew credit. That one about the two Jewish boys and the porcupine?—terrific!" Kaplan said. "And what kills me," Max continued, "is that Lew—I like the nerve of him—he says to me before the show, 'I got a new act, Max, I want you should catch.' Why, the man is a laugh a minute."

Willy, with numb fingers, put five dollars on the bar. It was the only five he had. He looked at his hair comb in the mirror and rearranged the folds of his tie. "What are you drinking, Max?" he said. "See what the boys will have."



"This is only a rough sketch"

GARRETT PRICE

China Sky

Continued from page 23

and then had not. After all, it was Ya-ching's secret and heavy enough for her to bear without others knowing of it yet.

Ya-ching came slowly to the desk without answering. She put her hand into her bosom, still without a word, and brought out two small folded squares of paper. Then she opened them. Her hands, Siu-mei noticed, were pretty—pretty and quick, too. In an instant the papers were open. They contained the same thing, small, round, yellow pills.

"Why do you put these before me?" Siu-mei asked, astonished. Then she was astonished at Ya-ching's look. The round, flat face was awake with inner excitement. The thick lips trembled.

"This—and this," Ya-ching muttered, pointing at the papers, "are not the same."

"They look the same," Siu-mei said clearly.

"I made these," Ya-ching said. She pointed to one paper. "He made those." She pointed to the other.

"What he?" Siu-mei asked.

"Chung doctor," Ya-ching said.

FOREBODING fell upon Siu-mei but she pushed it away. "What of that?" she asked, feigning carelessness.

"These—his—he gives to the Japanese," Ya-ching said. "And then he always goes to sleep. Have you not seen how he sleeps? His body is half dead and his breath stops and his eyes roll in."

"When? When does this happen?" Siu-mei asked sharply.

"Every day, at least once," Ya-ching replied.

"Why?"

"How do I know? A nurse is not told."

The two women looked at each other.

"How long has this gone on?" Siu-mei asked. She sat motionless, her two hands clenched. She was stiff with foreboding now. It was no longer to be pushed away by any strength she had.

"For months," Ya-ching replied.

"And you have said nothing!" Siu-mei cried. She leaped to her feet. Oh, she must find defense for him whom she loved! "You come to me now, ready with your accusations! I ask you—whom do you accuse?"

Ya-ching hesitated. She had thought she might not yet tell the whole. If she only told a part, that part with which she had nothing to do, if she told only enough to make him suffer, it might be enough revenge, and still in the future she might have some sort of confused hope. But hope for what? For now as she stood thus face to face with Siu-mei she saw how beautiful she was. Here was a face which if a man had he could want no other, those black eyes the shape of apricots, the moth eyebrows, this mouth red as a pomegranate—all the old phrases for woman's beauty crowded her mind as she saw them come true in Siu-mei's face. What folly any hope of hers!

"I accuse—the man who's responsible for this," she said, and pointed to her belly.

Siu-mei gasped out her relief. "Oh," she sighed, "oh—oh, is that all! Oh, I was afraid, for a moment!"

"You were afraid it was Chung doctor," Ya-ching said in her harsh, flat voice. "You are right—it is he."

She met Siu-mei's eyes, she waited in her speechless silence, while these words went home to Siu-mei's brain.

"I don't believe you," Siu-mei stammered. Her mouth was stiff and she could not go on. Her tongue was too dry to wet her lips.

"It is he," Ya-ching said. "Why do I accuse him? Because he pushed me out of his door with his foot." She felt in her bosom again and brought out a scrap of faded blue cloth.

"Here is another thing," she said. "I tore this from the sleeve of his younger brother, who is a guerrilla in the Eagle's band. But this brother comes and goes with messages to his elder brother. From whom, I do not know. And why, I cannot tell you. But they are messages like this—'The Sha-Wu Mountains.'"

"How do you know this?" Siu-mei whispered.

"I saw him enter his elder brother's room one night," Ya-ching replied, "and so another night, not long since, I laid hold of him and frightened him. I told him the evil his elder brother did was known and he had better not come in lest he be caught in it. And so he gave me the message and escaped my hand. But I held his sleeve and tore this out of it."

Siu-mei could not speak. She sat staring at these things before her. And Ya-ching went on in the same dull and heavy voice:

"What one thing has to do with another, I do not know. I am not clever enough to know the meaning even of what I see." She paused and went on again. "There is a third thing. These," she pointed to one paper, "I gave the Japanese to eat today. Go in and see for yourself if he is well or ill. If he is well, then what I have said is somewhat proved—though what the meaning of the proof is—that, too, I do not know." She sighed, belched a little as she gazed at Siu-mei, and looked vacantly about the room. "I suffer a good deal now with my stomach," she said plaintively. "Nothing I eat feeds me." She wiped her mouth with her apron. "Tell me," she said, "is it true that a child like mine always kills its mother?"

"I don't know," Siu-mei said. "Ask me nothing—leave me alone."

YA-CHING turned obediently and then stood at the door. "I have heard old women tell it so," she said sadly. "In one way or another, they say, such a child always kills its mother." She went away then, padding down the bare corridors in her cloth shoes. And Siu-mei sat staring at those things before her for a while, and biting her thumbnail until the quick began to bleed. Then she took up those things and put them in her bosom and rose from her chair.

"I must know the truth," she thought. "I must know it whatever it is."

Yasuda first, she made up her mind quickly. But she would find Sara to go with her for strength into Yasuda's presence. "Oh, I will tell her everything!" she thought. "I can bear it better if someone knows!"

But Sara was not in her rooms and Sara was not in the garden. Sara was nowhere to be found. Siu-mei searching one room after another could not find her. Out in the side courtyard under an orange tree she found the amah and the baby, playing placidly in the mild air.

"Where is Durand doctor?" Siu-mei cried.

"She went out of the front gate after she ate this morning," the amah replied. She clucked at the baby proudly. "See this one's new tooth, Ling doctor! She bit a gash in my finger—look!"

"Wicked one," Siu-mei said without looking. "Tell me, did Durand doctor go out all alone?"

"Alone," the amah replied.

"Carrying nothing?"

"Her medicine case as she always does."

"And saying nothing?"

..but then Jim turned my tears into

CHEERS!

JIM: "Fine thing to come home to *this!* Can't even see to read! Daphne, if you take the bulb from my lamp again . . . I'll . . ."

ME: (sobbing) "Well . . . how could I get dinner? . . . if you hadn't forgotten to get bulbs . . . I asked you *yesterday!*"

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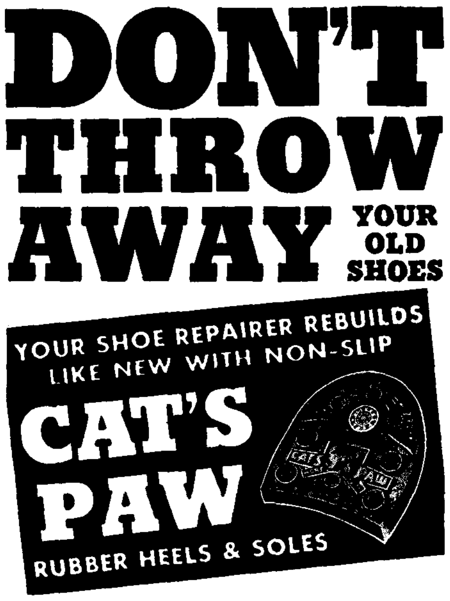

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CAT'S PAW

RUBBER HEELS & SOLES

"Only to bid me squeeze an orange for this little meat dumpling when the sun is halfway between the wall and the top of the orange tree—oh, my mother, it is there now!" The amah rose and rushed away, the baby in her arms.

"She would go to the streets ruined yesterday," Siu-mei thought quickly. "She will be there and I will find her." She ran across the court as she thought and saw Gray, walking slowly toward the hospital, his head bent.

"Why, he looks ill!" she thought. But she ran on, down the steps and out of the gate, and then in the street walked quietly and swiftly among the broken bricks and gaping holes. Workingmen were filling and mending and they paused as she passed and then went on again.

BUT she had not far to go before she saw Sara, and with Sara a ragged, black-faced crowd of thirty or more men, women and children. Ahead of them Sara marched, her face stern, her feet tempered to the shuffling, halting footsteps of those following her.

Siu-mei hurried to her. "Now what do you do?" she asked.

"These are our guests," Sara said firmly. "We have empty rooms and empty beds and idle hands and this morning I could bear it no longer. I went out and found homeless ones."

They were beggars, Siu-mei saw quickly, the desperate poor who do not care who feeds them or what shelters them. They were wounded and some were burned in yesterday's great fire. These were they who lived in mat sheds, hovels which were gone in one instant's blaze.

"We'll fill the hospital somehow," Sara said recklessly. "I can't stand it empty any more. I've got to have work." She quickened her steps and all the wretched crowd gathered their rags together and hastened theirs.

"I have not eaten in four days," one muttered.

"I? I cannot count the days since I saw food," another wailed.

"You will be fed," Sara promised.

Siu-mei fell in with her and Sara seized her hand and, hand in hand, they entered the hospital gate and the crowd swarmed up the steps to the door.

"Now, Siu-mei," Sara said restlessly, "not a moment is to be lost. There's a job here. Take them into the clinic for preliminaries. There's smallpox among them, if I'm not mistaken."

The door of Gray's office opened and he stood there staring. "My God!" he said.

"These are patients," Sara said with a hard brightness.

"You went out and raked them in," he said.

Her lips quivered. "I have to work," she said pleadingly. His own white face made her heart ache. But she was helpless to do anything for him, wasn't she? So she must work.

HE LOOKED at her tender face. For a grown woman she had the tenderest, most uncovered face he had ever seen. That was because she never thought about herself or how she looked.

"I'll be along," he said quietly, "in a moment."

He went back into his office and began to scrub his hands. He need not tell her at once. Now he would put off telling her that he had decided to go away. There were all those people she had found God knows where—wrecks of more than war. He sighed. Of course he'd have to tell her and tell her today. Louise was already looking up steamers and talking about a plane to take them out of Chen-li. He encouraged the idea of a plane grimly. There was always a good chance of those one-motored things cracking up against the mountains between Chen-li and the sea. He dried his hands thoroughly. Then he remembered Yasuda. He'd better just have a look at the fellow before he plunged into the human mess waiting for him in the clinic. . . .

Yasuda was sound asleep. Somehow he had simply fallen asleep. His breathing was easy, his muscles were supple. He opened his eyes suddenly, aware of having been waked. A moment before he had thought drowsily that someone was in the room, but then hearing nothing he had slept on. Now the door opened and shut and he heard it. Two people stood at his bed. He wet his dry lips with his tongue. Something was wrong. He felt perfectly well. The drug had not worked! He stared and saw the Chinese female doctor and Thomison, the American, and he tried to smile.

"You are better this morning," Gray said in surprise.

"Much better," Siu-mei murmured. Her face went completely white. Then to her astonishment she felt her head whirl, the light of the morning went black before her eyes and she fell across the bed.

"She has fainted," Yasuda cried. Without knowing what he did he leaped out of bed and in his hospital sleeping pajamas ran to the ewer and dipped a towel into the water and ran back to Siu-mei, clucking with his tongue against the roof of his mouth and wiping her face and slapping her hands with the wet end of the towel. It was done in an instant. Then he remembered himself. He stole a sick look at Gray. And he saw Gray standing there, tall and stern, the amazement on his face changing rapidly to certainty.

"You are very strong for a sick man, Mr. Yasuda."

Mr. Yasuda giggled. "I? Yes, please, thank you—" In his agitation his voice trailed off into a squeak. He looked at Siu-mei helplessly and saw her eyes beginning to open, and he threw the towel under the bed and crept into bed and pulled the covers up to his chin and lay looking at Gray, the frightened smile on his face.

Siu-mei struggled to her feet. "Oh," she sighed, "I never fainted before."

"You could not have chosen a better time," Gray said distinctly. "Come, let us go."

He took Siu-mei's arm as she spoke and led her to the door with him. Then he paused and took out the key. When they had gone out he paused once more and locked the door. Then he turned to Siu-mei.

"You had better go and rest," he said.

"I cannot," she replied. "I must tell you a matter. It is why I fainted—so stupidly, I know, but I could not believe—that he was all right. But he was."

"He certainly was," Gray said. "Come into my office then." He led her into his office and closed the door and put her into an easy chair and poured some water into a glass and gave it to her.

"Tell me quietly and as you are able," he said.

She sipped the water a moment, then she put it down, and gathering together all the strength of her soul, she told Gray what Ya-ching had told her.

"Then," Gray said, when she was through, "the sooner we send Yasuda away the better."

"Yes," she said.

"And he—Chung—he must be faced."

"Yes," she said again. Then her proud look broke. "I cannot—will you—I will go to the Eagle, Thomison doctor, and tell him that he can come for Yasuda, if you will, do—the other."

"Certainly I will," Gray said. "It is not fitting for you. But how can you go to the Eagle?"

"My father knows the way," she said. "He has been there and he will go with me."

"Go then," Gray said, "as quickly as you can."

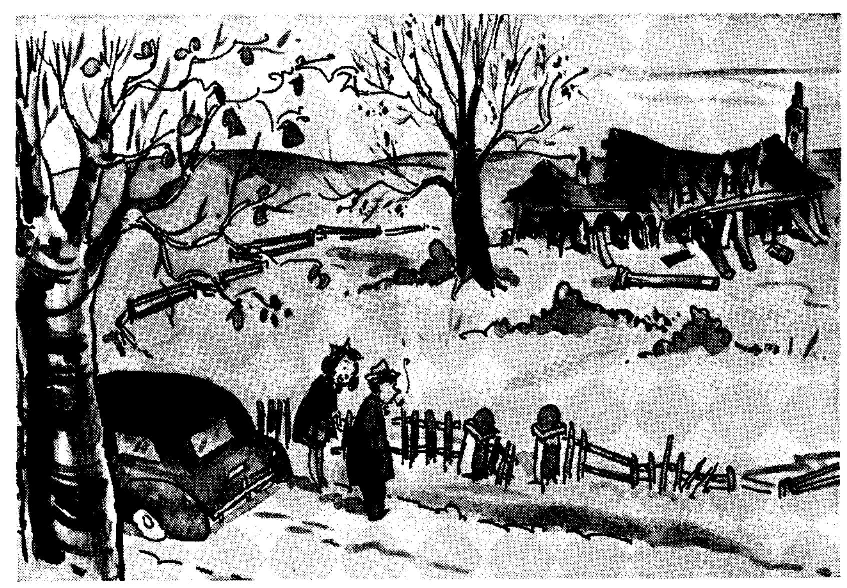
"Now," Siu-mei said, "now—before *he* comes back. I must never see him again!"

"Now," Gray agreed.

She slipped from the room and a few minutes later he saw her hurrying down the steps of the hospital and out of the great gate. . . .

IN HIS bed Yasuda lay and sweated until he could bear it no more. Then he got up and tiptoed across the room to the door and tried it. It was locked as he had feared. He went to the window and looked out. The room was high up and the court below was tiled. To leap would be folly if he broke only a leg; if worse, it would be a stupid way even to die. Better to take too many pills than lie mangled!

He was a good Buddhist and he respected the wholeness of the human body. So he went over to the drawer and took out the pills and poured them into his hand. There were only a few left and as he examined them he saw at once that they were frauds. The real ones were hard pellets like clay. These he could crush—who had done this? Chung—Chung had betrayed him! He heard a footstep and he rushed back into his bed and feigned sleep. Someone tried the door, found it locked and went away. He opened his eyes and lay raging at Chung, the traitor. So all the time this Chinese had been betraying him while he took his money! All Chinese



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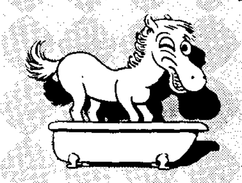

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were liars and traitors! He would get out somehow and back to his own people and tell them that it was true, all Chinese were liars and traitors.

In his helpless rage he thought of his own country, his good faithful wife and his honorable old parents, his four little children and his lovely garden and he began to sob. Perhaps he would never see them again. By this time he was wailing softly in a sort of madness of rage at Chung, who had betrayed him.

"It is your fault, sir," he said to an imaginary Chung standing before him. "If I am compelled to commit a crime and kill you, it is your fault and I am guiltless."

He sat up cross-legged on his bed and squared his elbows. His face was now the color of red wine. His eyeballs protruded with the force of his glare as he watched the door.

"I am a tiger trapped," he chanted softly, deliriously. "I am a strong Japanese tiger!" . . .

Chung ran up the steps of the hospital gaily. He had had an excellent feast. The wine was extraordinary. Besides, he had done what he had planned to do among his fellows. They knew, now, that the patriotic duty of all far-seeing Chinese was to make peace with Japan on any terms.

He and Yasuda had talked this over clearly many times. Later, of course, though he never told this to Yasuda, when the Chinese were strong and thoroughly modernized they would throw the Japanese out with all the other foreigners. He foresaw infinite possibilities ahead for power. To use people, that was the secret, he told himself, smoothing down his hair before the mirror in his office, to use people as he now used Louise and his brother and Ya-ching, and, for that matter, Yasuda himself. He thought with satisfaction of Siu-mei. In that day to come when he was a powerful and important man she would be worthy of a place beside him as his beautiful wife.

HE LEFT the office feeling very content with himself. This war, he was thinking, was actually turning to his advantage. He would go first to Yasuda and tell him how successful he had been in persuading his friends. So he went down the corridor and turned the handle of Yasuda's door and to his surprise it was locked.

Who would lock this door? He had a master key on the key ring in his pocket but he paused a moment before he used it and listened. Then he turned the key quickly in the lock and went in.

Something sprang at him from the bed, a knot of concentrated fury flung against him, slammed the door shut behind him with its impact and bore him down. He struggled against it, clawing and scratching and kicking, but the thing was digging in his entrails and clutching at his throat. He was nothing before this ball of iron. He felt his head bent far back and heard the loud click-clack of his own breaking neck. Then he knew no more. . . .

Ya-ching, coming back again to Yasuda's room, opened the door softly, now, and saw that last backward thrust. She cried out, shut the door and locked it and took away the key and ran through the corridors to the cubicle which was her own room. She did not hesitate for one moment. Chung was dead, so what reason had she now for accusation? What reason even to stay here any longer where he was not?

She found a large, blue cotton handkerchief and into it she packed quickly all her belongings. There was almost nothing—her one good suit of dark clothes she put on. Her old mother had made them for her when she came to Chen-li to find work as a serving-maid. They had told her here that foreigners paid good wages and so she had come to the hospital and begun as a scrubbing woman. She had worn uniforms ever since, except for the red silk gown she had bought to wear for *him.* She put this in hastily, and her wooden comb and her foreign toothbrush, and then she tied the handkerchief and crept out, down the back stairs, out of the back court.

Everybody was busy with the beggars Durand doctor had brought in. They had grown used to idleness in the hospital and everybody was grumbling about having to clean and cook for beggars. She ran for the back gate and went out into the narrow alley that led to the street that went down to the river. There at the river it was easy to find a boat going up the rapids to the next town and from there she could walk across country to her own village. What she would do then, she did not know. They would not welcome her nor the extra mouth she brought with her.

But she never reached her village. Who that had known Ya-ching could ever tell what became of her? The boat was crowded with people weary of the dangers of Chen-li. She had to squeeze herself into the edge of the crowd and the boards of the small junk were slippery and wet. They said that the pock-marked girl sat on her bundle at the very edge of the deck and there was nothing for her to hold to when in the midst of the rapids the junk heaved to one side. She slipped off before any hand could catch her, and the rapids covered her. Useless it was to endanger them all by stopping in that dangerous place. Besides, who had courage to rescue a creature snatched by the river god?

People looked at one another and murmured, "Doubtless she had committed some crime and the gods punished her."

"Doubtless it was so," they told one another; "a girl traveling alone, and with child."

They opened her bundle and looked but there was nothing to tell her name, so what could they do with the garments except divide them? "I will take that red thing," a woman screamed, and she put out her strong, brown arm and tore it out of the hands of three others. "Give me the handkerchief," a toothless old woman cried, so they let her have this last thing and she took it and tied it over her head and was pleased. "The sun was hot on me," she remarked, "but the gods help the good." . . .

But Ya-ching's scream at his door had waked Yasuda out of his fury. He lifted his head, then he got up, trembling a little. He suddenly felt cold and weak. The Chinese was dead. He had not forgotten that trick of jujitsu, though when he had learned it as a young man he had never thought to use it on any human creature. But this he had been compelled to do. Had he not been compelled? He shivered and wondered. If he had not been a prisoner among enemies, it would not have been necessary. But when the one man whom he had trusted proved traitor, there was nothing to do but kill him.

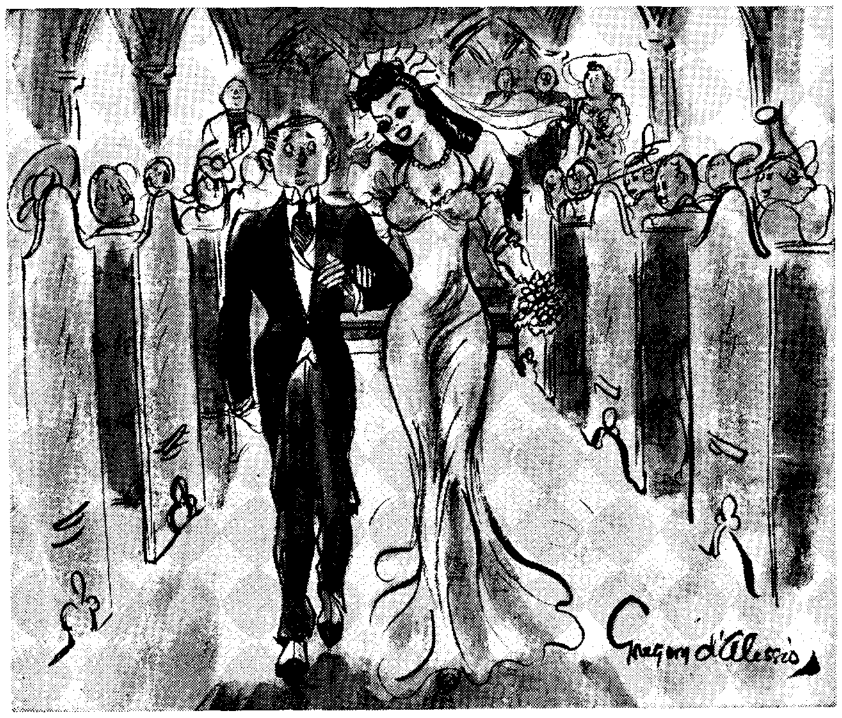
"A-mit-ah-ba!" he murmured to Buddha.

Only now did it occur to him that this was the moment for escape. He tried the door—locked! But how could it be locked? It had been open—it must have been open when the Chinese came in. There had been no time for locking. In a fever he felt through Chung's clothing. There was no key—nothing but a letter. He threw the letter down, then picked it up again and put it in his pocket. It was one of the letters made ready for the white woman to copy. He had better keep it. So then he was still prisoner! And there was this body! His eyes ran over the small room. There was no place to hide the body. Then he thought of something. Chung's room was almost directly above his on the top floor. He could throw the body out of the window. It would fall upon the court below. Who would know from which window it had fallen when it lay crushed upon the tiles below, its neck broken?

STRONG with his need, he lifted Chung's body, graceful even in death, the head hanging strangely like a flower broken at the stalk. He staggered to the window and looked out. There was not a person to be seen. It was time for the noon meal, the best possible time for what he had to do. He gathered himself together and flung the body out. It was gone. He heard in a small second the soft clattering crash below. Then he went over to his bed and climbed in and drew the covers up to his neck and closed his eyes. He was tired, mortally tired, with what he had had to do, and he was trembling again.

"For I am not a man of blood," he thought. "I am not accustomed to killing men, even righteously. Buddha, understand that I am a man of peace!"

Thus praying, he lay and thought of



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his garden and his little children and his wife and his old parents.

"Return me, O Buddha, in peace to those who wait for me!" And thus praying, he waited.

UPON the thousand stone steps of the mountain Siu-mei climbed steadily upward. Behind her the chair bearers swung her empty sedan chair. Never, they agreed, had they hired themselves better than to this girl who walked endlessly on her own two feet. Old Mr. Ling, sitting tilted up in his own sedan still farther behind, watched Siu-mei anxiously.

"Spare yourself!" he called to her.

But she called back, "I am better if I am walking in this sun and wind!"

She went on steadily and he watched her, tenderness in his eyes. All would be well for this beloved child of his, he was thinking. The gods were knowing. They had ways to heal the hearts of the young and the good.

"Drink tea!" he called loudly at a small wayside tea shop tucked into the crevice of the cliff.

The chair coolies let him down grunting. "There is iron in this old sir," one said jovially to another. "I never knew a thin old man to weigh like a fat one before," another said.

Mr. Ling laughed and threw them some copper coins. "I grow very heavy each time we come near a tea shop," he said. Then they all laughed.

Siu-mei, seating herself at one of the rough, small bamboo tables, smiled without hearing. Mr. Ling sat down beside her and handed her his fan. The wind had suddenly died down.

"It must be well after noon," he said, squinting upward at the sun. "We will be there in another two hours."

She did not answer and he sat peaceably drinking his tea. Whatever the gods designed it was well. There was design in this moment upon the mountain, design, he thought half smiling, in the color that sun and wind were putting upon Siu-mei's cheeks. He looked at her, an old man long past caring for such things, but still he was pleased that his only daughter was very beautiful.

"She was too pale when she came home this morning," he thought, "but now, by the time Chen-ta sees her, she will be a pomegranate flower."

He sat placidly enjoying the beauty of the white-foamed stream rushing and falling beneath them and then enjoying the far beauty of the wide plains beyond, though all the time deeply aware of this young heart's distress beside him. But he could see the end to that distress and it was not far off, though now to her it seemed so endless.

"I shall never marry," she had told him this morning, sobbing; "I cannot love again!"

He smiled, looking out over plains. How could he tell her that the true tragedy was that love could always begin again and again?

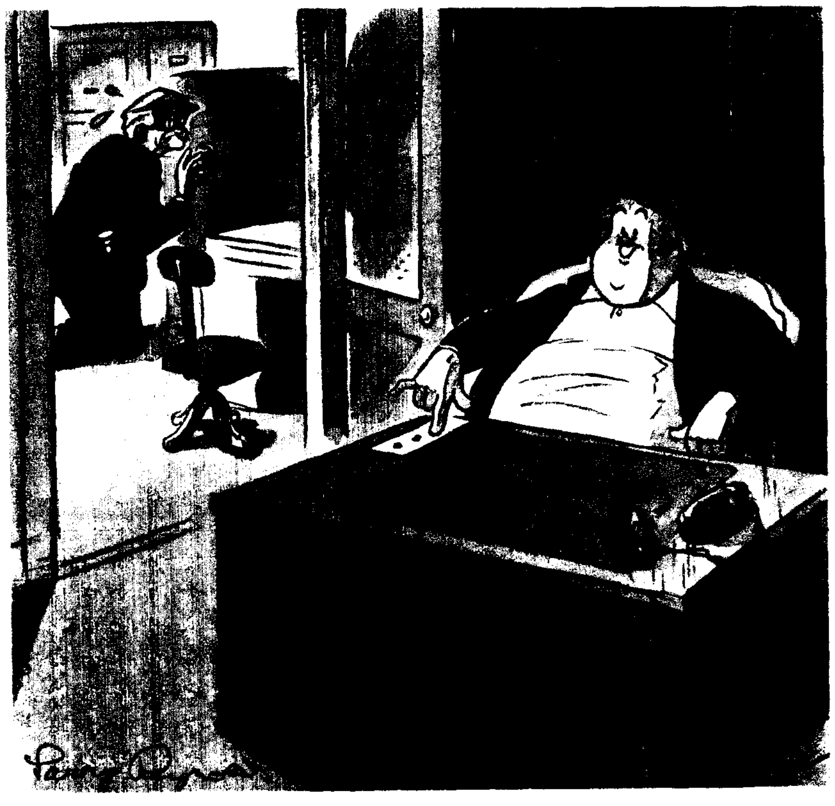
So when in a few minutes she sprang to her feet, restless with present sorrow, he agreed amiably to go on. Chen-ta was on the mountaintop. Mr. Ling had made sure of that by a certain code he knew. In a watchtower still standing in the ruined city wall of Chen-li he paid the guard to fly a green flag. When any saw this flag he sent word, mouth to ear, to Chen-ta and Chen-ta came home to his mountain if he could. If he could, a pillar of smoke went up from between the two great rocks that were the mountain crest. If he could not, there was no smoke. This morning the smoke rose quickly when the green flag flew. The Eagle was in the eyrie, and so Mr. Ling had set out at once, the sooner to ease his child's heart.

NOW, seating himself in his sedan once more, he went on enjoying each fresh turn of the scene about him. Nor did he speak again to Siu-mei to beg her to ride. Sun and wind and mountain were doing their healing work, he saw, not only in the color upon her cheeks but in the growing calmness of her eyes and the returning tranquillity of her lovely mouth. She could even smile when once he called her attention to a nest full of young birds in a clump of bamboos which they passed.

Not until they were within a mile of the mountaintop, then, did he call to her:

"Rest now, daughter. And mend your

BUTCH **By Larry Reynolds**



"If I come in once more, Butch, will ya cut out foolin' an' help with the safe?"

A little jealousy is O.K. with Mr. Dean

1. **MRS. DEAN:** I'll never meet you again! You come sailing in surrounded by movie starlets...a pretty stewardess...a stunning new hat—bought for their special benefit, I presume!

2. **MR. DEAN:** Now, now—take it easy. I bought this streamlined hat because I liked it. And if it makes you jealous, well—remember I like you a *little* jealous...proof of interest, I say.

3. **MR. DEAN:** We'll lunch right here in the airport, O.K., green eyes?

MRS. DEAN: Sure. But let's see that hat. Why, it's as light as the Stetson I'm wearing.

4. **MRS. DEAN:** And it says "Stetson" inside as big as life. Glad you got a *good* hat. Now I can throw away those horrible old wrecks of yours.

MR. DEAN: The sooner the better!

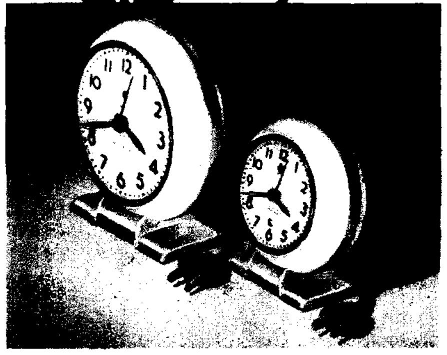
5. **MRS. DEAN:** You got a Stetson Stratoliner *and* that streamlined hat box, too?

MR. DEAN: I did. And here's where I'm going to keep it. It's too good to be hanging around loose.

The *Stetson Stratoliner* $6.50

STETSONS ALSO MADE IN CANADA

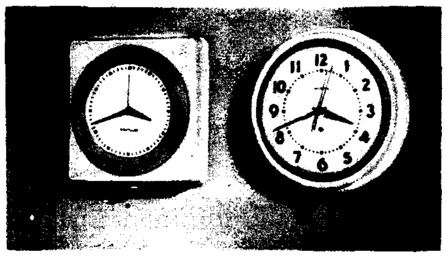
WESTCLOX ELECTRICS!
-AND SEE HOW LITTLE THEY COST



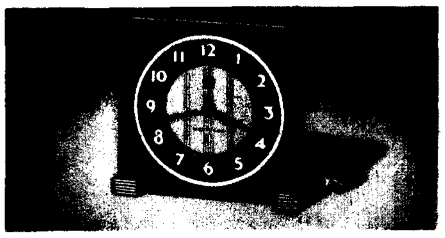
BIG BEN ELECTRIC will win you at first glance! A stunning clock that's self-starting and has two-voice chime alarm. Ivory finish with gold color trim or black with nickel trim, $4.95

BABY BEN ELECTRIC is a little beauty in ivory finish with gold color trim. Self-starting. $3.95

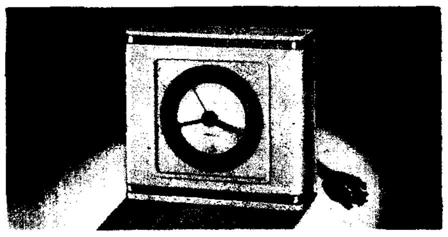
Above clocks with luminous dials, a dollar more



WALL CLOCKS grow in popularity each year, and here are two reasons why! The square clock comes in choice of three finishes at $2.95. The round clock is self-starting, and gives you a choice of four colors . . $3.50



COUNTRY CLUB Electric is a handsome alarm clock that serves beautifully as a time clock. Comes in maroon, plain dial, at $2.50. Ivory finish, luminous dial $3.45



BACHELOR self-starting electric alarm comes in choice of blue or ivory finish, plain dial, at $3.95. Ivory finish, luminous dial . . $4.95

• • •

Shown here are only a few of the many smart Westclox electrics—time clocks, wall clocks, alarm models, priced $2.50 to $6.95. Some have plain dials, some luminous. See them all today. Westclox, La Salle-Peru, Ill. Division of General Time Instruments Corporation.

WESTCLOX ELECTRIC CLOCKS

hair. The wind has blown it into a tangle. And a handsome young man is waiting up there."

He smiled at her, daring to tease her, and she caught that teasing look and turned away. But he was well pleased. For she obeyed him and when the coolies lowered the chair she stepped in, and he saw her later when the gates of the Eagle's encampment were in sight, mending her hair and making it neat and looking at herself secretly in the mirror of a small foreign handbag she carried. He laughed to himself, the quiet laughter of a wise old man. In a few weeks, in a few days perhaps, when he teased her she would pout instead of turning away, and then when he teased her she would smile and then blush, and so a better love would begin. He felt wonderfully content.

"How well the gods manage for us all," he remarked to the universe about him. . . .

As for Chen-ta, he had had no idea of the fortune now drawing near him. He had come back to the mountain two days before, bringing all his men back with him to prepare for a great secret attack upon the enemy at a spearhead they had made by pushing into a village within twenty miles of Chen-li. He was putting all his strength into this attack and his eyes were on Chung Third night and day. It would have been easy to have the man killed, but foolish, for while he was alive and free he would reveal the whole of what Chen-ta now suspected to be a vast secret. So he kept the man alive and near him so he could not run away and sweating with uncertainty and fear.

Thus when the green flag flew the Eagle was there on his mountain, and now his men, always watchful on the path, sent word that guests were coming—two sedans. They were at first still too far off to see who they were, so he waited in his main court, eating oranges and drinking wine. Then it was told him who they were.

"The honored old Ling," his man said, scraping the dust with his bare toe, "and his daughter."

"Not that one herself!" he shouted.

"Which?" the man said stupidly.

"The beautiful one, fool!" Chen-ta bellowed.

"This is one certainly worth a man's eyes," the man retorted, "for I saw her myself."

Chen-ta leaped to his feet and ran for his own rooms. "And I sitting here like a lout!" he roared. "In dust and dirt and orange skins!"

HE YELLED for hot water and foreign soap and for his barber and for his good new clothes and leather shoes and his new wrist watch he had taken from a Japanese captain not long since, and everybody ran about to serve him, thinking him mad.

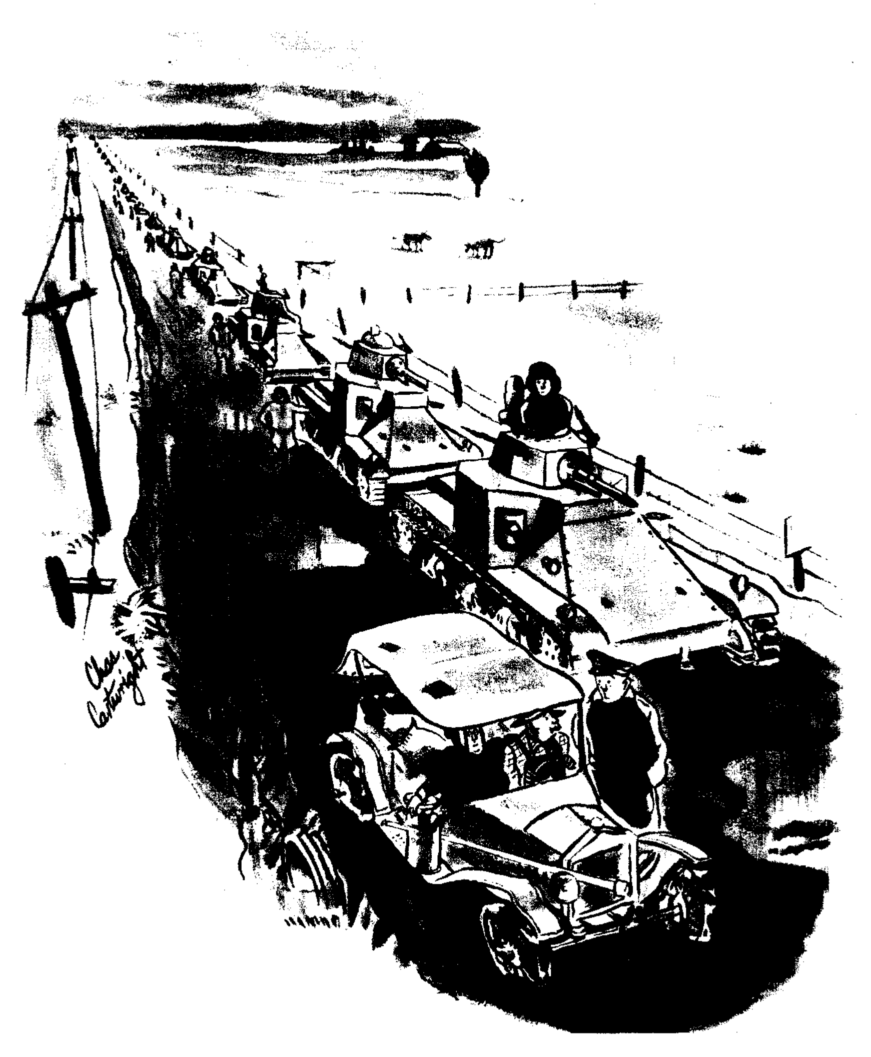
But he had himself clean and at his best in the little time left, and the courtyard swept and new tea and wine and little cakes ready, and when it was cried at the gates that they were come he stood up and the sun shone on his dark handsome face and he looked like a king.

"Like a king," Mr. Ling thought. But he did not say so. He merely came forward, walking in the swaying way that old scholars walk, his robes swinging from side to side, to make his greeting. And when this was done he nodded to Siu-mei as at some small thing he had brought along.

"This one," he said to the Eagle, "is my solitary, negligible child whom you have seen."

Then he stepped back to enjoy himself. And what he enjoyed were these two, standing face to face, looking at each other, as if for the first time they saw what they were.

(To be concluded next week)

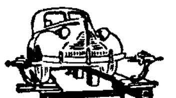


"Tell your boys to stick right behind me and I'll get you through"

CHARLES CARTWRIGHT

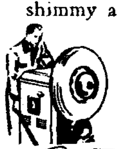
LUCKY FOR ME I GOT THIS FREE FOUR LEAF CLOVER!

I went looking for a Free Four Leaf Clover . . . and found the shop with best precision safety test and correction equipment in town! What luck! First thing that Bear trained expert told me about was the Bear Wheel Aliner . . . that precision machine which detects those tiny defects that cause hard steering, shimmy, side-sway, tire wear and skiddiness. So . . .



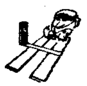
I HAD MY STEERING CHECKED

Then he explained how Statically and Dy-Namically Balanced Wheels increase tire mileage as much as 50% and end that shimmy and unsafe steering—showed me how the flashing Neon Eye of the Bear Dy-Namic Wheel Balancer detected every unbalanced condition up to 100 miles per hour. So . . .



I HAD MY WHEELS BALANCED

Then my Bear man explained Bear Headlight and Brake Testing Service—how the Bear Headlight Tester not only checks light output but also beam direction and elevation—all of which are necessary for headlights that are safe and make night driving a pleasure; how the Bear Brake Tester works on a new, exclusive, more accurate test principle. So . .



I HAD MY BRAKES AND HEADLIGHTS TESTED

Sure was Lucky for me . . . because now I drive a really safe car . . . am getting a bigger kick out of driving both day and night . . . and I'm saving money every mile I drive . . . That's why I say . . . for that

P. S. SERVICE

you read about in COLLIER'S, better look for the shop with the Bear Sign out in front and the Four Leaf Clovers inside!

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If unable to locate a Bear Shop, you may secure your Free Four Leaf Clover and name of nearest shop by sending 10c to cover handling cost to Bear Mfg. Co., Rock Island, Illinois, who sponsor this message in behalf of the

BEAR SERVICE
BEAR
COAST TO COAST
SERVICE STATIONS

The Traitor

Continued from page 19

My father frowned. "How could Mrs. Briscoe have got hold of it?"

"I don't know. I've told no one."

"Of course not."

"Thanks, Dad. I was afraid you might think I'd let you down."

"Never be afraid of that, Phyl."

I hugged him, determined not to get weepy. He picked up a handful of my hair and kissed it; not for me but for my mother, whose hair was the same color.

"Well," he said, "this may make things a bit more difficult. Try to get Commander Kirstell on the phone and ask him to come over here as soon as he can. Then come right back, because I want to talk to you about Pop Sedden and Bert."

"Aye, aye, sir."

Lieut. Commander Kirstell had not left his office at the shipyard. He said he would come at once.

WHEN I got back to the library, my father was pacing the floor. It hurt to see him so troubled and so bewildered. I felt like cursing Navy Station and everyone in it. The admirals who had banished Dad to this measly little Yard had succeeded better than they knew; this was a real punishment station. He had trained himself to think in terms of men and ships and guns—bold strategic ideas with the breadth of oceans and continents for their scope. They had condemned him to struggle with a few twisted, wayward human hearts.

"I've had . . . er . . . a rather trying session with Pop and Mom."

"It must have been," I said.

"Mom has the right of it. Says Pop never understood that boy. He was bookish and studious—Pop wanted him to shoot ducks and quail. Mom says Bert had a horror of killing. Pop thought it was merely cowardice. Adds up to a psychic conflict, doesn't it?"

My heart sank. Mom had got to work on the skipper with her sentimentality. She had pulled the wool right over his eyes.

"Mom's just a doting mother," I said.

The skipper looked at me in surprise. "You don't agree?"

"No, sir! I've known Bert since we were children. He's an utter no-good."

We argued the point, painfully. My father seemed entirely unable to think of Bert as anything but a mischievous schoolboy, the son of old and dear friends.

I was very glad when the doorbell rang and Dolores announced Lieut. Commander Kirstell.

He came in, looking stolid and calm, the fact that he wore his uniform making him seem more the typical officer and less the sleuth.

My father quickly explained what had happened. I was prepared to have Kirstell's gaze turned on me, questioning, but if he suspected me of having betrayed our secret to Mrs. Briscoe he kept face magnificently. The skipper looked him right in the eye and said: "Phyllis is as much surprised about this as we are, Commander."

Kirstell nodded. "I think I know who told Mrs. Briscoe," he said, his tone level and cold.

The skipper halted. "Eh? You do?"

I started to warn Kirstell, thinking he had made a mistake, but his next words told me that I was wrong.

"This will come as a shock to you, sir," he said. "But I suspect young Sedden."

"How could that be? How would he have known?"

"I think he's the lad, sir."

"Bert Sedden? Bosh!"

"I could be mistaken, of course."

"That youngster . . . a traitor? Really—"

Lieut. Commander Kirstell looked so unhappy that I went to his rescue.

"It's what I was trying to tell you, Dad," I said. "We didn't want to upset you with suspicions until the case looked pretty clear."

Then, I hurriedly sketched what Kirstell had told me about Bert and what I had learned on my own account that afternoon.

As soon as I ran out of breath, my father said, "That's interesting . . . that's interesting . . ."

He took a slow turn about the room.

Lieut. Commander Kirstell said, "I would suggest, sir, that Mrs. Briscoe be questioned at once. She should certainly be muzzled before gossip spreads over the whole station."

My father frowned. "Wouldn't it be more diplomatic to talk to Briscoe, rather than his wife?"

This was the tip-off that I would have to take charge of things. Even a lieutenant commander in Intelligence can't get tough with a four-striper. R.H.I.P. (translated: rank hath its privileges) is the sacred cow of the Navy.

"Look, Dad," I said, "I know how cruel this will be to Pop and Mom. But the kindest thing for everybody is to get this mystery solved as soon as possible."

"You're right, Phyl. I—I—just can't believe—"

"We'll soon know," I said. "Obviously, Commander Kirstell isn't the one to question Mrs. Briscoe. He's supposed to be a constructor at the shipyard. So it's my job. Right?"

"You couldn't do anything with Mrs. Briscoe."

I could not forbear to grin. "Wrong, sir!" I said. "That woman is my meat. I can get the truth out of her in five minutes!"

The skipper sighed. "Very well. If it must be done."

I TURNED to Lieut. Commander Kirstell: "Anything you want to know besides the name of the person who told her about our traitor?"

Kirstell consulted his notes: "Whether she knows there is an Intelligence man here . . . and if I have been identified . . . and how many people she has told . . . and, of course, she's got to be shut up immediately."

"I'll put the fear of Cap'n Hartney into her," I promised. "And, Dad, you've got to back me up. Also, you should phone and get Pete away from the house."

"He has duty, I believe."

I jammed on my hat and put on my coat, Kirstell assisting. He followed me to the front door. "Good girl," he said, "I'll try to keep the Cap'n bucked up until you get back."

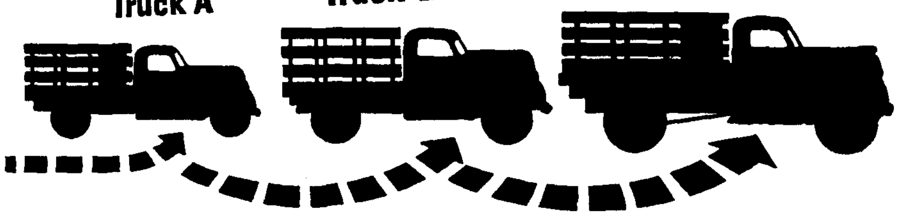
"I won't be long," I said.

I marched across the parade ground in a cool and lethal fury. We would all be ready for an explosion if Mrs. Briscoe had blabbed too much. What a nice morsel of gossip to make the rounds at Navy Station just now. Oh, dammit, I thought, I must really lay that big floozie out this time. The devil sharpen my tongue and feed me words that snip and cut and sting and burn!

Alas, I was given no opportunity to show off my blistering wit and genius for cross-examination. Mrs. Briscoe opened the door. "I'm glad you've come, dearie!" she said.

"Oh . . . you are?"

She pulled me into the hall and hastily shut the door. She was dressed in



Q. How can I cut my hauling costs?

A. Look and Save! Buy the One-Two-Three Way...

1. LOOK AT Low-Priced Truck "A"

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3. THEN LOOK AT LOW-PRICED DODGE Job-Rated TRUCKS

HERE'S a suggestion that's as free as the air you breathe. And it can save you some money . . . maybe a lot of money!

Buy your trucks the one-two-three way! In other words, before you lay your money on the line for any truck, look at Dodge Job-Rated trucks.

COMPARE TRUCKS—Check and compare all important truck features. Be sure they're the *right* quality and the *right* size in the truck you buy . . . built for the job . . . to stay on the job . . . to save you money!

They will be *right* in a Dodge *Job-Rated* truck . . . because that's what "Job-Rated" means . . . trucks *built to fit the job!*

When you pay for quality, *get quality* . . . Dodge quality . . . *built-to-last quality* . . . in design, materials and workmanship.

COMPARE PRICES—You don't have to pay extra money for such a truck, because Dodge *Job-Rated* trucks are priced with the lowest. See your Dodge dealer for a "good deal," too . . . liberal trade-in allowance, easy budget terms.

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PRICED WITH THE LOWEST FOR EVERY CAPACITY
$500* AND UP
*FOR ½-TON CHASSIS with flat face cowl, delivered at Detroit, Mich., Federal taxes included—transportation, state and local taxes (if any) extra.

DEPEND ON DODGE *Job-Rated TRUCKS

*Job-Rated MEANS A TRUCK THAT FITS YOUR JOB

PRICES SUBJECT TO CHANGE WITHOUT NOTICE

HOW ONE SUCCESSFUL COMPANY
Profits with
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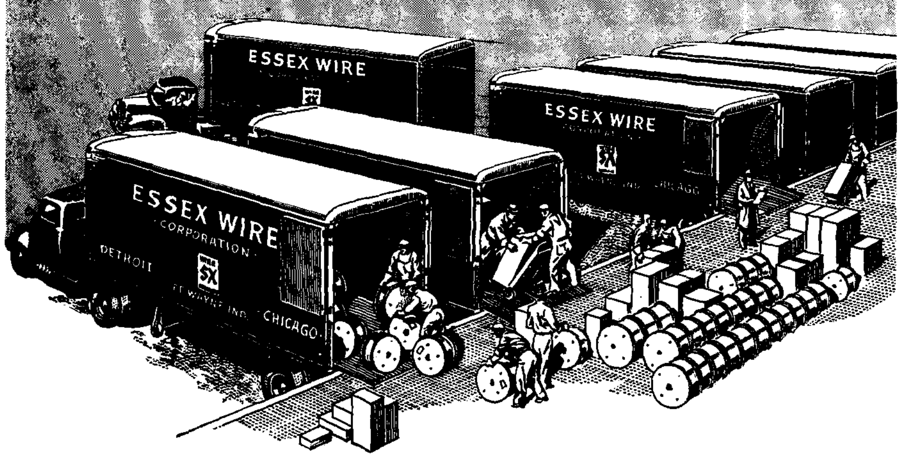
METHOD OF HAULING!



ESSEX WIRE CORPORATION NOW HAULS THREE TIMES AS MUCH PER TRIP . . SAVES MONEY . . REDUCES INVENTORIES . . GETS GREATER OPERATING FLEXIBILITY . . IS ABLE TO GIVE BETTER SERVICE TO CUSTOMERS

Faced with the necessity of lowering its hauling costs, the Essex Wire Corporation experimented back in 1932 with its first Fruehauf Trailer. The move proved sound from the start and as the Company expanded—which it rapidly did—so, too, did its fleet of Fruehauf Trailers until fifteen are now in service.

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Bigger Loads—By using Trailers, the Essex Corporation finds it possible to *pull* far larger loads than could be *carried* with trucks of the same size. A truck will easily pull three times the load that it can carry. This results in important savings since fewer trucks are required to handle the same tonnage.

More Flexible—Essex has been able to maintain more flexible service between the main plant at Detroit and branch plants and warehouses throughout the Middle West. Largely this is the result of Truck-Trailer operation. In many industries one truck serves three to five Trailers, permitting simultaneous loading, unloading and hauling.

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Prompt Delivery To Customers—The Essex Corporation has frequently been able in emergencies to render unusually prompt service to customers, due to the extreme flexibility of its inter-plant Truck-Trailer hauling system. Stocks can be quickly moved from plant to plant for customer's convenience or delivered direct to destination.

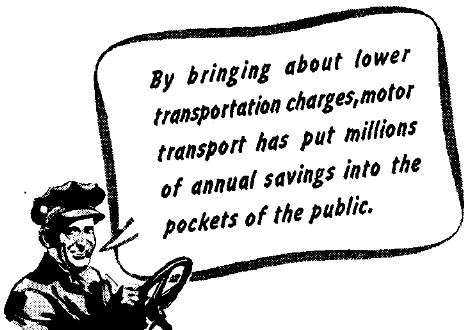
YOU SAVE IN EVERY WAY

It's easy to see why Truck-Trailers are being used with such success in more than 100 lines of business.

Your investment is less, operating and upkeep costs are lower and replacement costs are less. Owners report savings of from 30% to 60%.

Why not look into the Truck-Trailer method of hauling? A phone call will bring a trained Fruehauf man with all the facts.

World's Largest Builders of Truck-Trailers
FRUEHAUF TRAILER COMPANY • DETROIT
Sales and Service in Principal Cities


By bringing about lower transportation charges, motor transport has put millions of annual savings into the pockets of the public.

FRUEHAUF TRAILERS
"Engineered Transportation"
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

red silk lounging pajamas and had a cigarette in a long holder. She had been weeping and looked scared, almost panicky.

"I just this moment started to dress to go see your father. They're trying to frame Pete!"

"No-no!"

"It may be safe in here"—pulling me through a wood-beaded jalousie into what looked like a Chinese opium den, —"though Gawd knows. They may have dictaphones planted on us!"

MRS. BRISCOE'S taste in home décor was dramatic, running to imitation jade lamps with shades made from armadillo shells, long-legged dolls sitting in corners, imitation butterflies pinned to the window curtains and a veritable labyrinth of teakwood screens.

"Sit on the sofa here, honey," Mrs. Briscoe said. "I'm so jittery I can't rest, myself. Oh, the dirty so-and-sos. So-and-sos, every man jack of them! But they won't get away with it. I'm going to squawk to every senator in Congress, that's what!"

"I'm sorry . . . I didn't *quite*—"

"There! You see how I am? A nervous wreck, ever since Bert told me. I couldn't believe it, at first. I knew they hated Pete, but in my worst opinion of their dirty ways I didn't think they'd try *this*. A traitor . . . that's what they say Pete is! Can you tie that? Yeah, a traitor!"

"That's silly—"

"It's a lot of things, but it ain't silly, kid. Framing a fine, clean boy that worked his way up from the ranks—"

"Bert told you?"

"Yeah, you see—"

"And who did he say was going to accuse Mr. Briscoe of being a traitor?"

"That's the *hell* of it. I couldn't get that out of him. If a person knew exactly what louse she's got to fight—but I know! Why do I kid myself? They're all in on it—Collins, McMatthews, Cowles, Conroy, Davis—they don't fool *me*."

I tried a smile and a shrug. "I'm astonished that you'd listen to Bert Sedden, Mrs. Briscoe—"

"He was drunk, see? What a boy tells you when he's drunk he means. He come in here from town about an hour ago. He had a load. He drank some more while he was here. Oh, it's true all right, Miss Phyllis!"

"Bert was just talking."

"Just talking, hunh?"

"Of course. Even if such an absurd thing had any truth in it, how would Bert know?"

"I might've known you'd defend them. Annapolis people can do no wrong, hunh?"

"I don't say that—"

"You know what *I* did? Soon as I could get rid of Bert—even before I told Pete—I went straight over to your darling, pure Mrs. Cowles' house. I looked her straight in the eye and told her she wasn't going to get away with this. And if ever a woman looked guilty *she* did."

"Have you told anyone else off?"

"Not yet!"

I got to my feet. "Well, Mrs. Briscoe," I said, "Mrs. Cowles told Mrs. Mac, so it's probably all over the station by now."

"So what? So I guess I should lay down before something like this and say nothing, hunh?"

"In the first place, Bert was lying."

"A boy don't lie when he's drunk."

"My father has heard this silly gossip."

"It ain't gossip—"

"He says there's not a word of truth in it. Do you doubt my father's word?"

"Your Dad don't know what they're up to—"

"I'll tell him that!"

"Oh, no—"

"Dad has been the best friend your husband ever had in the Service, Mrs. Briscoe."

"Don't think I ain't grateful. Your Dad is—"

"But you want to call him a liar?"

"I never said that! I said—"

"Cap'n Hartney denies that anyone is trying to frame Lieutenant Briscoe. Is that good enough for you—or isn't it?"

"Yes, but—"

"Put on your coat. We'll go over to my house and you can repeat what you've said to the cap'n."

That pulled the props from under Mrs. Briscoe. When these holy terrors come unstuck and fall apart they really crash. Mrs. Briscoe collapsed on a gin-spotted love seat and started to bawl. All I needed to do was to stand over her and drop coals of fire like these: . . . "After all my father has done for Pete" . . . "Taking the word of a drunken little Communist" . . . "If I told Pete, I think he'd leave you!" . . . "If I told the cap'n, I don't know what *he'd* do!"

Pete Briscoe's big, brunet babe wept and moaned and denied and promised, finally reaching the point where she said, "Just let's forget the whole cockeyed thing, Miss Phyllis. I got jittery and talked out of turn again. That's all it was."

"You believe the cap'n?"

" 'Course I do!"

"If *anyone* asks *you* about *this*, *you'll* deny it?"

"Yes. Sure, I will!"

"Okay. Now tell me just one thing more—what were Bert's exact words?"

"You mean . . . about the traitor?"

"Yes. Just what did he say?"

"Well, he said Navy officers gave him a pain, all except Pete and Lieutenant Roberts, the new one at the basin. He said the rest of them were stuck-up, lousy snobs. Then, he laughed kind of funny—like drunks do and said: 'You're a pal of mine, Josie, so I want to warn you. They're hunting for a traitor here. They'll try to pin it on Pete. It wouldn't do to have an Academy man turn out to be a traitor.' That's just what he said, in so many words. But when I tried to get more dope he shut up like a clam."

"Where's Bert now?"

"He said Commander Sedden had kicked him out, so he was going to move to the hotel."

I LET go with the final broadside. "Yes . . . and told you this yarn just to get even," I said. "He knew you hated the Annapolis people and that you'd run right out and blab. I thought you were brighter than that."

Mrs. Briscoe dried her eyes. "He fooled me, Miss Phyllis," she said, with a sudden, honest humility that made her almost likable. "I guess he knew that's the one thing I been scared of all along—them framing Pete. I—I sure took the bait."

I held out my hand. "You'll head off any more gossip?"

"I'll do better than that. I'll go right over and apologize to Mrs. Cowles and say I didn't mean it!"

"Swell!"

She followed me through the front door to the porch.

"I-I'm sure glad that traitor thing is a phony, Miss Phyllis!" she blurted. "It'd be terrible."

There was something in the tone of Mrs. Briscoe's voice that puzzled me. But I was in too much of a hurry to get back to Kirstell and the skipper for close analysis at the moment. I thanked Mrs. Briscoe, we smiled at each other sweetly and I hurried off across the parade ground.

As I walked into my father's library, he was still prowling restlessly about. Lieut. Commander Kirstell, very calm, smoked a cigar. I doubted if he had changed his position, in a chair by the corner table, since I left.

"Well, Phyllis . . . back so soon?"

I rattled off a complete account of my talk with Mrs. Briscoe.

This time, the skipper seemed convinced. His face darkened and he stared at me as I talked, in pain and sadness. When I finished, he turned to Kirstell, who had got to his feet and was taking notes.

"I want to question young Sedden, Commander."

"Yes, sir."

"Bring him to my office."

"Very well, sir."

My father picked up his cap and started out the door.

"But dinner's almost ready—"

"Not tonight, thanks. You go ahead, Phyl."

His tall figure disappeared into the front hall.

Lieut. Commander Kirstell snapped his notebook shut. "Good work, Miss Hartney," he said. "I'll send a messenger to the village."

I was in a rage at Bert.

"Can we arrest him, if he refuses to talk to Dad?"

"Oh, yes."

"Well, for Pete's sake, let's get this thing settled tonight! The rumor must be all around the Yard by now!"

"It . . . h'mm . . . shouldn't take long." He dangled the thread of his thought tantalizingly . . . "Unless Bert . . . well, we'll see."

He nodded to me and left.

I STOOD there debating whether I should sneak a little nippy out of the skipper's whisky decanter or try to make two aspirins do.

Dolores saved me from liquor's baneful curse. She came in, giggling, with a note. "For you, Señorita! From the man!"

"From whom?"

"Read eet!"

The note read as follows:

Dear Miss Hartney:

Dutch and Pat and I wish to thank you for:

(A) 1 chocolate cake—superior.
(B) 2 apple pies—magnificent.
(C) ¾ corn pudding—sublime.

They came to us from your kitchen by way of Señorita Dolores DeAngelo—a noble and a deserved name. We suspect, however, that you know nothing of these benefactions. We have struggled with our consciences and mine won. We must tell on Dolores. She has promised us a cherry cobbler for tomorrow, too. Dolores, ah, Dolores of the angels! Please forgive her and us. Sincerely,

DENT ROBERTS

"Ees love, no?"

I quickly refolded the note and stuffed it in my pocket. "In a way . . . but yes," I said.

Dolores rolled her eyes and clasped her hands. "I have prayed for you, Señorita!" she said in Spanish. "To five saints. I have also talked with Lieutenant Robert about you. He considers you beautiful but immature. It is a question of impressing him with your maturity. If you could but manage accidentally to disrobe—"

"Dolores!"

"You are angry with your slave who loves you?"

"Go put the soup on!"

"You think of soup—oh, oh—"

"*Si, si*—I think of soup. Begone, you shameless wench!"

"Pah! That pretty-faced stick of a wooden soldier still has you deceived."

"Soup . . . soup, hurry!"

"You are to marry the Lieutenant Robert! I will myself slit that other one's throat, before I permit you to marry him!"

"Shut up!"

But Dolores, reckless because my father was absent, kept after me all the while I struggled to eat some dinner. I was sullenly silent, angry at Dolores for going down to the basin with gifts and pestering Savvy Roberts; but too preoccupied with thoughts of what might be happening in the skipper's office for argument. Dolores rattled on, informing me that Dutch and Pat were nice young men, in a wicked, godless, immoral way; that neither would be above an attempt at seduction; that The Man, the Lieutenant Robert, would protect her as he protected all women; that something must be done, but immediately, to impress Lieutenant Robert with the fact that I was a grown-up girl. And so on, and so on.

I suffered all this and an agony of suspense besides, for about an hour.

Then I went over to the skipper's office.

My father was alone at his desk. He had been studying a sheaf of reports.

"I—I couldn't sit at home any longer, Dad," I said.

"Nothing has happened. They can't find Bert."

"Not at the Arcadia Hotel?"

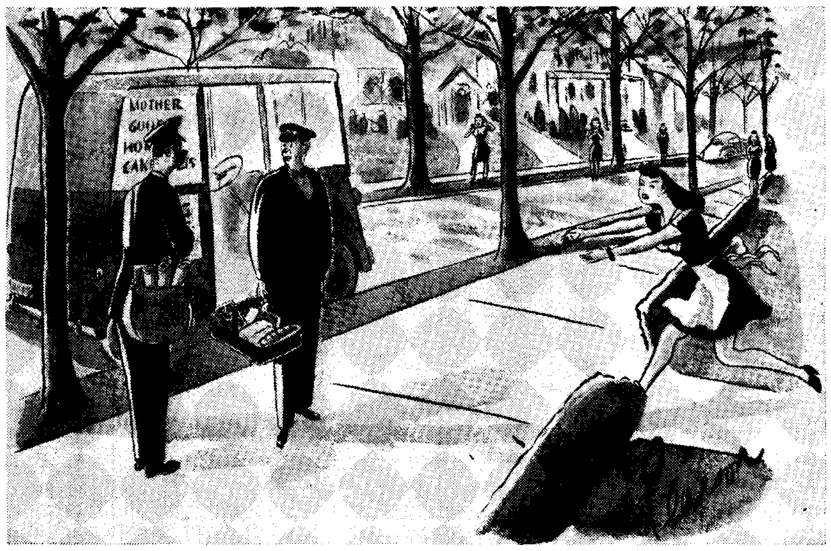
"No. Commander Kirstell has gone to the village to make a thorough search."

"Mom might know. Shall I go over there?"

"No, no—we'll keep Mom and Pop out of this. I think the boy has skipped."

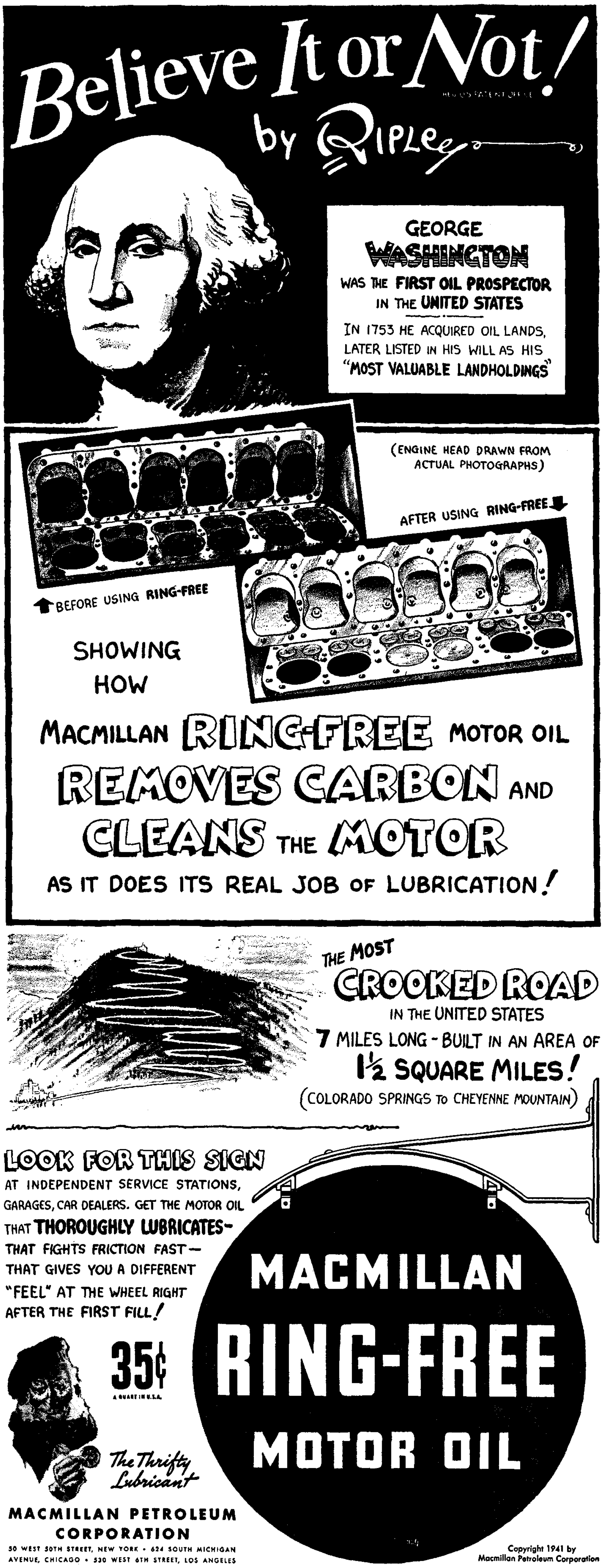
But I knew better. "He's hiding somewhere," I said. "He'll try to interfere with Lieutenant Roberts. They sent him here to do just that."

The skipper was startled. He got up



"I often wonder what the fellow on this route before me was like"

CHARLES PEARSON



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and walked to a window. I pressed my point eagerly.

"You've got to call off that test, Dad!" I said. "Either that or tell Lieutenant Roberts what we know about Bert. It isn't human . . . it isn't fair. What if Bert has sabotaged this gadget? He—he'll be—killed—"

"That's a bit extreme."

"It's not! You know something ghastly might happen!"

"Well . . . I'll ask Commander Kirstell."

"Kirstell! A heartless, cold-blooded—"

My father looked at me.

"You show a good deal of feeling," he said. "Are you interested in young Roberts?"

"Yes," I said.

"In love with him?"

"I think I must be."

"What about Roger?"

"I'm fond of him . . . but that's all."

"Has . . . er . . . Roberts . . . shown any interest in you?"

"No, sir."

The skipper sighed and patted my shoulder. "Navy Station is getting to be . . . quite a problem, Phyl," he said. "But we'll—"

A knock at the door interrupted him.

"Come!"

THE door opened and Pop Sedden shuffled in. He was in uniform, cap in hand.

"Oh . . . good evening, Pop!" my father said.

Pop moved slowly toward us, his eyes watery and his mustache twitching. He looked like a beaten, tired out old man.

"Here, Pop—" I said, "sit down."

He made a gesture with his hand, keeping his eyes on my father.

"Joe," he said, "I understand you're looking for a traitor on this station."

My father is a miserably poor liar. He hesitated only an instant, but that was too long.

"Oh, Pop!" I said. "Have you heard that silly gossip?"

"Nothing in it, nothing in it at all, Pop," my father said.

Pop did not believe us. "I think there is, Joe."

"Nonsense . . . can't understand how such a yarn ever got started—"

"It was Mrs. Briscoe," I said. "You know how she is, Pop. Anything to start trouble—"

Shaking his head, Pop continued to peer into my father's face.

"It is very hard for me to say this, Joe. But I think . . . my son . . . is the traitor. His mother has just confessed to me . . . that . . . that he worked as a Russian spy . . . in the East."

"Oh, now, Pop—"

"Naturally, our long friendship would make you reluctant to suspect Bert. But I do not want you to embarrass . . . any officer here . . . until you have thoroughly investigated . . . my son. I'm sure . . . that you will find him . . . guilty. I . . . I am sorry . . . he has brought this disgrace . . . on us all. He is no longer my—"

Pop turned toward the door. He put on his cap, using both hands—and they were shaking.

My father hurried after him. Pop shrugged off the arm my father tried to place around his shoulders.

"No . . . no . . . please, sir—" Pop said, brokenly.

He walked quickly out of the room.

The skipper turned to me. "I'm going with Pop," he said. "We'll have a talk."

I stopped him, saying, "You'd only make it worse. Your sympathy convicts Bert. Don't you see that? Leave Pop a little hope that we may all be wrong."

Wincing, my father nodded. "You go talk to Mom."

"What good would that do? She'd know I was lying. And if Bert isn't guilty, she'd never forgive me for showing that I thought he was."

(Hindsight Note: My father's instinct was the right and decent one here. Deeply as the Seddens' tragedy affected me, I was more concerned with what I felt was an impending tragedy at the basin. I was hysterically afraid Savvy Roberts would be killed.)

Thus, instead of seeking some way to ease the shock for Pop and Mom, I drove furiously and selfishly at the skipper on the point of calling off the rocket-engine test. I demanded that he send an order to the basin right then and there.

My father, a little ashamed of me, pretended to pluck something off the sleeve of my coat, saying gruffly, "Here, put this in your pocket."

"What is it?" I asked.

"Your heart," my father said.

But I got redheaded mad and sobbed out, "You send that order! Send it . . . send it!"

The skipper hugged me and gave me a quiet lecture on self-control. Then, he added: "I'll go down and talk to Roberts."

"I'm going too!" I said.

I was a spoiled brat and should have had my pants paddled and been sent home to bed. But my father is a patient, kindly man and, by this time, I had convinced him of the danger to Savvy.

He let me tag along.

This time there was no waiting at the canvas barrier fence. The guard came to salute, my father said, "Good evening, Benson," and we stepped inside the holy of holies. It was a balmy, moonlit night with no wind and a calm sea. The basin water had scarcely a ripple. Arc lamps rigged around a small wooden landing stage near the boat shed made the scene almost as bright as day.

Savvy and Pat and Dutch were tinkering on something that looked like a big speedboat, except that it had a peculiar, ungainly nose and a very broad beam. I felt an immediate distrust of this contraption.

As we approached, a corporal in charge of the guard at the boat shed snapped, "'Tenshun!" and there was a metallic clatter of rifles. This noise warned Savvy. He jumped from a thwart to the landing stage and came forward to greet us.

"Good evening, Cap'n, sir! 'Evening, Miss Phyllis!"

"Hullo," I said, sulkily.

My father and Savvy were about the same height, and they left me in the darkness far below.

"How is it coming, Lieutenant?"

"She's all ready to go, sir. Lieutenant Collins thought four o'clock a bit early—a later time will do as well."

"Let it stand."

"Very well, sir."

THE skipper walked onto the landing stage, Savvy and I following. Dutch and Pat, in greasy dungarees, looked up from their work, spoke to the skipper politely, ignored me and went on tinkering.

"Travels in a trough, eh, Roberts?"

"Yes, sir. Our first models had a tendency to climb and plane. This one squats right down to her work."

"What's her draft under way?"

"About eighteen inches, sir."

"That shallow?"

"Yes, sir. Only the depth of the keel—for control in steering."

"You told me she'd do a hundred and twenty. Want to hedge on that?"

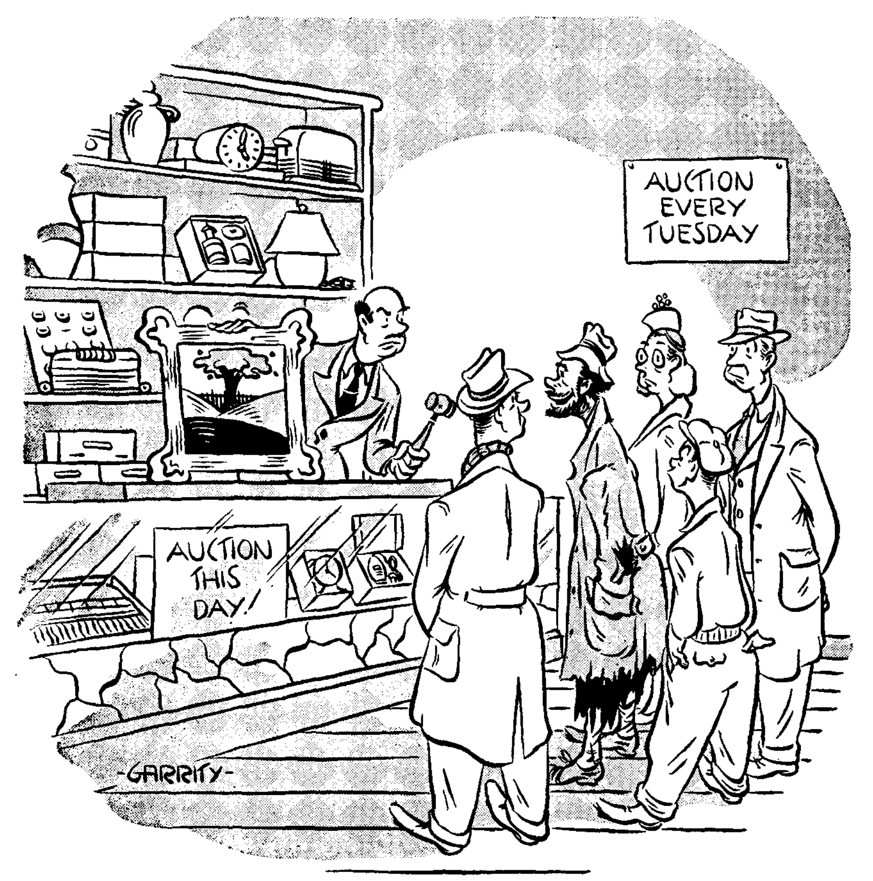
"No, sir. I'll make you another bet. We'll drive a destroyer or a light plane carrier, of the type you want them to build, that fast."

"Whoa, now, Roberts—"

"In anything but exceptionally rough water, sir. You see, with this new principle of propulsion we don't shove a ship's nose into it by propeller thrust. We provide an endless power tread on either side. It's really a seagoing tank, in effect. She climbs a head-on wave and beats a trough through it. If you'll take a look at these exhaust fins, sir—"

(Note to admirals: You can't hang P. Hartney for betraying national-defense secrets. I listened to Savvy's explanation of how this silly scow worked, but I didn't understand it and I still don't. As far as I am concerned, Savvy's invention is an Act of God.)

After ten minutes of question and answer—with my father and Savvy acting



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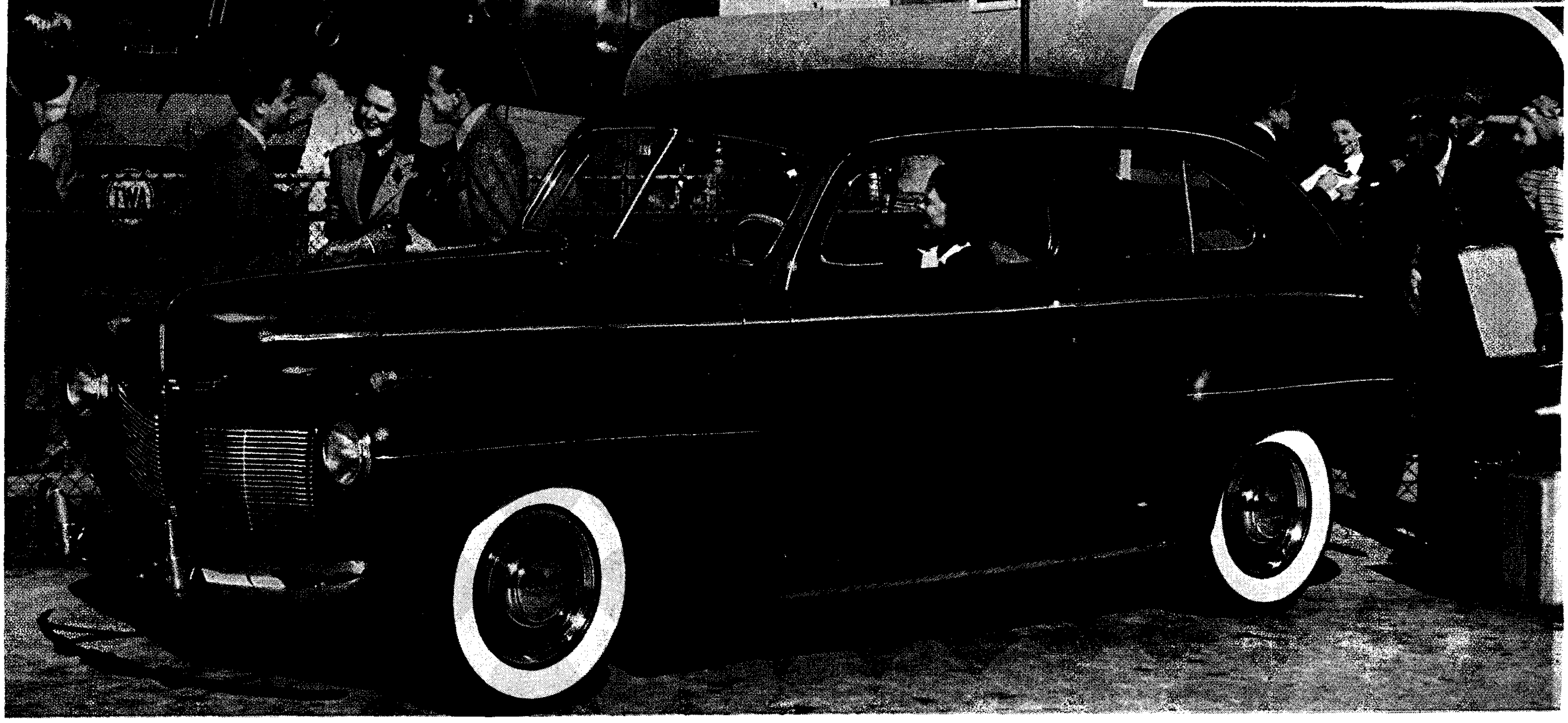

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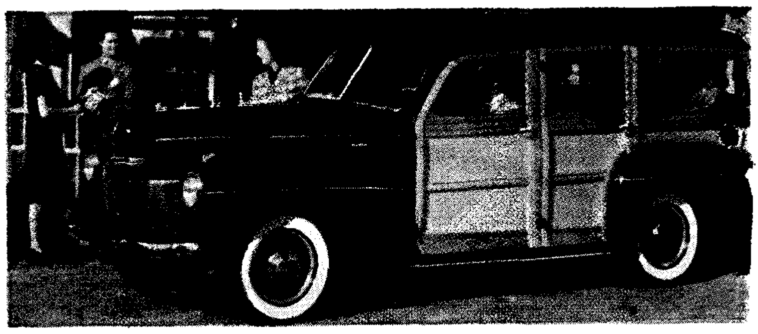


★ **The Smart Station Wagon** is a new Mercury body type. Front end and driver's compartment follow the sedan styling. Choice of tan, blue or red leather upholstery. Large luggage space. White sidewall tires are extra.

Mercury 8

like a couple of bright young schoolboys, and Dutch and Pat chiming in—my interest in rocket-engine scooters was exactly zero. I am not a seagoing lass. I belong to the shore navy and my definition of a ship is: "An instrument for separating a woman's man from her for unreasonably long intervals." When Savvy insisted that the skipper go aboard for close inspection of the thing's thingumajig, I thought it was time to get down to cases.

"I beg your pardon, sir," I said, "but have you told Lieutenant Roberts about the postponement?"

My father, on his knees in the cockpit, looked up at me guiltily.

"Postponement, sir?" Savvy asked.

"I'll . . . er . . . discuss the matter with Lieutenant Roberts a bit later, Phyllis," my father said. "You run along back to the house."

Savvy grinned at me. "Miss Phyllis has seen too many movie thrillers, sir," he said. "She sees spies and traitors in every dark corner!"

(Romantic Note: Why does a man who reminds you of Lawrence of Arabia, even in mechanic's overalls, have to waste his time tinkering with a scooter-boat on a nice spring evening? Why does he have to work night and day and spend his own money and run the risk of being blown to pieces any moment? We had a beach and a moon at Navy Station, poor things but our own, and a lovesick gal who yearned to snatch this man away from the jaws of death. Just for an hour. Just for ten minutes. Just for—oh, dammit, dammit!)

Because, look what happened.

"You see no danger of sabotage, Roberts?"

"No, sir."

"Watching things carefully?"

"Every minute, night and day, sir!"

"This craft won't blow up, eh?"

"Safe as a ferryboat, sir!"

"Well . . . why don't we take her for a spin?"

"Right now, sir?"

"Is that feasible?"

"Don't see why not. Dutch and Pat can follow us in the crash-boat."

"Good. Let's go, then!"

Savvy, excited and proud, began giving orders to Pat and Dutch. One of them yelled, "Hey, bring those Mae Wests!" A sailor hurried out of the boat shed with an armful of life-preserver vests.

Dutch walked past me and said, "G'wan home, Toots!"

(Deep Philosophical Musing: Men are the damnedest, sneakiest animals on earth, determined to escape their real responsibilities even to the point of courting death. Why did my own father do this to me? He did it because he couldn't face telling Savvy about Bert Sedden and exposing Savvy's precious friend, Dutch. Why did Savvy do this to me? Because he was beginning to suspect that I had designs on him, that's why. And he wanted to escape to the arms of his swishy-skirted "wife," that treacherous, dangerous rocket-boat. You know one of the reasons why men won't stop having wars? Because war is the great escape from women and the responsibilities women want them to share.)

There were two tall, handsome men in that nasty, wretched boat. They were the only two men I really cared a hoot about in this world.

"Oh, no, you don't!" I said.

I stepped right into that boat and sat down. "If you go, I go!" I announced.

THIS move flabbergasted my father. He did not want a tearful scene and knew I was quite capable of emoting all over the place. Moreover, he had taken the position that Savvy's boat was not dangerous—had not Savvy, an officer and a brother, assured him it was as safe as a ferryboat?—so he could not reverse himself, now, and order me out on that score.

"Lieutenant Roberts has not invited you, my dear," was the best my father could do.

"Invite me, Lieutenant!" I said.

Savvy looked at my father as if to ask: "How could a man like you have a daughter like *her?*"

Then, ashamed of showing any resentment over a cause so trivial, he grinned. "There's really no danger, sir," he said. "So with your permission, I will invite Miss Phyllis."

"All right," my father said, grimly.

"You are invited," Savvy said.

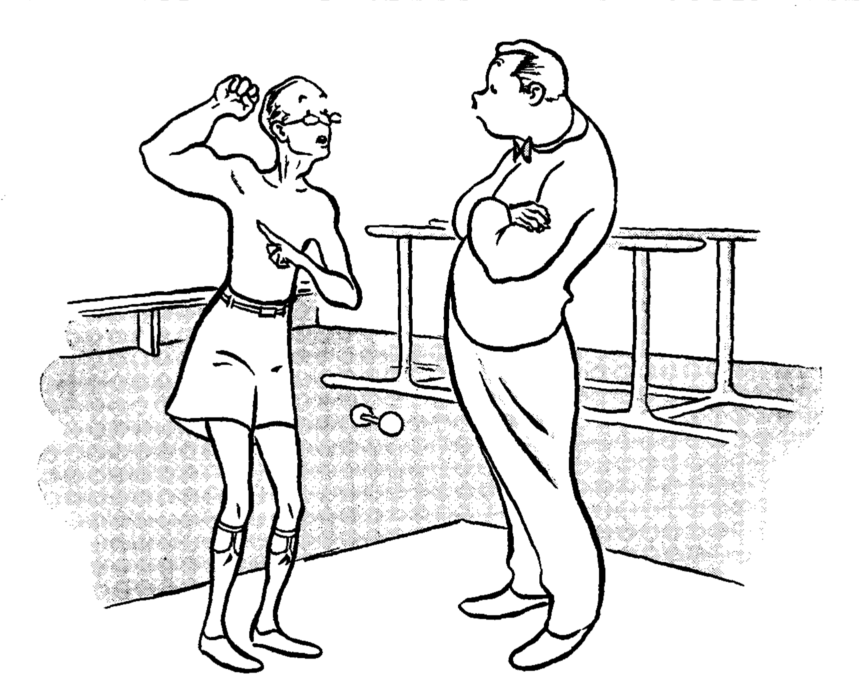
"Oh, thank you, sir!" I said.

He helped me into a Mae West, not gently, his strong hands impatient and cinching the buckles tight.

"Let go the lines!"

There was a prefatory, spluttery rumble from the engine and we moved slowly toward the narrow canal which was the basin's exit to Coot Bay and the sea.

As the first female to witness Roberts' Rocket Propulsion Principle in action, I should like to rise to this historic occasion and describe my experience in deathless words. But I was in no mood


"I developed this one myself to give you some idea of what I wanted!"

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2. Removes old blade.

3. Drops razor part.

4. Reaches in cabinet and fumbles through package for a new blade.

5. Gingerly extracts the paper-thin blade from its fussy wrapping.

6. Puts blade in razor—screws up parts—ready to shave at long last.

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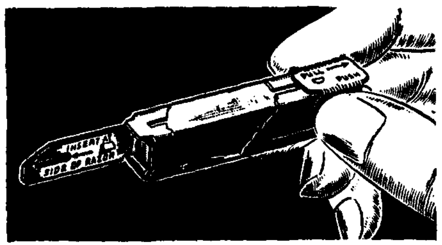
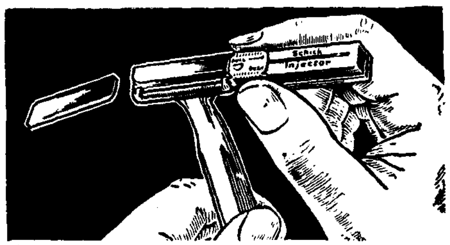


1. Blades for this razor come packed in a clever Injector Cartridge. Your hands never touch them. When it's time to change blade, just insert Injector in razor.



2. An easy pull and push on the Injector and it's all done. Old blade shoots out and fresh one slides in quick as a wink. There is nothing to take apart!

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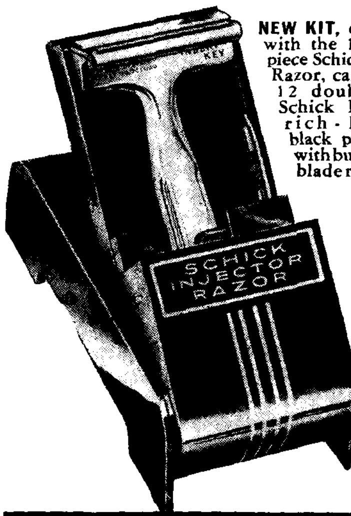
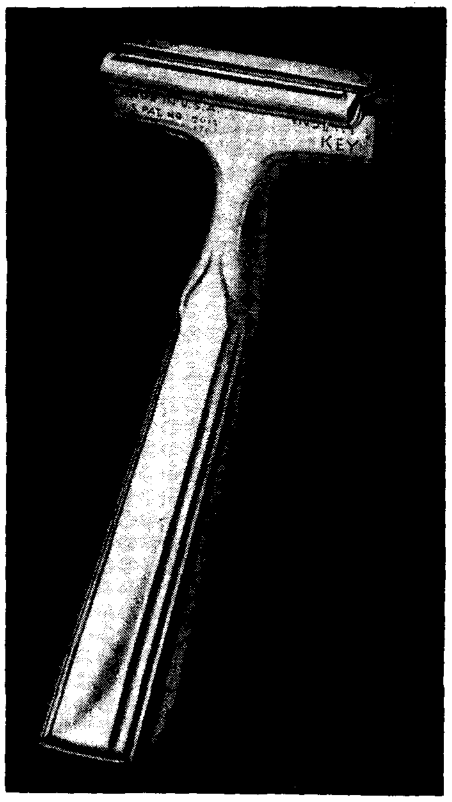
Perfected solid "tooth-free" guide bar with roughened grip surface stretches and flattens the skin ahead of blade, "timing" each whisker to pop up out of natural hair pit right in front of blade edge. Whisker is shaved clean at base without scraping the skin. No nicks, or irritation.



NEW KIT, complete with the 1941 one-piece Schick Injector Razor, cartridge of 12 double-thick Schick Blades in rich-looking black plastic case with built-in used blade receptacle.

$1.00



Simple, modern construction shows in the new razor's sleek appearance. It's so well balanced you'll find yourself holding it at the correct angle without giving it a thought. Contains greatest improvements in safety razor design in past 35 years.

SCHICK INJECTOR RAZOR

MAGAZINE REPEATING RAZOR COMPANY, BRIDGEPORT, CONN.

Three generations have walked smartly in Smith shoes!

From father to son, for three generations, the story of the superior value and style of *Smith* shoes has been passed along. Today, more than ever, they live up to their fame. For added to fine leathers, superb craftsmanship and smarter style is a new and exclusive inbuilt comfort feature that will amaze and please you once you try them on. Write for new Spring Style Book—J. P. Smith Shoe Company, Chicago, Ill.

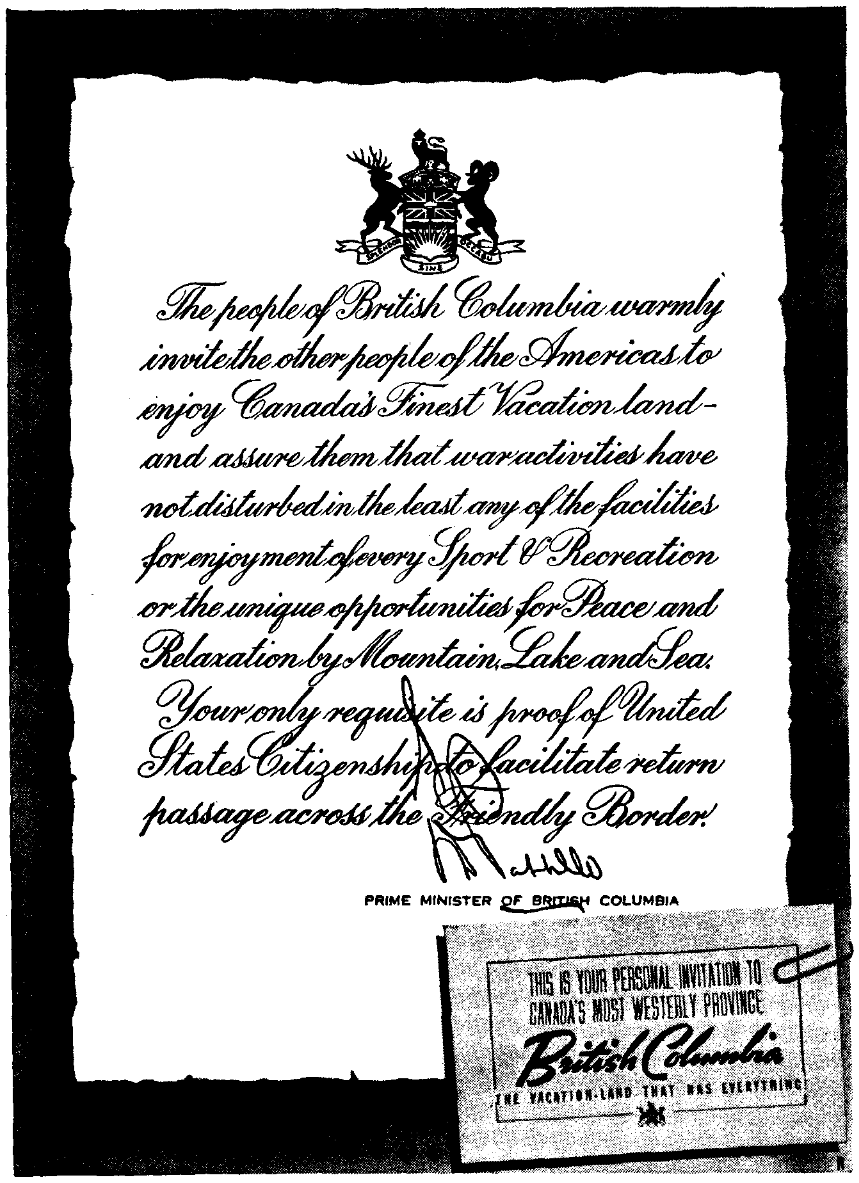
1514 FAIRWAY THE CADET—smartly military! Black Alpine, double sole, also 1614 Tan Alpine, antiqued.

1619 POLO Smartness is expressed in this wing tip brogue. Double sole, Tan Alpine Calf, antiqued.

7071 KENT Flex-crafted to make each step a pleasure. Tan Hickory Grain, antiqued, double sole.

You Can't Wear Out Their Looks

Smith SHOES



The people of British Columbia warmly invite the other people of the Americas to enjoy Canada's Finest Vacation land—and assure them that war activities have not disturbed in the least any of the facilities for enjoyment of every Sport & Recreation or the unique opportunities for Peace and Relaxation by Mountain, Lake and Sea. Your only requisite is proof of United States Citizenship to facilitate return passage across the Friendly Border.

PRIME MINISTER OF BRITISH COLUMBIA

THIS IS YOUR PERSONAL INVITATION TO CANADA'S MOST WESTERLY PROVINCE

British Columbia

THE VACATION-LAND THAT HAS EVERYTHING

for lyric prose. I knew my father was angry with me; that Savvy considered me a nuisance.

The boat behaved all right until we crossed the bay, nosed through the breakwater rollers and were headed into God's big, wide ocean. Then Savvy must have pinched his star-spangled girl friend on the bustle because, whoooosh—we took off. The doors of a blast furnace seemed to open on either side and below us. There was a terrifying roar and we appeared to be riding on a giant roller coaster, the rails of which were blue flame. The boat sank into a trough, all right, and a slip stream of white water rose higher than the gunwales on either side. That water shot astern as if two big fire-hose nozzles were firing it back from our bow. The spindrift stung my face like birdshot.

I ducked and slid toward the center of the thwart and huddled there, waiting for death. My father was up forward with Savvy. They had a glass windshield to protect them, the selfish brutes. My father did turn several times to see if I was still there. Oh, I was still there, with the bombs bursting in air and the rockets' red glare. . . .

"*A hundred and ten knots*—think of it, Phyl!"

"Am I entirely bald?"

"Bald?"

"My scalp feels numb—like after the tomahawk has done its worst."

"Shake you up much, Miss Phyllis?"

"Ha! Isn't that my liver you're standing on?"

"I thought she was very steady, sir?"

"Like a rock, Roberts. Beautiful gun platform! For mosquito boats, you're in right now! If you can drive a destroyer—and the dumb bunnies will let you try it—you've got something tremendous. I congratulate you!"

"The engine is mostly Dutch's and Pat's, sir. I just adapted it."

"A magnificent job!"

"Thank you, sir. Will you tell them that?"

"You bet I will!"

WE WERE back, safe and sound, at the basin landing. But my knees still shook, all my bones continued to vibrate and I couldn't get that roaring sound out of my head. Lieutenant Roberts kindly assisted very mature, creaky Aunt Phyllis to the landing stage. Dutch and Pat were still at sea in the crash-boat. We had left them miles behind.

Savvy, excited by my father's praise, could not forbear to crow a little: "You see? It didn't blow up! Safe as a garbage scow!"

"Mister," I said, "you are a genius. I have just died a thousand deaths—but you are definitely a genius. There's only one thing lacking."

"Yes?"

"Have you a rocking chair in that tent?"

Savvy laughed and invited the skipper and me to have some coffee. My father thought it was a good idea.

We went to Savvy's tent. He had a China boy named Edward, who slept and cooked, apparently, in the boathouse. Edward hustled off to get the coffee. There was no rocking chair. I collapsed on Savvy's cot. Savvy and the skipper gave me only perfunctory attention. I thought that Savvy might at least have offered to help me out of the Mae West life preserver. But he and the skipper had much man-talk to make, oh, much man-talk.

My father said that, of course, putting Savvy's engine in a mosquito boat was only a subterfuge. It would impress the admirals and Congress with its practicality. They would officially accept the design and vote money. But the real future of rocket-engine propulsion was in the air. Savvy enthusiastically agreed. He said Pat, who was the chemist of the triumvirate, was working on the fuel problem. Pat had it practically licked, too. Solidified gas would be the fuel. Five hundred pounds of such fuel would give a bomber fourteen thousand miles' range.

That was victory and empire, my father said. No more big surface ships, but a Navy in the air. Just as enough dive bombers would supersede field artillery, so would enormous bombing planes make the battleship obsolete. But the admirals couldn't see it. They went right on sinking a hundred million in each battlewagon. Savvy wholeheartedly agreed. However, he added, you had to sneak up on the admirals and Congress. A conception of warfare with the airplane as the decisive factor and light, fast surface craft as auxiliaries was much too advanced for admirals and congressmen.

(Disloyalty Note: I believe this country is rich enough and powerful enough to have plenty of every kind of weapon, battleships included. My father and Savvy might just possibly be extremists, as most dreamers are.)

THE skipper turned to me, vastly delighted with his ardent disciple: "You see, Phyl? Here's a lad who's young enough to do it! He'll teach 'em, before he's through!"

I am a realist. I couldn't escape from Navy Station by way of a short ride in a rocket-scooter and those "phantoms of the purple twilight." I was thinking about Bert and Pop and Mom Sedden and Dutch and the whole mess.

Standing up, I said, "Lieutenant Roberts had better lie low until he's an admiral. You don't last long in this man's Navy if they find out you want to teach 'em new tricks."

This got me a look of scorn from Savvy. "How young to be a cynic!" he said.

"I'm older than either of you," I said.

My father laughed. Savvy shook his head. "A strange girl child, sir. You're very lenient with her, you know."

"And she with me, Roberts!"

I don't know what this would have led to—probably a fight between Savvy and me, because I was fed up with the little-girl stuff—but two things happened in rapid succession.

Pat Rorabeck appeared at the door of the tent. He was holding an aluminum cylinder, about a foot long, in his hands. "This isn't ours, is it, Savvy?" he asked.

Savvy took the thing from Pat. "Why, no," he said. "Where did it turn up?"

With a glum, dead-pan face, Pat replied, "Found it under the gas tank."

"In the boat?"

"Yeah."

"It's a bomb!" I said. "Quick . . . throw it in the water!"

But Savvy wouldn't do that, oh, no. He had to shake the cylinder and listen and shake it some more, then turn it over in his hands and look for a catch. The skipper and Pat looked at the thing with grim, set faces. My father put his hand on my arm and nodded for me to go outside.

"The heck with being so brave!" I said. "I'm scared! Here, gimme it—"

I snatched the cylinder out of Savvy's hands. Starting through the tent doorway, I ran into Lieutenant Roger Collins. "Cap'n here?" he demanded.

"Look out—it's a bomb!" I said.

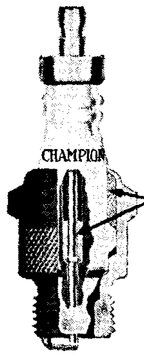
I threw the thing toward the water. But it landed in the grass several yards short. I flinched, expecting an explosion.

The only thing that exploded was Roger's voice: "Sorry, sir. I think you'd better come at once. Commander Sedden has disappeared. His boat is missing. Mrs. Sedden thinks he has killed himself."

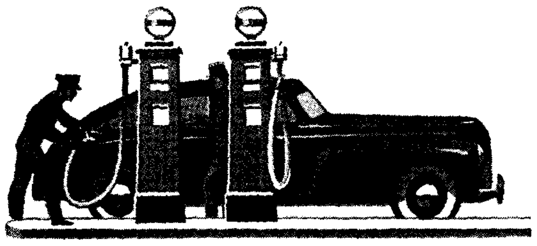
(*To be continued next week*)

Choose your spark plugs for greater gas mileage

and you'll choose CHAMPIONS!



Champion's patented Sillment seal (here) and (here) prevents troublesome leakage *common to ordinary spark plugs.* When such leakage occurs it means loss of power, poor gas mileage.



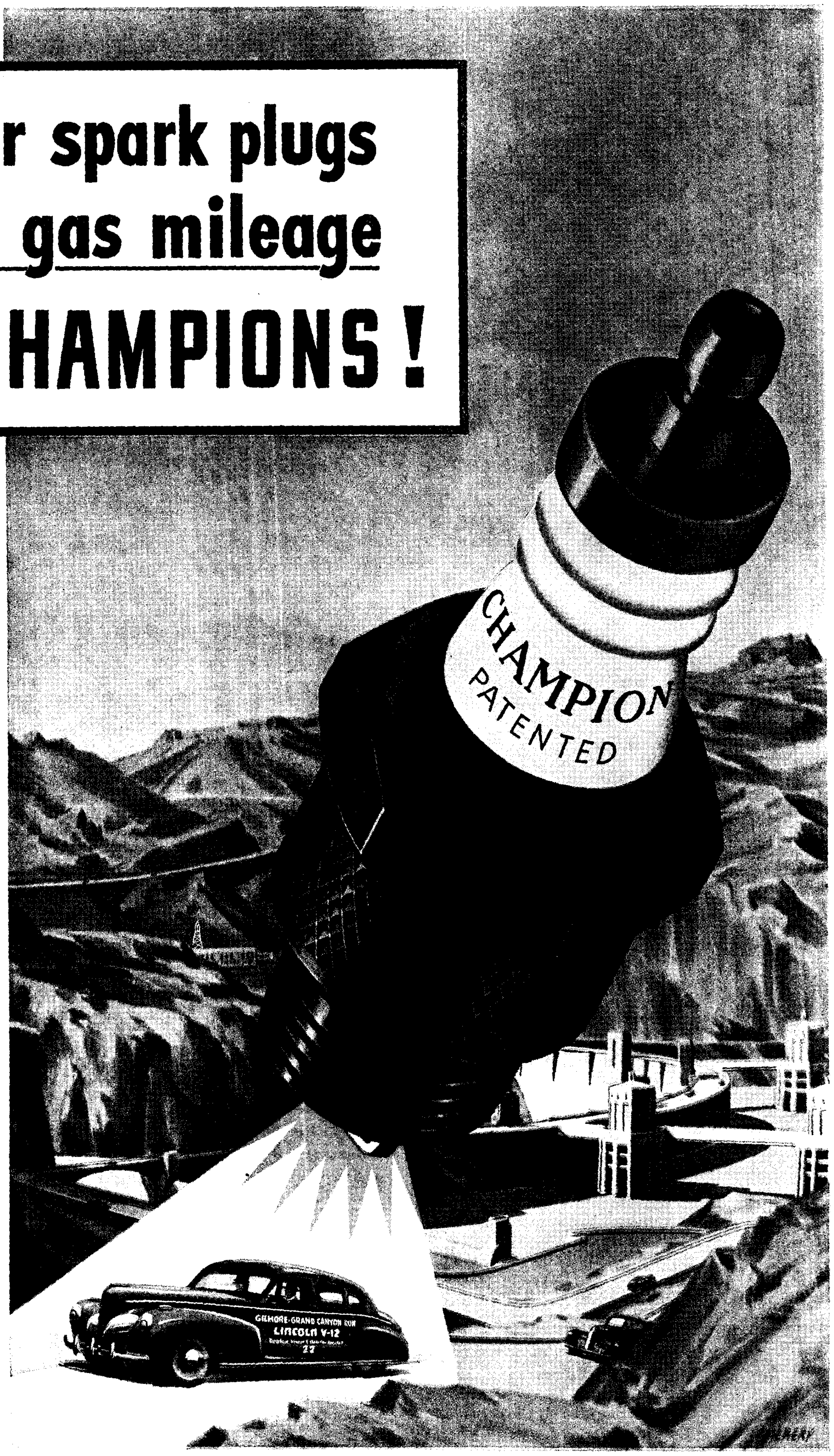
You'll go farther between gas station stops by making sure your spark plugs are Champions—and having them tested and cleaned at regular intervals.

●

The annual Gilmore-Grand Canyon Economy Run is a striking test of car economy over all kinds of roads. Cars of every price division, weight and horsepower meet on an equal basis by virtue of the supervision of the A.A.A. Contest Board whose formula determines the winners. This year, and every year since its inception, cars equipped with Champion Spark Plugs have won the Sweepstakes class and the vast majority of all price divisions.

Champion superiority in open competition of every sort is no mere happenstance, but rather the definite result of structural and operative superiorities which become dramatically self-evident in such outstanding events as these.

Remember that Champion makes spark plugs and nothing but spark plugs. Research, engineering and manufacturing facilities without equal in the business are constantly at work for you to produce better, more dependable engine performance through better spark plug performance. That's why Champions are champions in fact as well as in name—why your car deserves Champions.



A Lincoln Custom equipped with Champion Spark Plugs was the Sweepstakes Winner of the Gilmore-Grand Canyon Economy Run. Champion-equipped cars won eight out of ten price divisions.

You're always ahead with Champion!

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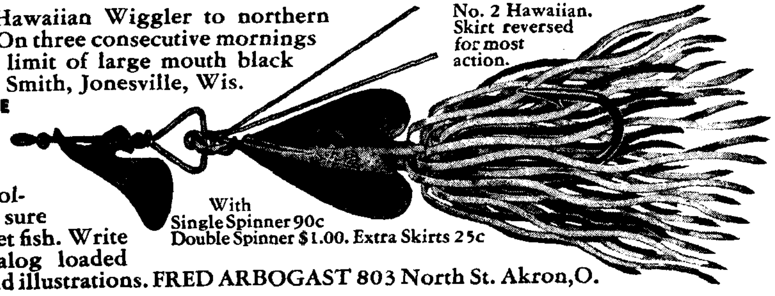
Write for FREE CATALOG

Hawaiian Wigglers with their colored skirts sure attract and get fish. Write for free catalog loaded with ideas and illustrations. FRED ARBOGAST 803 North St. Akron,O.


No. 2 Hawaiian. Skirt reversed for most action.

With
Single Spinner 90c
Double Spinner $1.00. Extra Skirts 25c

Our New Army

Continued from page 25

military jujitsu based on the principle of using the opponent's strength to outtoss him. A Judo-trained 120-pounder is supposed to be able to flip a 200-pounder over his shoulder without even breathing hard. Unlike wrestling, Judo is worked from an upright position, and the thrower uses holds based on the assumption that the throwee is wearing clothes.

Judo found a place in the training schedule of Second Division M.P.'s when Major Wayne C. Smith decided it was much more practical than wrestling. A 168-pounder who rose from West Point ranks, Major Smith bagged the Academy's 124-pound wrestling title, later (weight 134) took top honors in his division at Southeast Olympic tryouts. He learned Judo while stationed with the 15th Infantry in Tientsin, China, ten years ago. Written descriptions of Judo seem a bit vague, but perhaps you can make something out of this: Grasp your attacker's left arm and right coat lapel, twist him slightly, pivot, shove your hip into his side, and—using his left arm as a lever—casually spin him over your shoulder. Somewhere in the middle of this your foot plays a part but we didn't quite get it. Maybe you just try to keep it on the ground.

FORT BLISS, TEXAS. Some of the boys in the 260th Coast Artillery (Antiaircraft), which made the longest motorized jaunt in Army history—recently described herein by Jim Marshall—became so accustomed to rough riding that they've made it their favorite outdoor sport. Second Lieutenants John W. Fisher and George Yow use an automobile to chase jack rabbits across the desert; they take turns driving while one crouches on the running board and pops away with a .22.

◆

CAMP EDWARDS, MASSACHUSETTS. Peter E. Pratt of Milton loudly calls the attention of all who will listen to the fact that he's a buck private. Last summer he signed up for the V7 Naval Reserve Officers' Training School, passed a physical examination and went on a month's shakedown cruise on the U.S.S. Wyoming to Guantanamo Bay, Cuba. On board he was given a second physical exam, and his teeth flunked him. He volunteered for a year in the Army and is now at Camp Edwards. "You will please tell any Navy men you meet," he says between the clenched teeth that tossed him out of Uncle Sam's first line of defense, "that they may address me as Private Pratt."

●

FORT ANDREWS, BOSTON. The Army is a family matter to the McBournie family of Dorchester. They're all on Paddocks Island, headquarters for the 241st Coast Artillery. Papa is Master Sgt. Hector T. McBournie, in charge of headquarters battery's radio communications. Son Hector, Jr., is a corporal in the same battery. Mamma Alice is hostess at officers' mess, and Daughter Alice assists her.

AFTER twenty years of sleeping in the sun, New England's coastal forts are bristling. With six months of training, the Coast Artillerymen lead the way in the defense scheme. Boston harbor's ten forts, which have echoed hollowly to the feet of only a few hundred caretakers during the past two decades, today are manned by more than 3,500 men comprising the 9th Coast Artillery of the Regular Army and the Federalized 241st C.A. (Massachusetts National Guard), plus 1,300 draftees. By June there will be 4,600 serving the harbor's big guns, which range from three-inchers to sixteen-inch giants capable of tossing 2,343-pound high-explosive shells thirty miles, using 824 pounds of powder per shell.

THE one-year soldiers have been learning so rapidly that Regular Army officers are astonished. Draftees get a big kick out of bossing the big guns around, and there is little beefing. Perhaps the mildest beef came from Alec Philopoulos, who, until he settled in Canton, Massachusetts, three and a half years ago, lived in Greece. The Greek army, he says, has it all over the Coast Artillery. Why, when he got mixed up in the Greek civil war, back in 1934 they gave him a horse and made him a corporal. Furthermore, he didn't have to share one big gun with thirty-two other guys; he had a rifle, a submachine gun, a pistol, a bayonet and a saber, all to himself. A one-man army.

●

FORT DIX, NEW JERSEY. There's a young second lieutenant at Dix who still feels a little silly. So do his noncoms. Just to break up a recent and tiresome march, the lieutenant decided to stage a relay race between the four columns of his outfit. Well, the boys had no sooner got to racing up a hill and back, lugging the old baton, when a khaki limousine poked its nose over the hill. Two stars on the license plate, two more on a pennant identified the passenger as Major General Clifford R. Powell, commander of the 44th Division.

Everything froze, including the general's face. Then the latter thawed, exhibited a wisp of a smile, and the limousine sped on. But not the doughboys. They marched.

EVERYWHERE. Badly needed for recreation centers at most camps are books and magazines, reasonably current and in good condition.

TANKS are apt to look alike, especially at a distance, and a job of "recognition training"—teaching a soldier to tell the difference between his own and enemy tanks—is a tough one. Some antitank men have suggested that silhouette charts and photographs of different types of tanks be hung up in barracks, libraries and other places where men gather, with time to contemplate.

MECHANIZATION has been carried into the new Army's slang. World War I's *cootie*—and his sisters and his aunts and his cousins by the dozens—are now known as "motorized dandruff."

RECOIL. Corp. Louis DeFichy and his fellow G. Troopers of the 3d Cavalry at Fort Myer, Virginia, are *highly* insulted by a grave error. "You," the corporal writes, "spelled it Meyer and said it was in Maryland—in print. I demand a retraction, mostly because it will provide sorely needed publicity for the post."

IS THIS enough, Corporal?

G.W.

Red Pants Ain't No Sin

Continued from page 20

"Yassuh. I's Maw-reen."

"Didn't I baptize you for a church member last May?"

"Yassuh," said Maw-reen.

"And you's already backslidin' up and down de road in red over-halls, and hit ain't hardly de middle er June. Gal, what kind er doin's is dat?"

"I wa'n't backslidin'," she denied. "I was jest wawkin' 'long twarge home."

"Dat was a mighty sinful-lookin' step you was cuttin'," he insisted.

"I wa'n't cuttin' no step," Maw-reen protested. "Dat's de way I always wawks. I jest reach out wid one foot and den de next. And what hit look like in dis playin' suit ain't no skin offn my back."

B'r Charlie was not particularly outraged, but he had started a reprimand and inertia kept him at it: "Well, efn hit's dem red pants makin' you twis' like dat when you wawks, you better take 'em off right now!"

Maw-reen giggled. "Efn I tuck off my playin' suit, I'd be plain nekkid. And den you'd be a shame."

The conversation, B'r Charlie decided, lacked dignity. "Look, Daughter," he told her, "wearin' red pants don't be's no backslidin' sin. Hit jest be's bad for a gal dat's got religion to twis' up and down de road in red pants. On account er hit don't look right. You knows in yo' heart dat you ain't sinnin'. But dat ain't de p'int er religion. Understand?"

"Yassuh."

"You got to show yo' religion ev'ywhar you goes. De Book say you got to let yo' light so shine. Understand?"

"Yassuh." Maw-reen was wholly contrite now.

"Religion," B'r Charlie went on, displaying the same assurance with which he beat a red-hot plowpoint to a keen edge, "is like de polish on yo' shoes. You might wear de finest pair er shoes in Shrevepo't, but onless you got yo' shoes polished up good, won't nobody see 'em. And you might as well be barefooted. Understand?"

"Yassuh," Maw-reen nodded. "And, Rev'und—"

"What you want?"

"I backslode a little bit."

"You done what?"

"I wa'n't raley ailin'," Maw-reen said. "I jest tole Mamma I was ailin', so I c'd git out and wawk de turnrow some. Hit wa'n't nothin' but womens lookin' at my red pants whar I was hoein'. So I wanted to git out and strut whar de mens c'd look at me, too. So I tole Mamma I was ailin' and dat was a lie."

"And a lie is a sin!"

"But dey gonter git done choppin' befo' sundown," Maw-reen argued, "and what little I c'd do didn't matter, one way er de yuther."

"Maybe," B'r Charlie said, "hit ain't such a bad sin, at dat, 'scusin' how dey gonter git done choppin', anyhow. But you git on home and start supper. And you better pray a lick er two, for dat lie. Hit might not er been no sin-lie, but a little prayin' won't hurt you, on account er dat was a hot-lookin' strut, Daughter."

Maw-reen left and B'r Charlie returned to his forge. He caught a plowpoint in the tongs, buried it in the coals and began to turn the fan. But he was preoccupied. His mind was struggling with a fact and a thought. The fact was a young girl had practically committed a sin by lying, and the thought was that the girl was not wholly to blame.

"Satan is *raley* to blame," B'r Charlie mumbled uncertainly. Though he knew if all the blame for sin were laid on Satan, there would be no need for a preacher whose function was to rant against sinners.

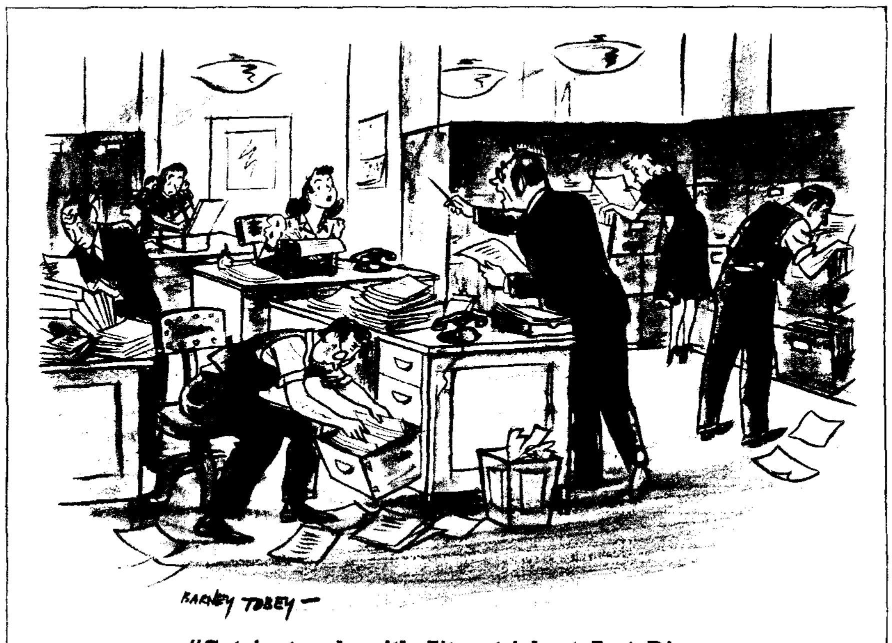
IT WAS too complicated; B'r Charlie's brain practically broke into a sweat as he wrestled with the problem. Meanwhile, the plowpoint had turned red and then white from the blast of forced heat.

"Dem red pants made her lie," B'r Charlie mused, "and dat makes dem de sin. But how a preacher gonter pour de sperrit on a pair er red pants?"

He continued turning the fan and trying to think. The answer came like a bolt from the sky. "Work!" B'r Charlie decided. "Too much work is a sin! Dat's hit!"

It would have been impossible for B'r Charlie to have explained the mental processes by which he had arrived at this conclusion, though among the factors he had considered was that back in the time of four-cent cotton, no woman had had enough money to buy red pants. And now with cotton at ten cents and Giles still making everybody work in high gear just the same, women had plenty of money to waste on red pants.

"And dat is a sin!" B'r Charlie was convinced. "De Lawd might er runned up de price er cotton, but ole Satan



"Get in touch with Fitzpatrick at Fort Dix. Find out where he filed the Clayton letters"

BARNEY TOBEY

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GOLDEN GLOVES. This emblem, shown at the right, is a nationally recognized symbol of excellence in the amateur ring. It is awarded to the champion of each weight class in the annual Golden Gloves Boxing Tournament. To become a "Golden Glover" a young boxer must prove his ability by fighting his way up through a series of elimination bouts. He has to be better than good!

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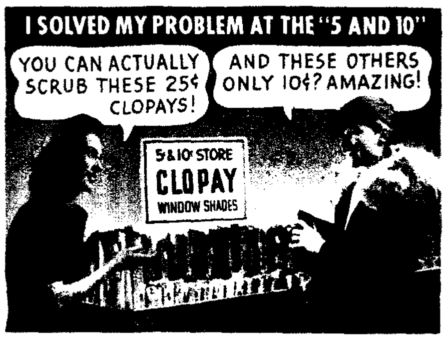
SHADES TO MAKE THE HOUSE LOOK NICE -OR HOSE TO MAKE MY LEGS LOOK NICE-WHICH?


I SOLVED MY PROBLEM AT THE "5 AND 10"
YOU CAN ACTUALLY SCRUB THESE 25¢ CLOPAYS!
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See for yourself; almost every 5c and 10c store and most neighborhood stores carry the CLOPAY line. Good-looking, durable shades, starting at 10c. You'll save the money to buy that nice "extra" you want, replacing shades at all your windows with CLOPAYS! FREE!—book of 49 color and pattern swatches; write CLOPAY CORP., 1225 Clopay Square, Cincinnati, Ohio.

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[illegible]

makes Giles keep ev'ybody workin' too hard, and workin' too hard is a sin."

He removed the white-hot plowpoint from the fire and laid it on the anvil. Even before his hammer touched it, he realized "all de metals" were burned out. He tapped the edge experimentally and the ring of the steel confirmed it. He cooled the point and pitched it on the scrap pile. "And anybody which works dat hard," he concluded, "is a sinner."

He looked in the box of sharpened plowpoints and felt a righteous glow of pride in the fact that the box was not full. "Dat," he told himself complacently, "is on account er I ain't no sinner. Half a box er p'ints is plenty enough, wid cotton at ten cents."

The missionary spirit seized him and he went to the field where the women were chopping cotton under the leadership of the Widow Duck. He had discovered a new morality and he was eager to spread the light.

He came sauntering up casually and gave a pleasant "howdy" to everybody.

"How come you ain't at de shop?" the Widow Duck demanded sourly. "You must be gittin' spry to git dat box full er plowp'ints all dis long befo' sundown."

B'r Charlie evaded a direct reply. "Religion," he stated, "is a all-day and all-night business. You got to let yo' light so shine."

"Well, dat's 'Amen' tawk, B'r Charlie," the Widow Duck agreed.

It was a good start, B'r Charlie decided. He developed the idea: "Religion is like de polish on yo' shoe. 'Cause efn yo' shoes ain't polished, won't nobody look at 'em, and you might as well go barefooted."

"My religion," the Widow Duck argued, "is like de sucker on de pump. Efn a pump ain't got no sucker, hit can't git no water outn de well. And efn I ain't got no religion, I can't git no sweet pleasure outn choppin' my cotton crop clean for my Redeemer."

"Amen," B'r Charlie responded automatically. But the Widow Duck's words had sapped a heap of confidence from him. He observed the crops looked mighty clean and he predicted plenty of blooms and squares by June 'teenth.

AT THAT moment, Giles galloped up. "What you doin' so far f'm taw?" Giles demanded. "You got dat box full up wid sharp plowp'ints already?"

B'r Charlie gulped. In his mind he pictured himself as standing at the forks of a road. One led to sinfulness, overwork, lying, and an eternity of punching chunks in hell. The other way led to a leisurely life with no girls running around in red pants and an everlasting rocking-chair seat at the Welcome Table.

"Yassuh, hit's full," B'r Charlie said, taking the right road.

The foreman was off toward the hayfield as B'r Charlie stood in a daze, his mind whirling in the enormity of his lie, and his conscience hurling accusations at him. He turned pleadingly to the Widow Duck.

"Dat box ain't full," he said miserably. "Dat falsehood jest slipped outn my mouf."

The Widow Duck snorted. "Falsehood de dog's foot! You jest stood up flat-footed and tole yo'se'f a natchal lie."

"Yassum, but Mis' Duck," B'r Charlie floundered, "you see hit go like dis: I was standin' in de shop do', studdin' my mind, and de fust thing I knowed, hyar come Sissy's Maw-reen down de turnrow, wearin' red pants and jest a-cuttin' de dust."

Sissy moved toward the preacher, bringing her hoe with her.

"I paid cash money for Maw-reen's red pants," she told B'r Charlie, "and what I pays my cash money for ain't no skin offn yo' back."

The Widow Duck closed in from the other side. She was not interested in Sissy's part of the argument. She had one of her own, namely, to try to keep the pastor of her church from disgracing himself before the sisters, and from embarrassing complications with the plantation foreman.

"Giles got fifteen cultivators goin'," the Widow Duck told B'r Charlie. "And ev'y cultivator gonter need fo' sharp p'ints, come sunup tomorrow. And dat figgers down to 'bout a boxful."

B'r Charlie's mouth flapped twice but the words would not come out.

"And you knows good as me," the Widow Duck warned, "efn hit ain't enough sharp p'ints, Giles gonter run you offn Little Bee."

"So," said B'r Charlie sadly, and with little hope of ever being understood, "Maw-reen come a'twis'in' hit down de turnrow."

"You's a lie!" Sissy challenged. "Maw-reen was ailin', and she won't twis' when she ain't ailin'. Dat's how come I spunt th'ee dollars and a dime for dem red pants. Jest so she'd look like she was twis'in', and den maybe she kin find herse'f a husband."

B'R CHARLIE recognized danger signals when he saw them, and now there was hostility on both sides of him. And because he couldn't help it, he said doggedly, "And den Maw-reen up and bore a false witness and her not hardly dry f'm de baptizin' I gi'ed her."

Sissy swung her hoe in a murderous circle right at B'r Charlie's head. The Widow Duck, who could think quickly and act with considerable agility in spite of her two hundred and fifty pounds, tackled the preacher and got him to the ground just in time to avoid the hoe. B'r Charlie landed between cotton rows with the ample Senior Usher of Old Ship of Zion sitting on his stomach.

"Now, Sissy, you jest drap dat hoe," the Widow Duck ordered. "You kin fuss an' quar'l wid Charlie all you wants to, but he de pastor er de church and you can't hit him."

"I'll stob him wid dis hoe for lowratin' my Maw-reen," said the outraged mother. "I been tryin' too hard to git her married off and I ain't gonter let dat one-laigged fat-mouf give her a hard name around hyar."

"You git on back to choppin' cotton," the Widow Duck told her sternly, "or I'll git you churched outn de church for a preacher-fighter!"

Sissy yielded, though not without muttered threats to the preacher.

"Mis' Duck," pleaded B'r Charlie faintly, "you's mashin' my wind."

The Widow Duck pressed her open hand firmly against the preacher's mouth. "Shet up," she said. "You done tawked too much now. You listen at me. Understand?"

She raised her hand long enough to permit B'r Charlie to moan an affirmative.

"When I lets you up," she went on, "I want you to make a black streak f'm hyar to de shop, understand?"

Once more she lifted her hand, and again B'r Charlie indicated he understood.

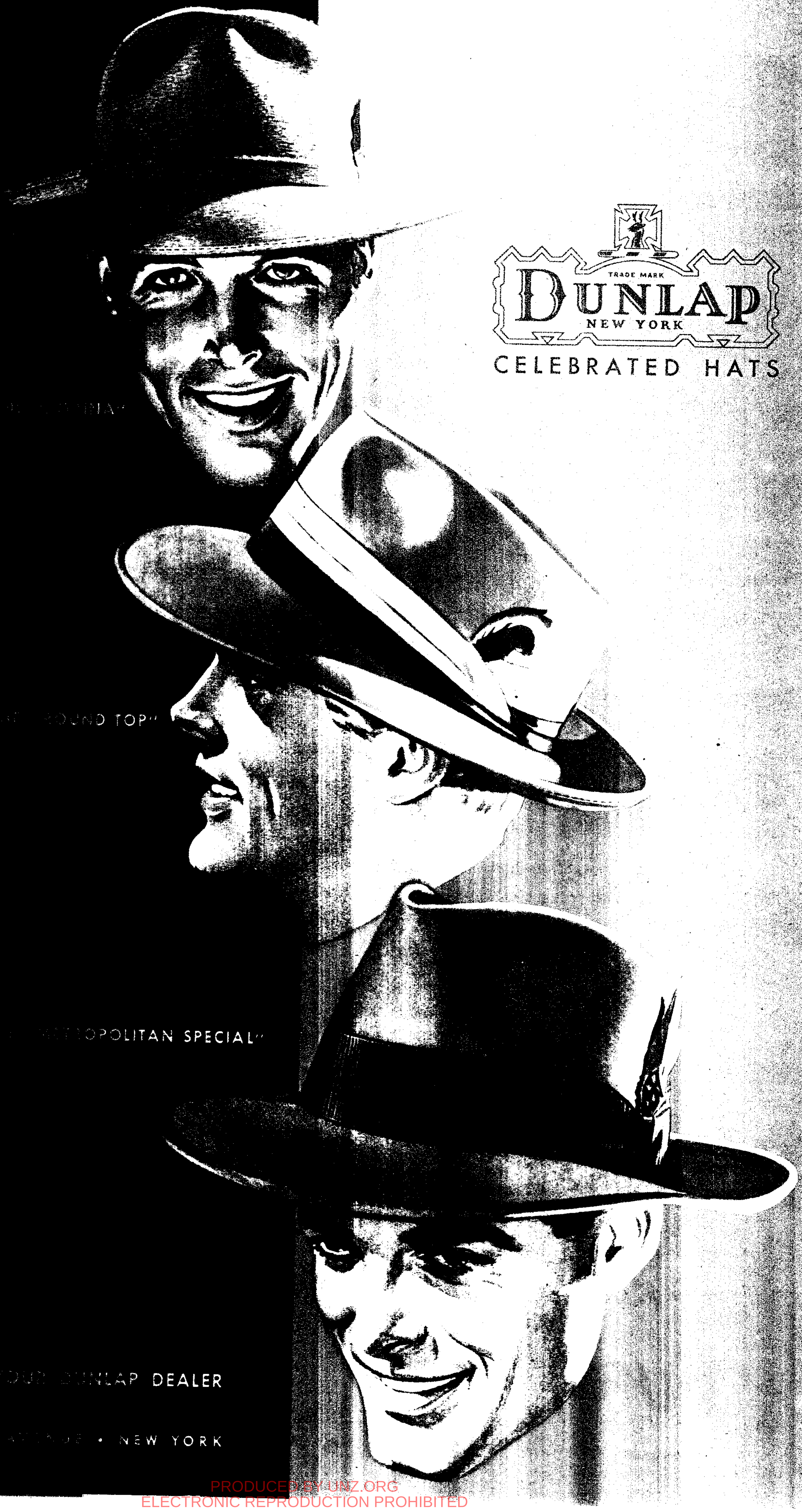
"And when you gits to de shop," the Widow Duck finished emphatically, "you start sharpin' dem plowp'ints as fast as you kin. You got about a hour befo' dark, and you kin sharp a heap in a hour, efn you gits a hump on. Understood?"

B'r Charlie promised.

"You ain't got much sense," the Widow Duck admitted, "but you smart enough to know when Giles got ev'ybody in high gears and he find you holdin' back ev'ybody wid no sharp plows, he'd run you plumb to Jericho."

She stood up and helped B'r Charlie to his own feet. "Now, you git!"

B'r Charlie went. Nothing but his good



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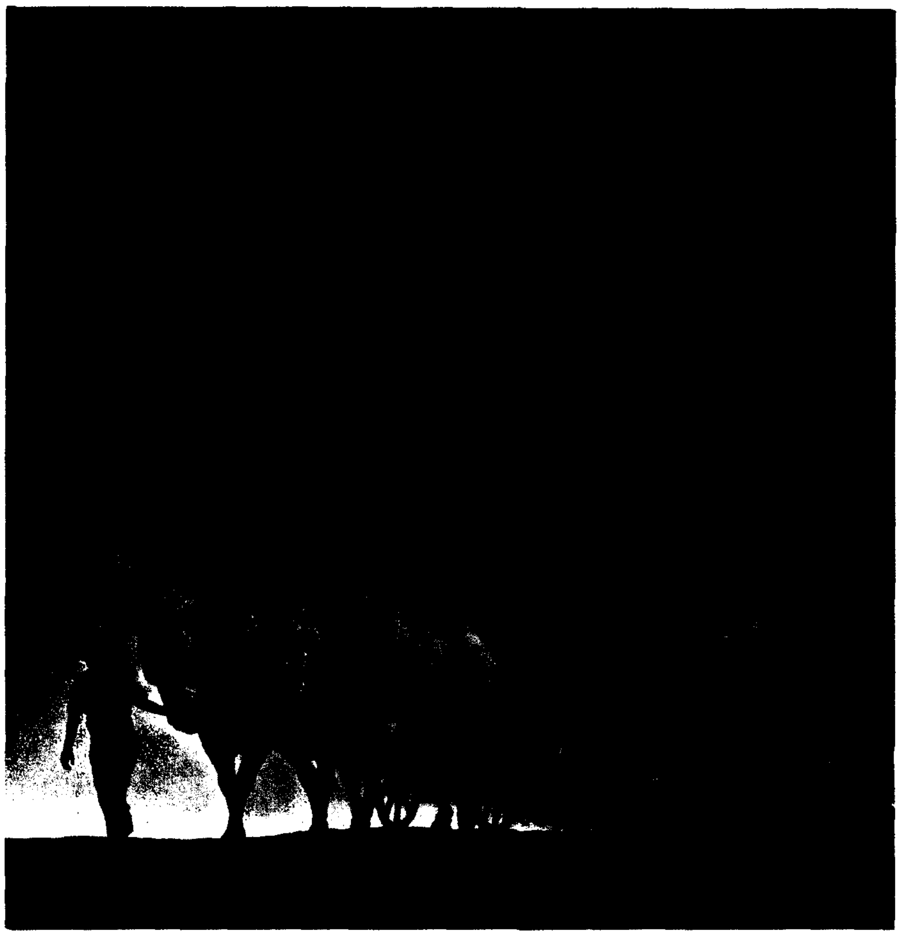

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leg and crutch functioned on the way to the blacksmith shop. Not a thought came into his mind, not an emotion stirred his heart. Not until his tongs had clasped a plowpoint and shoved it into the smoldering fire did his mind and spirit show an indication of life. A repetition of the old feeling came over him.

"Workin' like dis," he told himself stubbornly, "is doin' a sin."

He knew the Widow Duck was telling the truth about what Giles would do to him when he ran short of plowpoints. And he knew that Sissy had acted with maternal justification. But the belief that he was blameless stayed with him. He simply had been misunderstood all around.

However, he went to work with determination. He put his hand on the fan crank and tried to turn it. His muscles refused. Sadly he dragged the plowpoint from the forge and dropped it to the ground. He went to the door and gazed skyward. The sun was still an hour high and shining brightly through the clear heavens.

B'r Charlie sat down and prayed. He did not take the trouble to close his eyes or to kneel.

"Lawd," said B'r Charlie, "You see hit's like dis. When cotton was only fo' cents a pound, ev'ybody worked in high gears to make enough to eat. But dey didn't had no red pants for de womens. Now, maybe red pants ain't no sin. I don't know 'bout dat, Lawd."

B'r Charlie bogged down and stared dumbly toward the setting sun. Time passed. B'r Charlie's mind ached with effort. Presently, gray clouds began to assemble over the sun, sending out rainbow streaks of light. Then the clouds turned darker and the sun hid behind them. A streak of lightning cleaved the heavens, followed by a clap of thunder.

B'r Charlie sniffed. "A late May shower in de middle er June," he commented.

THE rain came with a quick, torrential downpour, but instead of passing quickly, it settled into a steady hard June rain.

Men and teams streamed to the barn from the fields, and the women scurried homeward. The soft, dry earth drank water for a while, but it was not long before water was running from the middles into the ditches.

Giles, hat pulled down and slicker collar turned up, appeared. B'r Charlie noted that the foreman's horse traveled in a lazy fox trot, an indication that Giles was in a relaxed good humor.

"Dis look like a June rain fo' true, B'r Charlie," the foreman called.

"Hit do dat, Mist' Giles," B'r Charlie agreed.

Giles stopped his horse. "Hit might rain like dis all night or all week. Hit don't make me no diff'unce, 'cause us was ready for hit. And by de time hit git dry enough to work agin, de cotton gonter be too big to plow."

"Yassuh, hit will dat," admitted the blacksmith.

"Dat suit me," Giles said happily, "'cause de mules need de rest and hit won't hurt de people. And hit won't hurt de cotton and hit'll do de cawn good."

"Hit will dat."

"So in de next two-three days, when you sort er git yo' wind, you kin start gittin' dem cotton wagons in shape. No hurry, 'cause us won't need 'em to de last er next month. But I wants 'em ready when I needs 'em. Onderstand?"

"Yassuh, Mist' Giles," said B'r Charlie.

After closing his shop for the night, B'r Charlie wrapped up his head with a sack and started home in the rain. As he passed Sissy's cabin, he was hailed.

"Maw-reen," Sissy announced, "done got her a man. One er Reub's boys, name er Henry. Dey aimed to git married up when cotton pickin' was done, but I tole 'em hit wa'n't no need to wait. So dey gonter git married up now. Come on in and say de words."

When B'r Charlie reached home at last, the Widow Duck was sitting on his porch, a small pail in her hand.

"I brang you over a little somethin' to eat," she said. "I figgered you might be a little late gittin' home and cookin' yo' own supper."

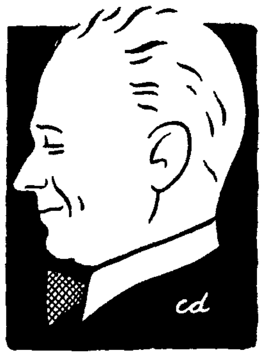
"Thanky kindly, Mis' Duck," said B'r Charlie, but he was puzzled. The Widow Duck ever was kind to him but she seldom brought him food.

When B'r Charlie had shucked his wet clothing and changed to dry, clean clothes, he returned to the porch. "Dis rain," he observed, "is one for de books."

"Hit is for a fack," the Widow Duck agreed. "I didn't b'lieve you had sense enough to pray up a rain like dis. I'd 'a' done hit myse'f, if I'd 'a' thought about hit."

FUNNY-BUSINESS MEN

Self-Portraits of Collier's Cartoonists
No. 33



Christened Chauncey Addison Day shortly after his birth thirty-three years ago in Chatham, N. J., Chon Day worked in several different schools and at eight different jobs before settling down at the Art Students League for two years. After that he married a girl from Pawtucket, R. I., and now has two young sons who inspire him to do cartoons like the one on the opposite page.

"Hunh?" B'r Charlie looked bewildered. "I ain't prayed up no rain. Cou'se de *rain ain't hurtin' nothin'.* Giles say so, hisse'f. But I didn't pray hit up. Do she rain, or do she don't, hit ain't no skin offn my back."

The Widow Duck stared at him. "Hit'd 'a' been skin offn yo' back, efn Giles had hollered for mo' plowp'ints in de *mawnin',*" she reminded him.

B'R CHARLIE had to concentrate hard before he remembered the unfilled box. The moral theory of too much work leading to sin, which had been struggling in his brain all afternoon, had exhausted itself and had finally died in the rusty cells.

"Yeah," B'r Charlie said. "I reckon I sorter got lazy. But," he shrugged and grinned, "mo' rain, mo' rest."

On the way home in the rain, the Widow Duck was puzzled.

"I wonder," she mused, "did B'r Charlie pray up dat rain and den lie to me? Or maybe he raley ain't all dat smart, and de Lawd had pity and rained jest to he'p out His preacher."

Bomber Pilot

Continued from page 11

pilot in the R.A.F.," and about how it felt to be over German territory at night with the responsibility of your crew of five in your hands.

It was a familiar story to me because I know an awful lot of R.A.F. pilots and their stories vary only in details. This kid, I thought, is the typical R.A.F. pilot. The story of this kid, whose name is Pilot Officer Eric Orpin Walsh, is the story of a thousand pilots. Pilot Officer Walsh and thousands like him are the backbone of the R.A.F. There are aces who have knocked down thirty German aircraft. They are exceptions. There are bomber pilots who have been decorated for destroying the Dortmund-Ems Canal and for kicking Templehof Aerodrome around. These, too, are exceptions. But Pilot Officer Eric Walsh is the average ordinary bomber pilot, who goes over German territory or on sea patrols six days or nights a week, week in and week out. A year was spent in his training and this training probably cost Britain $20,000. So listen to his story and realize that the lads who are doing such tremendous feats in the air for England are only ordinary kids after all.

The Lure of Far Places

Eric was born in Toronto and, like all Canadian youngsters, he wanted to be a hockey player. He grew up as Canadian youngsters do, living on the ice ponds outside of Toronto. He was never big but he was sturdy and when he went to the Upper Canada College he played hockey and he played rugby and he boxed.

"I played cricket, too," the kid added. "Don't let anyone tell you cricket is a sissy game. Sure, I played baseball, too, but I'll take cricket. That cricket ball is harder than a baseball, you know."

After he had finished school he got a job as a clerk in a broker's office. Later he was switched to the floor of the mining exchange and then he sold bonds for (if you want the facts) T. H. Harrison and Company. His older brother Arch, meanwhile, was roaming all over the world and the letters he wrote back from places like Singapore and Tangiers and Rio stirred the imagination of the kid. Then Arch landed in England and in his next letter he said that he had joined the R.A.F. Finally, he had passed his preliminary training and then came the day when he wrote to say that he had got his wings.

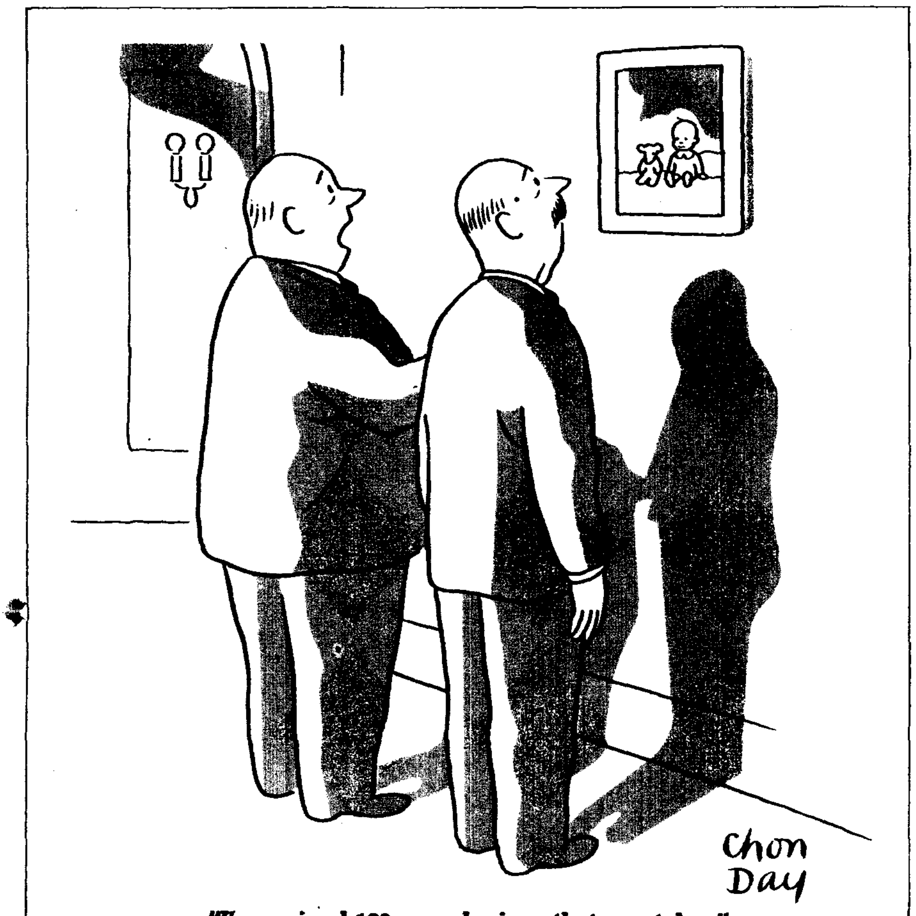
That was enough for Eric. War clouds were in the sky. Eric had never been in an airplane but those letters from Brother Arch had made him thoroughly dissatisfied with selling bonds.

He was accepted and he sailed for England. He passed his medical test and then they took him up. He had to survive this initial test or else take the next boat back. He climbed into the rear cockpit of a two-seater Tiger Moth and a moment later he was air-borne. The pilot took him up and then he did a few stall turns; he dived and he climbed and then he did a loop.

"They give you the works that first day," the kid explained, "to see if you can take it. I wasn't up two minutes before I knew that this was for me. I'd never do anything but fly."

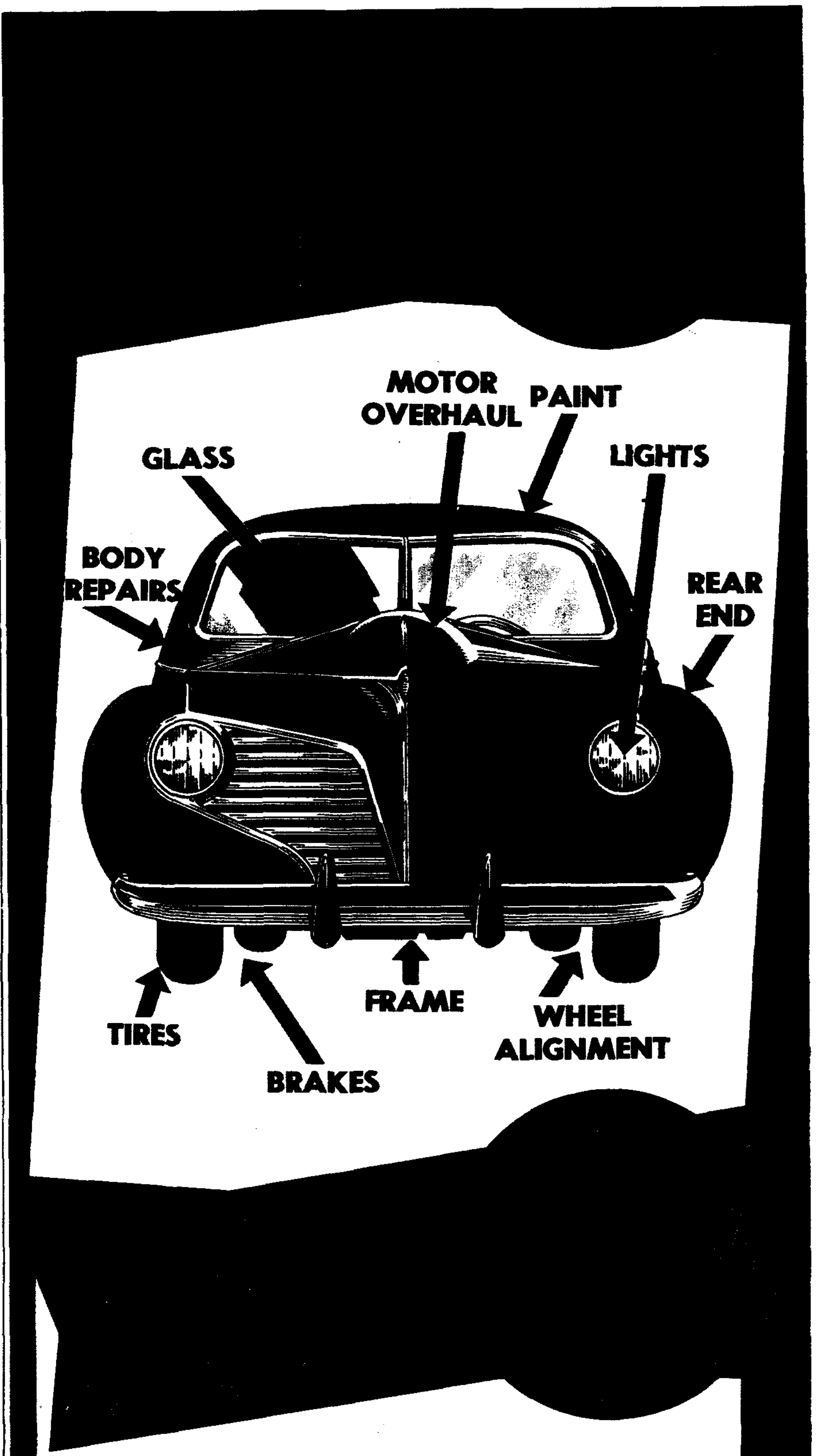
After twelve hours in the Tiger Moth they let him solo. Now he felt that he was a pilot. But no, there was something else. He had to have fifty hours in the Tiger Moth and he had to attend ground school and learn about motors. From there he was sent north to Lincolnshire. Here he had to master more highly powered airplanes and here, too, he had to learn to "act and behave like an officer."

He wore a pilot's uniform but he didn't have his wings yet. To get them he had to pass a difficult written examination. Finally, when he had about two hundred hours, they sent him to the west country to learn about the heavy twin-motored aircraft. In addition he studied navigation and gunnery and bombing



"I've gained 190 pounds since that was taken"

CHON DAY



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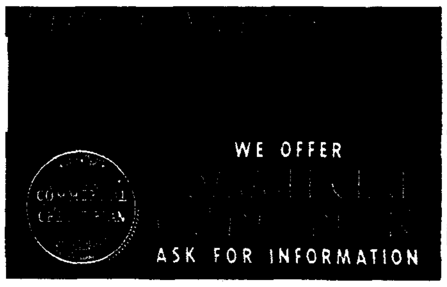
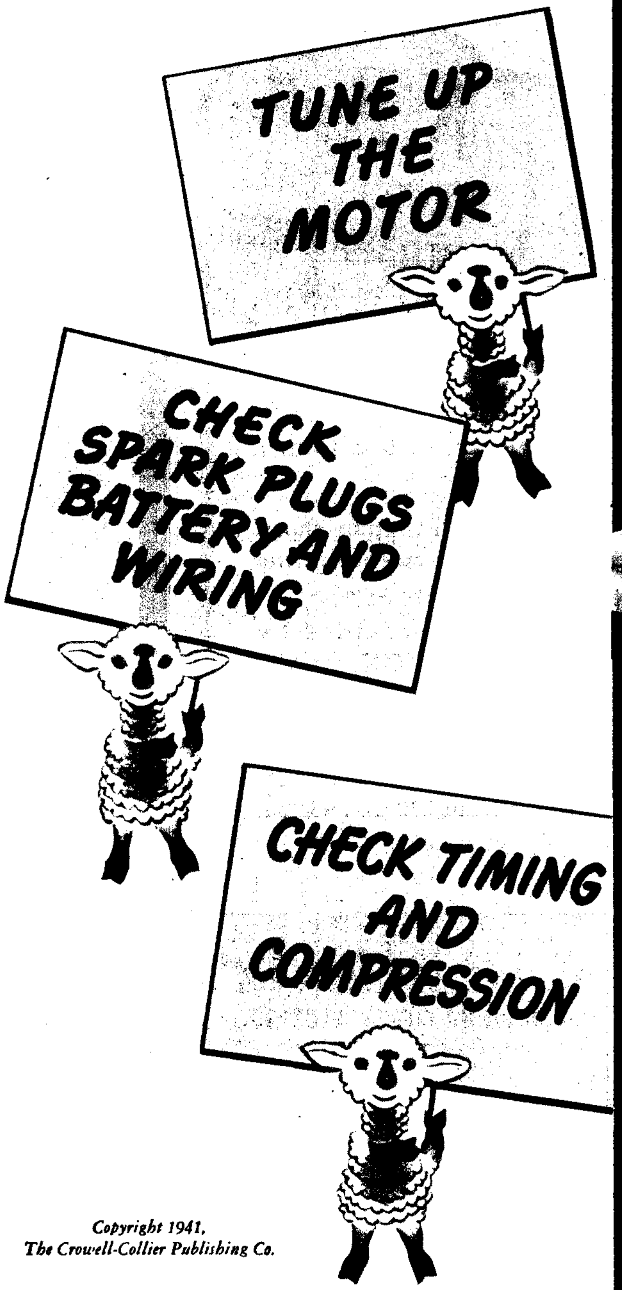


IT'S SPRING


TUNE UP THE MOTOR
CHECK SPARK PLUGS BATTERY AND WIRING
CHECK TIMING AND COMPRESSION

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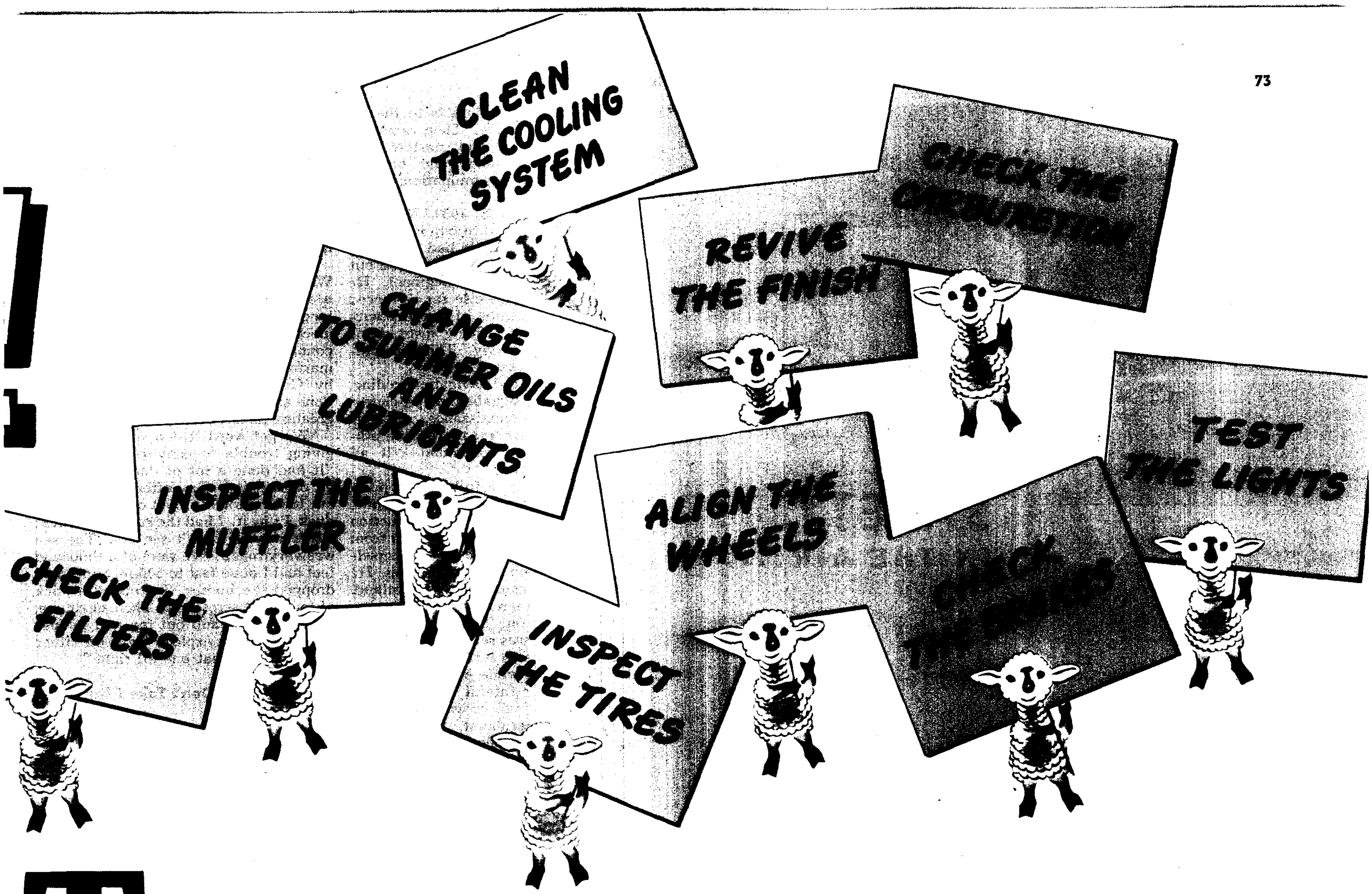

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The modern car achieves such outstanding performance because it is so finely engineered. To be so sensitive in responsiveness requires precision adjustment. And it needs frequent tuning because, like a fine musical instrument, use will get it out of tune.

In putting your car back to its original factory specifications, the service man will check right through the ignition system from the spark plugs to the battery—making important stops at the distributor and the coil, on the way. When he has put all in good order, he will bring the timing to the critical point of greatest fuel economy and power—not by guess but by scientific instrument.

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With the touch of a concert violinist bringing his instrument to pitch, the service man will tune the carburetion. Trouble at this point can be costly in loss of power and loss of mileage. The carburetor handles about 70 gallons of gas and 100,000 cubic feet of air every 1,000 miles. You can't afford to have such an important device even slightly out of whack, any more than you can afford not to use high-test gasoline.

Before leaving this "department," the winter oils and lubricants should be replaced with summer grades. The oil filter should be given a nice fresh, clean element and the air filter should be cleaned. Finally, the exhaust system should be checked to see that there are no leaks or poor connections.

The Running Gear

The wheel alignment is an important part of the Spring Tune-up. Wheels get knocked out of line in the regular course of travel—but winter roads deliver the worst blows. Alignment and balance are scientifically checked by the service man and when the wheels are put back to their original factory specifications, you get greater tire mileage along with easier steering and more pleasant riding.

The Cooling System

By all means, see that the anti-freeze is drained out of the cooling system and the inside of the radiator cleaned. But don't stop there. See that the fan belt, radiator hose and gaskets are in good condition to carry you through the summer.

Safety and Protection

Under this classification, you will have the brakes tested and balanced. You will want your lights adjusted, cleaned and renewed, if necessary. You will want the tires checked for anti-skid tread and for the condition of the tubes. Finally, you will want this tuned-up car to look as good as it runs and this calls for the scientific cleaning of the finish, plus waxing and polishing to give it both beauty and protection.

The Complete Job

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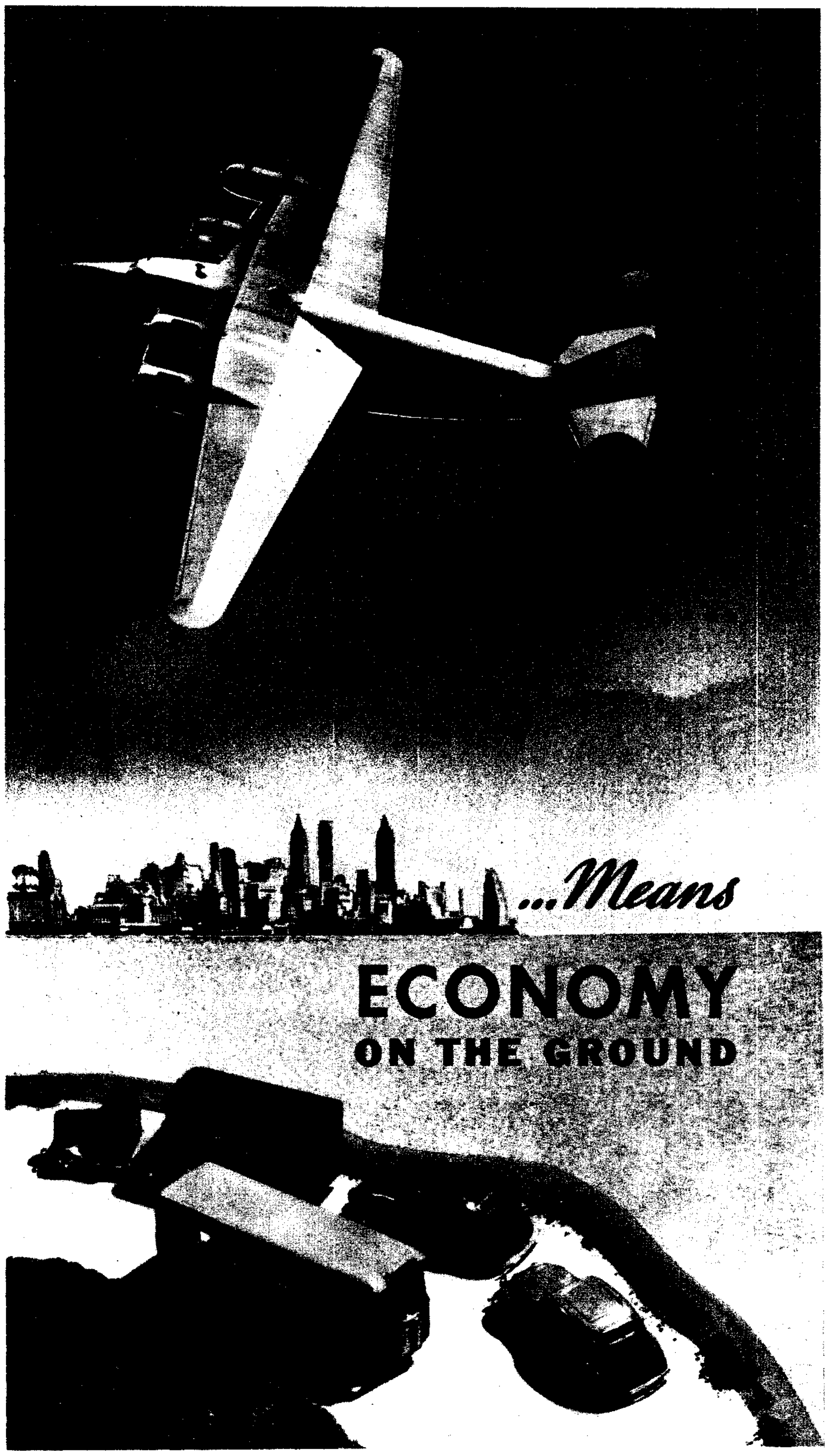

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tactics and similar adjuncts to the pilot's trade in wartime. Then came the great day when he had mastered the twin-motored airplanes and he had passed his written examination. They gave him his wings.

Came September 3, 1939. War was declared. Eric longed to hop into a kite and soar into battle. He had his wings, didn't he? He was surprised to find out that he was still only a beginner. He was sent somewhere else for advanced courses. Five months of it there with both classroom and flying instructions for eight hours a day. Thirteen subjects had to be mastered.

"Really, advanced navigation, coding, ship recognition, signaling, maps, charts, photography, reconnaissance, methods of recognizing harbors; there were others, too," the kid explained. "It all comes in handy now."

The kid was now a full-fledged pilot. The R.A.F. had given him a year's time. It had given him the best instruction possible. All he would have to do from now on would be to apply the knowledge that had been imparted to him. He was sent to a command in Scotland. Then Germany marched into Norway—and the war was on. The kid (and thousands like him) was ready.

The kid will never forget his first combat flight. For a while he had to act as copilot. On this fateful morning even the commanding officer was a little excited. The Scharnhorst, the German battle cruiser, had been located off the coast of Norway. This was the target for the day. One flight of three took off. They never found the Scharnhorst.

Then the second flight, under the command of Squadron Leader Feeny, took off. Eric was in this flight. Feeny was a good man. He led them right to the target. The Scharnhorst was off Bergen and she was escorted by six destroyers.

"We were at 11,000 feet," the kid says, remembering it as though it were yesterday. "The destroyers started throwing ack-ack up at us. It burst all around. We flew right through it and dropped our bombs across the Scharnhorst. Then we started looking for clouds. They were a long way off. Forty-five Messerschmitts came from nowhere. That's a lot of Messerschmitts.

"By now we three were separated. It was every man for himself. We beetled off fast for those clouds. Two Messerschmitts came at us dead ahead. They missed us and, as they passed, our rear gunner sent in a burst at one of them. Then we were in the clouds. We made our landfall all right. But they got Squadron Leader Feeny. The third plane? It was shot up badly and it crashed when it landed, but nobody was hurt."

It wasn't long before Pilot Officer Eric Walsh was on his own. Now he had a copilot. The coastal command has a long range and a variety of duties. It meets and protects convoys; it does reconnaissance work; it does an antisubmarine patrol; it bombs coasts occupied by Germany. Before long, Eric had done all of these things. Then came his greatest thrill of all.

"We got word that a submarine was giving trouble to convoys," Eric says. "It had done a lot of damage; sunk a lot of shipping. Day after day we went out looking for it. Then one day, about dusk, I saw it. I had the sun to my back; that's why he didn't see me. The sea was very rough. We were at a thousand feet and I dove fast to 500 feet and then dropped the bombs. I dropped a stick of four right across her. Then, of course, I was past the sub but my rear gunner saw the bombs explode right on either side. We got that one all right."

It's Simple—Don't Take Chances

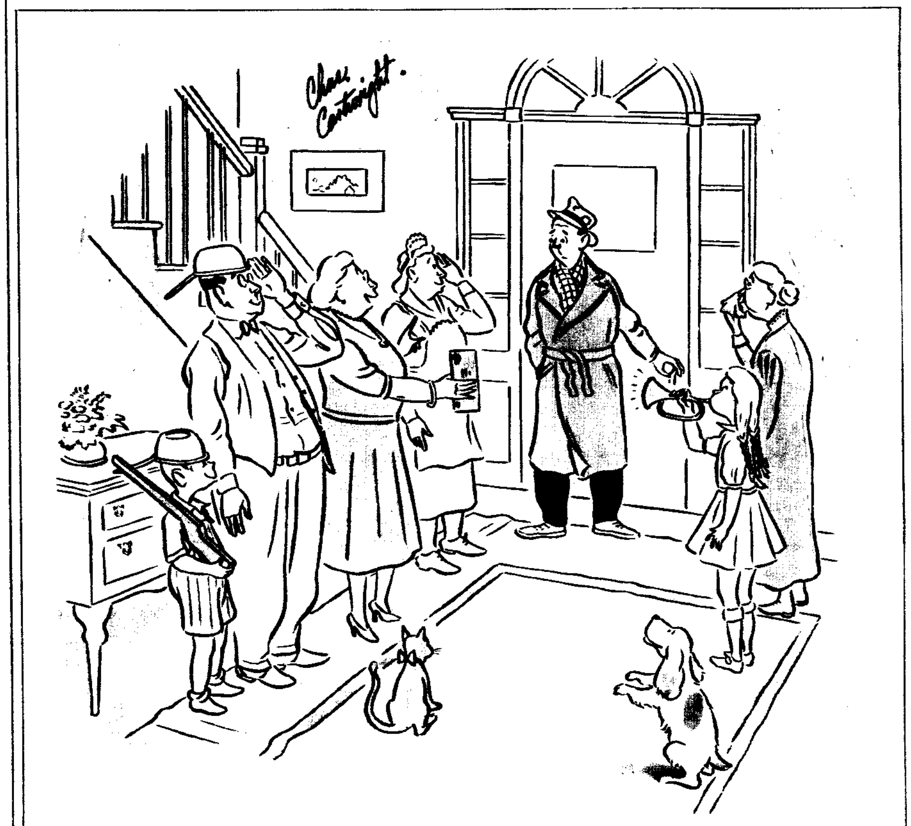
It's routine now with Eric. He's been shifted to nightwork. It's a cinch compared with day bombing, he says. Now he goes over Norway bombing groups of shipping on the coast, bombing places like Stavanger and Bergen and Lister. It's a cinch at night unless the weather is bad.

"It isn't much fun then," Eric says. "It's easy to get lost over Norway. And on the way home we listen to music from the German radio. It's good music, too."

When he joined his squadron he was the kid of the outfit. One by one the senior officers have gone. Now Eric is the veteran.

"No reason to get killed," Eric says earnestly. "Just don't take any chances. I'm coming out of this war and I'm going to get a job flying a nice big transport plane. I don't take any chances."

"Sure, kid," I told him. "You don't take any chances."


Chas. Cartwright.

"Calvin, guess what the postman brought you today!"

CHARLES CARTWRIGHT

A Letter to Americans

Continued from page 15

declared in Europe, the interventionists advocated, and obtained, the revision of our Neutrality Act. They persuaded us that we could sell arms on a "cash and carry" basis without becoming involved in the war ourselves. They were emphatic in saying that no one asked us to lend money, or to send troops abroad. Their next step "short of war" was the demand that aircraft, cannon, destroyers and other munitions be taken from the American Army, Navy and Air Corps, and transferred to the French and British forces in Europe. In this, too, we acquiesced. Then we began to hear it whispered that we were already too far in the war to back out—whispered by the very people who had advocated the steps "short of war" which involved us. Now we are told that we have not done enough; that there must be no limit to our assistance; that we must be the "arsenal of democracy" for the entire world, lending, leasing or giving all the resources of our nation, if necessary, to the cause of the British empire. (And here it is interesting to note that the cause of the British empire does not prevent us, as the "arsenal of democracy," from supplying arms to Russia, though she be both an aggressor nation and a totalitarian state.) The advocates of intervention are beginning to forget the qualifying phrase "short of war." The more daring among them are openly discussing an American Expeditionary Force for Europe.

Along with steps "short of war" has gone a supporting campaign of propaganda. Our country has been full of it for many months—a propaganda as subtle, insidious and effective to date as that which led us into the last war. Before we entered war in 1917 we were told, as we are being told today, that American troops would not be needed. Then, after we declared war, we were asked for a "token" division to fight in Europe. But we ended up with more than 2,000,000 soldiers overseas, and a war debt that has not yet been paid.

BRITISH propaganda in the United States attempts to persuade us that Great Britain will win the war, provided she receives somewhat more help than we have, up to this moment, given her. Coupled with this has been a campaign to convince us that a British victory is essential to American security. It is taken for granted that we would not be willing to take part in a war which we felt would be unsuccessful. Consequently, news releases from London minimize all German successes and exaggerate all British successes. They avoid any discussion of war aims, peace terms or how England can win now that Germany has defeated France and controls the continent of Europe. This is simply the ABC of wartime propaganda. It is carried on by both sides in a war. I am discussing British propaganda because it is that to which we have been subjected and therein lies the danger of our involvement. There is certainly no danger of our fighting on Germany's side, and her propaganda in America has been relatively ineffective.

To be specific again, you will remember that even before hostilities commenced, factual statements concerning the growing military strength of Germany were bitterly attacked by the pro-British press. Those of us who saw the growth of the German air force were severely assailed because of the reports we made describing it, although these reports now turn out to have been almost unforgivably conservative. Then, you recall that when the Germans invaded Austria, it was claimed by the propagandists that their mechanized divisions broke down; that the workmanship on their tanks, trucks, engines, etc., was too inferior to operate successfully in a major war. German aircraft were said to be weakly constructed; there was a shortage of pilots, raw materials and fuel. We were told that Germany did not have sufficient food to wage a war. And in addition to all this, internal conditions were said to be so bad that the German people would start a revolution rather than fight again.

IF YOU question the accuracy of my statement that we have been misinformed through propaganda, I ask you to glance through our daily newspapers since the war began. If you are pressed for time, take any one of the major campaigns—Poland, Finland, Norway, Holland, Belgium and France. You will find that we, in America, were misinformed about these campaigns until the actual military position made it impossible to hide the facts any longer. Do you remember when we were informed over the radio that the French army had penetrated the Siegfried Line in five different places? Do you recall the headlines of battles raging on the western front during the winter of 1939-40—battles we now know were never fought? Were we told how desperate the Finnish position was before the final breakthrough of the Russian army? Do you remember how, after reading day after day of Allied successes in Norway, and how Germany had put her neck in a noose, we were startled by the announcement that the Allies were evacuating all of their forces? Who was it said the Maginot Line was impregnable; that bombing planes were no match for the British navy; that England had the submarine menace well in hand, and had already "won the battle of the air"?

The propagandists who made these claims do not bother to explain them. They know that people forget quickly, and they are too busy leading us along with new fallacies. They must confuse America's desire to aid England with our desire to stay out of the war. They must convince our people that England is winning the war in Europe, even though she has lost every major engagement in which she participated—that all she needs is more help than we have, up to that moment, given her; and that if we *should* get into the war, it would not be necessary to send troops. They must build up the element of fear in America. They must persuade us that if England loses, we are not strong enough to defend ourselves; that we may be invaded by aircraft from the Greenland ice cap, or even by transatlantic parachute troops descending on our city streets. They have already led us far along the road to war—the same road that we traveled in 1917; then too at their behest.

But there is one all-important difference between the European war when we entered it in 1917 and the European war today. It is this difference which must be brought to the attention of every American, for the entire future of our nation hangs upon it. It is, that when we entered the last war we could see how victory could be won, but today we cannot. In 1917, the Central Powers were fighting France and Great Britain in the west, Russia in the east, and Italy in the south. The German armies had already suffered severe reverses. Even Japan had entered the war on the Allied side.

In 1941, however, we face an entirely

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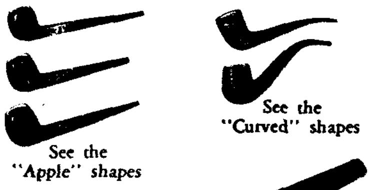
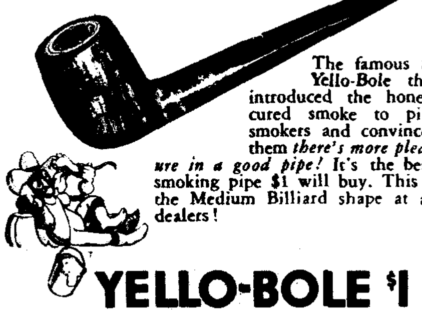
It's all ready to smoke when you buy it . . . tastes MILD and fragrant as soon as you light it

Can you imagine a pipe that really starts right off being *mellow*, with no such thing as *breaking-in?* Well, that's what the honey-treatment does, in Imperial . . . the sage honey that's sprayed and brushed into the bowl. While you can't taste the honey (because its flavor is discreetly "blended" in the smoke-flavor) it's gentler, milder, more fragrant and mellow! And right away, the honey makes a soft, flavory cake, in this imported Mediterranean Briar . . . that gives every smoke that mellow goodness you expect *only* from an expensive pipe you've smoked for years! (There's a swell "inside-story" in Imperial, too. An invention in the stem that's a double-condensor, and little bowl-reamer, too!) Get Imperial today . . . *it's the best-smoking pipe you can buy for $1.50!*


See the "Apple" shapes

See the "Curved" shapes


The famous $1 Yello-Bole that introduced the honey-cured smoke to pipe smokers and convinced them *there's more pleasure in a good pipe!* It's the best-smoking pipe $1 will buy. This is the Medium Billiard shape at all dealers!

YELLO-BOLE $1

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different situation. Germany has conquered France. She has an alliance with Italy, Russia and Japan—three hundred million people. Her armies control the coast of Europe from Spain to the Arctic Ocean. British shipping losses are already of the utmost seriousness, and the major ports and industrial centers of England have been heavily bombed.

The fact is that America is not in a position to wage a successful war in Europe under present conditions. We, ourselves, are not prepared, and even if we were, where would we send our soldiers to fight? How are we to force a landing on the European continent against the prepared positions of the strongest military power in the world? If the British, French and Belgian armies combined could not hold the fortifications they had spent years in building along the German border, how can we be expected to cross the Atlantic Ocean and invade the continent of Europe against the opposition of the same army, navy and air force that thrust the British fleet from the coast of Norway, and broke the Maginot Line?

The people who shouted for England and France to declare war in 1939 called for suicide and defeat. Because of their hysteria and blindness, the bravest men of France and England marched to disaster and to death. While the intellectuals of Europe preached of Christianity, democracy and idealism, they threw a wave of human flesh against a fortified concrete line—without adequate guns, or tanks, or aircraft even for defense, to say nothing of attack.

Has this attitude of life succeeded? Has it gained freedom for France or security for England? Has it stamped out aggression or heightened civilization? Has democracy gained or has it lost through such leadership? These are questions that we in America must answer. With failure in Europe before our eyes, shall we follow this same course? Shall we throw ourselves into war in a fervor of idealism, shouting about how we think the world *should* be run? Or shall we discuss calmly how our objectives can be accomplished, and *adequately* prepare ourselves to reach them?

PERSONALLY, I believe that by our withdrawal from Europe after the last war, and our failure to prepare for this one many years ago, we are already committed to a policy of military "isolation." I believe that if we abandon this policy at the present time, we are courting national disaster, just as France and England courted disaster when they, unprepared, declared war over the German invasion of Poland. A nation cannot change overnight from an attitude of peace to an attitude of war. It takes many years of planning and preparation before great military strength can be attained. I believe it is not any longer a question of what we *wish* to do in this war, but rather one of what we *can* do. I believe that for us to enter the conflict in Europe at this time would result in defeat and humiliation. If we are to enter such a conflict successfully, then we must prepare for it not for one year or for two, but for ten years or for twenty as Germany has done.

On the other hand, I believe that we can build a military and commercial position on this continent that is impregnable to attack, and which will force other nations to trade with us, if through expediency alone. Even if America intended eventually to dominate the entire world, as some people now seem to want us to do, I would say that our first step should be to consolidate our defenses at home, so that we could prepare ourselves in safety for our adventures beyond the seas.

Every difficulty we would have in invading Europe would be an advantage for us in defending America. Our armies would be fighting on home soil, our Navy would be close to its bases, our air force could strike with its utmost effect. It would be the enemy's problem, not ours, to cross the ocean with millions of troops and their supplies, to pass by our submarines, our battleships, and our bombing planes, and to force a landing on American shores against the guns of our coast artillery and our Army.

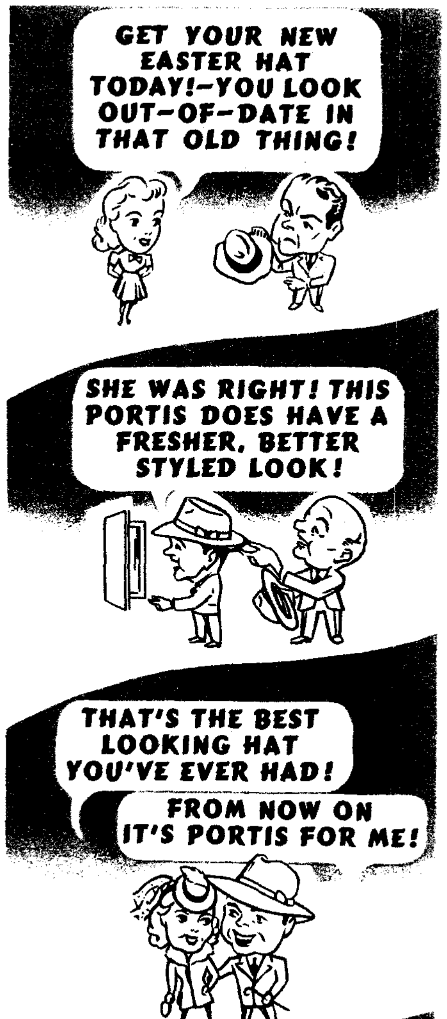
When England could not hold the coast of Norway against the German air force; when the British navy dared not remain in the Skagerrak, or even permanently in the North Sea; when the German military machine, after crashing through the Maginot Line and routing the French army and the British expeditionary force, has been held up for nine months by twenty-five miles of English Channel—how is any navy to approach the shores of America and land an invading army against the combined resistance of our military forces?

THERE has been much discussion of an air invasion of America. This is partially due to propaganda, partially to hysteria and partially, I believe, to a misconception of the so-called "air invasions" of Norway and Holland by the German air force. Personally, although I think the effectiveness of military aviation is still underestimated, I do not believe there is the slightest danger of a purely air invasion of America now, or at any time we can now foresee. To begin with, the distance across the oceans is far too great to permit the air transport of armies large enough to invade us successfully, even if one assumes that they had a place to land unopposed by our own military forces. But, aside from the question of distance, we should be reassured by the fact that there has never been a successful invasion by air alone. The outstanding examples of the use of aviation for invasion of enemy territory occurred during the German occupations of Norway and Holland. But in each of these instances, the landing of troops by air was carried on simultaneously with the movement of ground and naval forces on a major scale. The maximum number of troops that could have been transported and supplied by air would have been ineffective without the immediate support of a ground army. If air invasion alone could be successful, it would have been used by the Germans against England many months ago.

But what about the northern routes, cry the alarmists; won't we be invaded by way of Greenland and Alaska, where the distances between land are short? Possibly the best answer to this question is in the form of another: Why, if these northern routes are so advantageous, do you suppose the commercial airlines to Europe and Asia prefer the great overwater distances farther south? The answer is that ice and fog and bitter cold still force men southward in their quests of commerce and of war. Except in adventure and exploration, men follow the routes which offer the greatest safety and require the least effort—and these are not in the north.

Of all the transatlantic air routes, the simplest to fly is the one that lies between Africa and South America. This fact is being used today in much of the war propaganda we hear. German airplanes, we are told, will fly to Africa by the thousands, hop across the ocean to South America, refuel and fly up and invade the United States.

Leaving aside the problems that would have to be solved in Europe and Africa before thousands of German airplanes could take off on such a venture,



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let us consider what preparations would have to be made for their arrival in South America—in Brazil, to be specific. There would have to be dozens of previously prepared airdromes, equipped with tanks and fuel and crews of skilled mechanics. All of the men and supplies required would have to be transported by sea. In fact many ocean transports and tens of thousands of workmen would have to be busy for months before the necessary landing facilities could be arranged. So that when anyone speaks of an air invasion via Africa and South America, he presupposes that Germany has won the war in Europe; that the countries she has conquered are either so well satisfied or so completely subdued that she is able to devote her attention to an interhemispherical struggle (with Asia always at her back door); that she has Africa also well in hand; and finally that she has, in opposition to the armed forces of Brazil backed by our own Army, Navy and Air Corps, been able to construct and supply the necessary airdromes in eastern South America.

After that, of course, it is still farther from eastern Brazil to the continent of North America than it was from Germany originally, so other groups of air bases would have to be established, farther north, before enemy planes based in South America would have any advantage over enemy planes based on their home airports in Europe. And since there are no railroads through that portion of South America, these bases too would have to be established by sea.

No, the more one studies the problem, the more obvious it becomes that an air invasion of America is entirely out of the question. Invading forces would have to come by sea, and if they made such an attempt, it would be our American aviation that flew out to meet them and did the raiding,

Of all the nations in the world, we hold the most impregnable position of defense. We have highly developed industries, great national resources and a population of one hundred and thirty million people upon which to draw. There is not a nation in this hemisphere strong enough even to consider attacking us. We are flanked by the Atlantic Ocean on the east, and the Pacific on the west. In the north, we are protected by the wastelands of the Arctic. Where in all history, has a nation been similarly blessed? Then why in our maturity any more than in our youth, "Why, by interweaving our destiny with that of any part of Europe, entangle our peace and prosperity in the toils of European ambition, rivalship, interest, humor or caprice?"

IT IS often asked today why our rearmament program moves so slowly, why our people are so divided and confused. Why, indeed! The answer is clear. It is because we have neglected the wisdom and experience of our forefathers—we have not followed Washington's advice. We have let the destiny of America become confused and entangled with that of foreign lands. Our leaders have attempted to transfer loyalty for our own country to loyalty for a "part of Europe." One portion of our people has attempted to force its ideas about Europe upon another portion of our people—to inject into our midst today the very quarrels of the Old World that our forefathers left behind.

We, in America, should not be discussing whether we will enter the war that England declared in Europe. We should not be wasting our time arguing about whether it is cheaper to defend someone else than to defend ourselves. We should not be conscripting our youth for a foreign war they do not wish to fight. We should all be marching together toward one clear and commonly accepted goal—the independent destiny of America. If we desire unity and strength among our people, we must turn our eyes back from these everlasting wars of Europe—back to our own country, to the clear horizons of a great American future. Let us learn from the errors made by the democracies abroad, and not repeat them. Let us give thanks to the generations of Americans before us who won and maintained the independence of our nation against far greater dangers than we face today. Let us dedicate ourselves to guarding that independence that we may pass it on to the future in even greater security than we received it from the past. It is by building our own strength and character at home—not by crusading abroad—that we can contribute most to civilization throughout the world.

If you believe that we should not enter this war, your help is needed vitally by those of us who stand against our intervention. The policy of our nation is still influenced by the desires of its people. You can help us by organizing mass meetings against our entry into the war. You can help by attending such mass meetings. You can help by writing to your congressmen, to your senator and to your local newspaper, telling them of your views. Such letters have more influence than most people realize. But if you stand with us against war, you must act now or it will be forever too late. It is not enough to write once. Write every time an issue arises—several letters each week until this crisis has passed. Demand of your representatives that they oppose our entry into the war and be on guard against these steps that will inevitably lead us to it. It is worth all the effort we can give. Our future, our children's future, our country's future, all that we hold worth while is in the balance.

I HAVE one last request, and then this letter is ended. Before you make your final decision, reason through for yourself what war would mean to this country. Demand a practical plan from those who preach of defending democracy throughout the world. Ask them to explain how we are to invade successfully the continent of Europe—how we are to impose our ideology on the peoples of Germany, Russia, Italy and Japan combined against us. Insist on an answer that is clear—couched in terms of soldiers killed and years of war. Stop them from telling you what *should be done,* and make them demonstrate to you what we have the *ability to do.* Ask them to define our war aims; our plan of defense and of attack. And if someone says that such questions must be left to "experts," ask them: To what experts? To the same experts who, for the last twenty years, led France to defeat and England to ruin? To the same experts who have created the greatest national debt in American history, and still left us a nation unprepared in the midst of a world at war? To the same experts who failed either to maintain peace or to prepare for war? No, such leadership will never make us a strong and victorious nation. It will not carry us successfully through these periods of war and crises. If our American ideals are to survive, it will not be through the narcotic of a foreign war, but through a reawakening of the spirit that brought this nation into existence. It will be only if you, and I, and people like us, take the reins in hand once more, as our forefathers have done in times of crisis.

The future of America, of our way of life and of western civilization itself lies not so much in the outcome of these wars abroad as in the action that *we* take *now* here in our own country. In this action, your help is urgently and immediately needed.

INLITE TAKES HOLD and Death Takes a Holiday

3500 POUNDS OF STEEL-ON-WHEELS start down the steepest test hill ever built . . . disaster is a split-second away until Inlite Brake Lining takes hold and death takes a holiday, as the test driver safely stops the car with his foot brake alone.

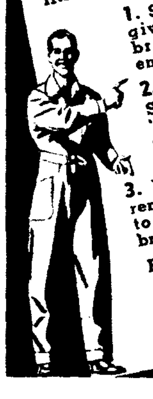
PICTURE THE SETTING of this thrilling brake lining test recently conducted on the steepest test hill ever built. Here is a hill that's too steep to walk up or down . . . too steep for a passenger car to climb . . . a hill with more than twice the grade of any hill that you are likely to face in normal driving.

Suddenly, the dare-devil test driver heads the car for somewhere below. Disaster is a split-second away . . . until Inlite Brake Lining takes hold as the fearless driver stops the car with his foot brake alone.

This spectacular Inlite demonstration proves why great automobile makers depend on Inlite. You can do likewise!

Don't take chances on your brakes! Have them checked today by your neighborhood garageman, brake serviceman or car dealer. Ask him to install on your car the same Inlite top-quality brake lining that's original factory equipment on 1941 passenger cars and trucks.

Remember, when only a perfect stop is good enough, Inlite gives you all the brakes. Get Inlite under your feet and go safely every day.



WHEN ONLY A PERFECT STOP IS GOOD ENOUGH INLITE GIVES YOU ALL THE BRAKES

1. SMOOTH ACTING INLITE gives uniform, positive brake performance under emergency conditions.

2. HEAT AND WATER RESISTANT INLITE lets you "soft pedal" to a safe, smooth stop without grab, slip, squeak, or score.

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INLITE BRAKE LININGS

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CLEAN OUT CAR RADIATOR WITH SANI-FLUSH

When you remove anti-freeze—clean out rust, scale and sediment too! Water circulates freely. You may save expensive trouble. Just use 10c worth of Sani-Flush. (25c for the largest truck or tractor.)

Do the job yourself—or have your service station do it. Plain water isn't enough. Insist on Sani-Flush. Can't harm aluminum cylinder heads. It's used in most bathrooms for cleaning toilet bowls. (*Directions on can.*) Sold by grocery, drug, hardware and 5-and-10c stores. 10c and 25c sizes. The Hygienic Products Co., Canton, Ohio.

Sani-Flush

CLEANS OUT RADIATORS

MANY NEVER SUSPECT CAUSE OF BACKACHES

This Old Treatment Often Brings Happy Relief

Many sufferers relieve nagging backache quickly, once they discover that the real cause of their trouble may be tired kidneys.

The kidneys are Nature's chief way of taking the excess acids and waste out of the blood. They help most people pass about 3 pints a day.

When disorder of kidney function permits poisonous matter to remain in your blood, it may cause nagging backache, rheumatic pains, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, headaches and dizziness.

Don't wait! Ask your druggist for Doan's Pills, used successfully by millions for over 40 years. They give happy relief and will help the 15 miles of kidney tubes flush out poisonous waste from your blood. Get Doan's Pills.

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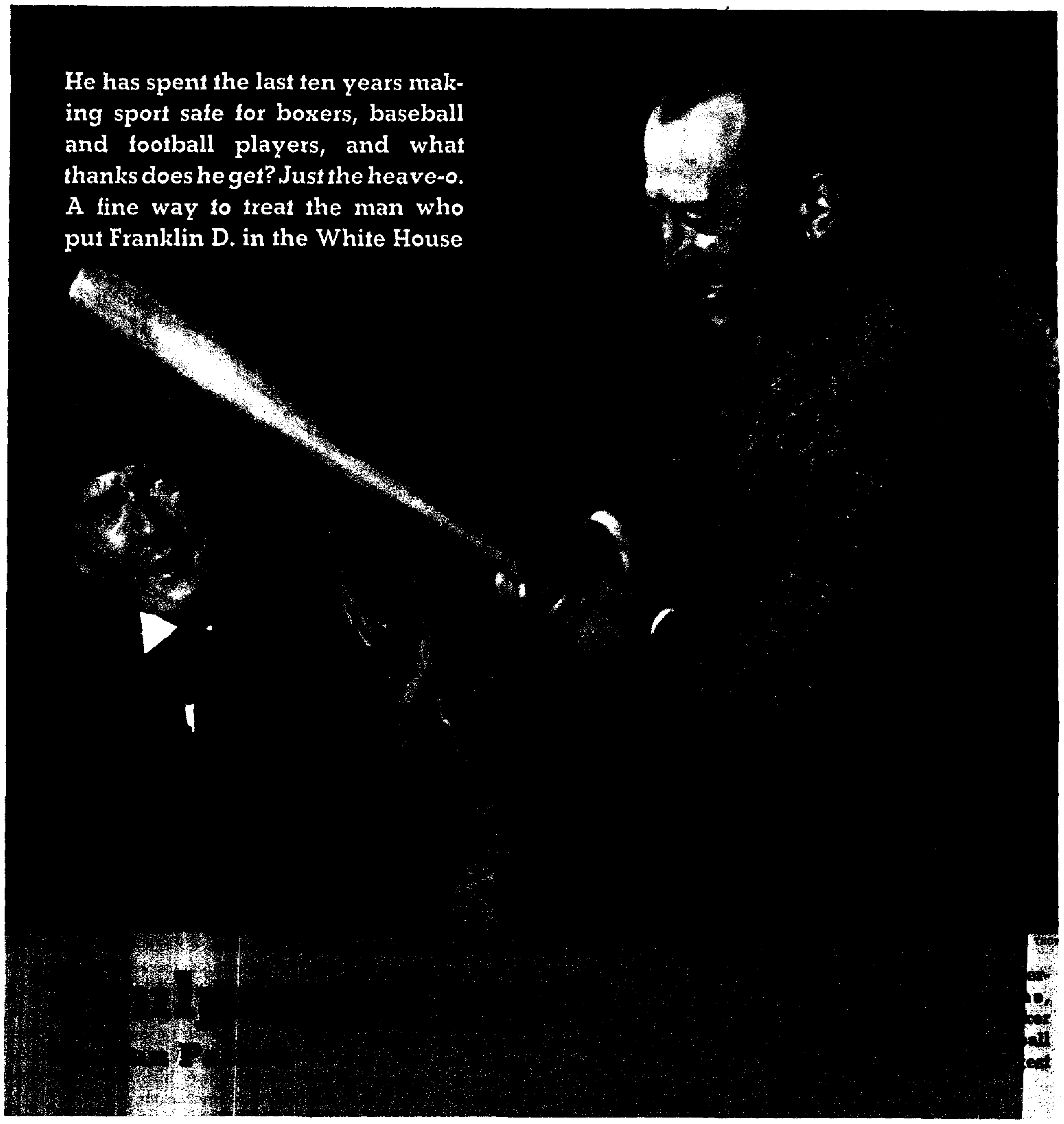

He has spent the last ten years making sport safe for boxers, baseball and football players, and what thanks does he get? Just the heave-o. A fine way to treat the man who put Franklin D. in the White House

DID I ever tell you how I saved boxing, Lord forgive me, and put Franklin D. Roosevelt in the White House?" asks Foulproof Taylor. "No? Well, I'll tell you. It was like this:"

And then, although you didn't ask him, the self-confessed savior of boxing and maker of Presidents will tell you anyway. He also will tell you about his inventions: A foulproof device for boxers, a foulproof cap for ballplayers, a foulproof skullcap for hockey players and a foulproof brassière for girls who play softball.

James Philip Taylor is an intense little man in his early fifties with keen, blue eyes, a shock of silver-gray hair that stands up like a Zulu's and an indomitable spirit. He has a firm conviction that there is a huge conspiracy to defeat his one-man campaign to make the world foulproof.

A persecution complex may account for this state of mind but there is really something to Foulproof's claim that he saved a sport and made a President. Like the ammunition China gets over the Burma Road, this may be far-fetched. But Taylor really helped to save boxing in New York State back in 1930 when the foul ending of the Sharkey-Schmeling heavyweight-championship bout threatened to kill the fight racket. And, in doing so, he helped to make Jim Farley a national figure. In turn, Farley made Franklin D. Roosevelt President of the United States. Therefore, Foulproof Taylor put Roosevelt in the White House. Q. E. D.

Foulproof was born in Manchester, England, the son of an Irish telegrapher and an American mother from Columbus, Ohio. A telegrapher by trade and in his youth a big-league soccer player with the Manchester City Reserves, Taylor has never boxed nor has boxing had anything to do with his invention of the device that saved it.

'Twas while twittering in the chorus of the Metropolitan opera as a male canary in 1926 that Taylor found his true life's mission. In one of the scenes of an opera in which he sang and brandished a spear menacingly at a baritone, Foulproof was "roughed up" at every performance and finally injured. For self-protection, thereafter, he wore a shock-absorbing device of his own invention, hastily contrived in the cellar workshop of his home in Flatbush. The wave of fouls which came at the crest of the boxing boom in the late 1920's gave Foulproof his cue, sending him on the trail of a fortune that so far has eluded him.

Fouled by Misfortune

After a dozen years in the business of making the world foulproof, he has made several lawyers and a rival for the foulproof business rich, but he still retains his amateur standing, with nothing to show for his efforts but several scrapbooks loaded with goofy publicity.

Taylor has been fouled 10,000 times at his own request. He has been crowned with baseball bats wielded by some of the nation's leading sluggers. Many's the concrete wall he has crack butting it like an enraged billy goat. B at fifty-three, he still has all his butto looks at least fifteen years younger th he is and, despite his persecution co plex, hasn't been licked by the ma adversities that have sprung up in path.

Foulproof Taylor is strictly a no conformist. Everything about him original, even the world's champions he won in Calgary, Alberta, back in 19 and still holds. This is the sack-ra title at one ninth of a mile, his time which, still the world's standard, mi you, after twenty-three years, is thir two seconds flat. Foulproof is also blindfolded chess champion of Mo treal.

He also is rather proud of the fa that, although sacked from fifteen his seventeen jobs, he has never be fired for inefficiency. It was always refusing to "Yes" the boss. Before sta ing his one-man crusade to make world foulproof, Taylor was known the cable company by which he was e ployed as "Ten-Yard" Taylor, becau of his uncanny faculty of finding wit ten yards the spot where the Atlan cable had broken.

Being the son of a telegrapher, naturally gravitated to the trade of k pounding, and before he was out of teens was working as an operator in Azores. On his right forearm he s bears a livid scar, left by the tentac of a giant octopus which embraced h one afternoon while he was swimmi off the Fayal breakwater. That w

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★ Whatever make you choose, be sure to: (1) Get a refrigerator that's big enough for your family; too many of the early purchasers have wished for more storage space. (2) Get a refrigerator that's completely equipped—for the little conveniences become very, very important multiplied over the years of use. (3) Get a refrigerator that's made by a reputable, experienced manufacturer, for actually it must outwear the mechanical life of many automobiles. (4) Ask your neighbors, shop carefully, and get all the facts, for you won't be buying a refrigerator again very soon if you choose wisely. (5) Remember that in refrigerators as in most other things, you get what you pay for—so the best model you can afford is your best investment.

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★ Maybe we build the G-E Refrigerator so well, because we have had a lot of experience as the largest builder of electrical conveniences. We do know that we offer, in this refrigerator, features tested by time and a mechanism that's just about tops in the engineering world.

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Set your expectations *high,* then take the wheel!

IT WOULD BE A GOOD IDEA if people who come to see and drive a Ford could first see and drive some cars that sell for much more money. Then they would understand more clearly the place the Ford car holds today.

Then they would quickly realize that today's Ford is more like the high-priced cars than it is like the cars which sell at the Ford price. The reason for this lies in the history of the Ford car itself. The Ford car was built in the first place to make it possible for the man of average means to own an automobile.

Then, to make the Ford car finer, year by year, we borrowed for it more and more of the proven features of more expensive cars. To these, Ford engineers applied Ford methods and Ford resources in the big Ford plant, until ways were found to put these features in our cars and still retain the low Ford price.

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Set your expectations *high,* then try our car.

Some Ford Advantages for 1941:

NEW ROOMINESS. Bodies are longer and wider this year, adding as much as seven inches to seating width.

SOFT, QUIET RIDE. A new Ford ride, with new frame and stabilizer, softer springs, improved shock absorbers.

POWER WITH ECONOMY. This year, more than ever, Ford owners are enthusiastic about the economy and fine all-round performance of Ford cars.

BIG WINDOWS. Windshield and windows increased all around to give nearly four square feet of added vision area in each '41 Ford Sedan.

LARGEST HYDRAULIC BRAKES in the Ford price field, give added safety, longer brake-lining wear.

GET THE FACTS AND YOU'LL GET A FORD!

Ford

years before Taylor invented the foulproof bathing suit.

From the Azores, Taylor came to New York. Although he had learned only the Continental code in Europe, he got a job immediately as a Morse code operator. This was tantamount to a New York auctioneer getting a job at his trade in Athens. In such a situation, Foulproof lost many jobs. But Foulproof was young and fancy-free, so he became a Rover Boy. In Nicaragua, where he caught black-water fever and shrank to a seventy-pound skeleton, his life was saved by an eighty-year-old Indian woman who went out into the jungle and returned with some herbs that cured him.

In Panama, wearing his soccer uniform at a Mardi Gras carnival, he was arrested for "indecent exposure." The local gendarmes, seeing a soccer uniform for the first time, were shocked by the sight of Foulproof's bare and slightly knocked knees, although near nudity was the vogue among the fair maidens at the carnival. When Taylor explained to the chief of police that this was the official costume of England's favorite pastime and produced a soccer ball to demonstrate how the game was played, he was released and the chief begged him to teach his policemen how to play it. Thus was soccer introduced in Panama.

Foulproof to the Rescue

Back in New York, on a cable job, Taylor typed a message to J. P. Morgan in capital letters, contrary to regulations. The style pleased the nearsighted old banker so much that he complimented the cable company and requested that all future cablegrams to his firm be typed in capital letters. Thus did Foulproof cause the introduction of "all-caps" typewriters among telegraph and cable companies.

When Foulproof landed a job in a lonely watchman's shack at Manhattan Beach, where the transatlantic cables come ashore, he found so much time on his hands that he took the opera job. For three years, Taylor handled both jobs without a hitch.

Just about that time came an epidemic of fouls in boxing. Foulproof read of this dire situation and in a flash the idea of his lifetime came to him. He would let Orpheus, poor bloke, shift for himself and devote the rest of his career to the Herculean task of saving boxing. Oddly enough, boxing showed no interest in Foulproof's resolve. In fact, it ignored him. Foulproof Taylor was a hard man to ignore, though. He would come bustling into a gymnasium and demand that the nearest boxer foul him. Since fighters were being well paid to foul opponents in that era, they would merely curl their lips into a sneer and hiss: "Sca-ram!"

At the office of the New York State Athletic Commission, Secretary Bashful Bertie Stand still points pridefully to the groove on one of the benches in the waiting room.

"Foulproof Taylor wore that one," says Bertie. "Yes, sir! He sat there day after day for two years, waiting for Jim Farley to see him. Never got discouraged, either."

Our hero well remembers June 13, 1930, the day after the first Sharkey-Schmeling heavyweight-championship fight, in which Schmeling had won the title while claiming foul, on the flat of his back. Foulproof received a telegram sent collect, mind you, by Secretary Stand. If there's anything a telegraph operator hates more than a teleprinter, it's a collect telegram. This was the first and only one Foulproof ever received and he was so burned up he looked at the calendar and saw it was Friday the 13th! It is a sad commentary on the development of the human mind that, despite what happened as a consequence of Foulproof Taylor's collect telegram, there are still some people around who insist that Friday the 13th is an unlucky day.

Paying the messenger a reluctant quarter and giving him a tip (never to bet on horse races or accept collect telegrams) Taylor tore open the envelope feverishly and found himself summoned to a meeting of the New York State Athletic Commission. Abandoning his telegraph key in the middle of a dot, Taylor dashed off to the offices of the commission.

Big Jim Farley didn't beat about the bush. No sooner had Foulproof shoved his gray-thatched noggin inside the door and dropped a curtsy than Farley commanded: "Taylor, we want you to save boxing."

"At your service, me lord," replied Taylor humbly.

"But first you've got to prove your protector is foulproof," said Farley. "So, as a special favor to you, we're going to let you be fouled for one solid hour by four leading heavyweights."

"My country calls and I respond with pleasure," said Foulproof.

During the next few days, Foulproof was fouled in several clubs—by Yale Okun, Bob Olin, Jack DeMave and Jack Renault, four professional bruisers. While boxing-commission inspectors looked on and kept tally, the burly fighters hit the comparatively frail little telegraph operator with every foul blow known to the boxing racket. But the hundreds of blows that landed didn't hurt Foulproof a bit, although his back was raw from rope burns after the demonstration. The test had proved everything that Taylor had been trying to tell the boxing commission, which wouldn't listen to him, for two long years. It convinced the commission that any boxer, properly protected, who claimed that foul blows had hurt him was faking.

The effect of Taylor's demonstration was profound. The New York commission immediately enacted a "No Foul" rule, under the provisions of which no fighter could enter the ring unless equipped with a regulation protector and no bout could end in a foul. Anyone claiming a foul would be counted out.

Although the rule was ridiculed by other boxing commissions here and abroad and by fight racketeers who had profited from the long train of phony foul endings, it quickly vindicated itself and the New York commission by putting an abrupt end to the foul evil. In states that had ridiculed the New York rule the foul ending continued, forcing the commissions in many of them to adopt the new rule.

But Athletes Are Stubborn

There's hardly a sport now for which our hero hasn't invented some foulproof device. One of his extra-special numbers is a foulproof cap for ballplayers. Whenever a player is beaned in the big leagues, Taylor grabs one of his rubber caps and a baseball bat and dashes off to the nearest newspaper office.

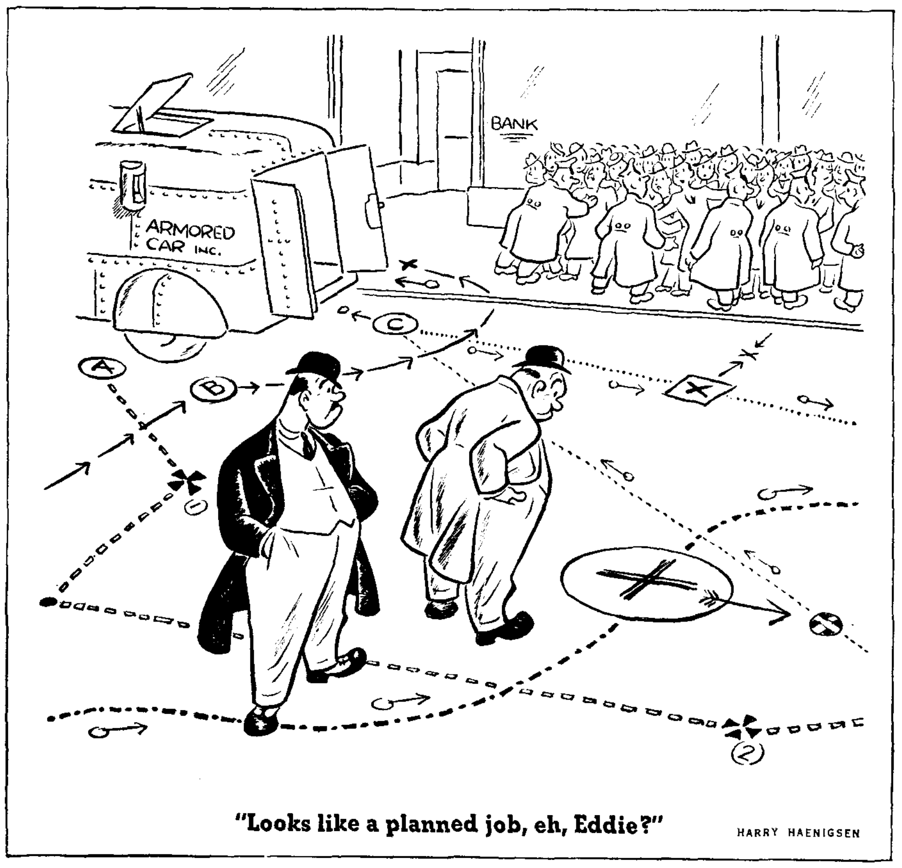
In the middle of an edition, Taylor will burst into the sports editor's sanctum and cry, "I sye, 'it me over the blawrsted 'ead with it! Come on, mytey! Don't be a blinkin' sissy!"

Sports editors don't argue with him any more. They take the bat, step back five paces, then bring the claymore down on his rubber-protected conk with the force of a trip hammer. Taylor's knees will buckle under him, he will grow green and purple around the gills, his eyes will become crossed, dandruff will fall in showers on his shoulders and, finally, his store teeth will become dislodged. Then, gasping for breath and doing a Leon Errol, he'll force a wan smile and pipe up feebly: "What's the matter wi' you? Ain't you got any strength? Gi' me another belt. A real 'ard one this time, mytey!"

No matter how often Foulproof is biffed on the bean by a baseball bat, ballplayers, an ornery lot who frown on innovations even more so than their club owners, refuse to buy any of his caps or even wear them if their clubs buy them.

The Foulproof Taylor foulproof helmet for football players created quite a dent in a concrete wall at Fordham University not long ago, but so far it hasn't even scratched the surface of the market. According to the latest census returns, not one Taylor headguard was being worn in intercollegiate football. This despite the demonstration by Foulproof at Fordham, before the entire football squad and about fifteen members of the faculty.

On another occasion, Foulproof



"Looks like a planned job, eh, Eddie?"

HARRY HAENIGSEN

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Modern life now demands at least 1 man in 7 shave *every day*. This daily shaving often causes razor scrape—irritation.

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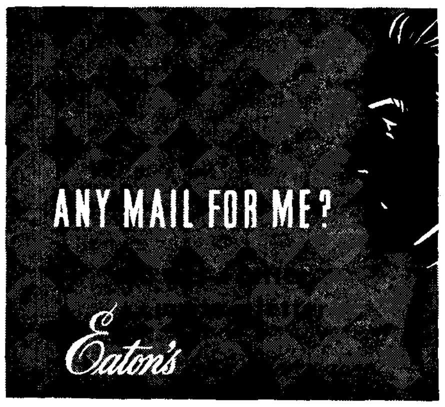

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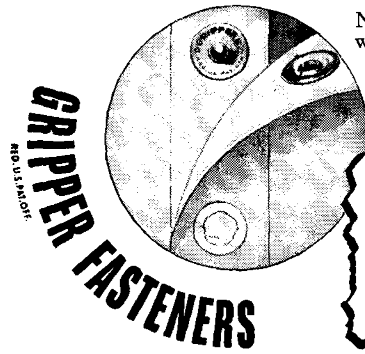

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crashed through three lines of secretaries to reach the inner sanctum of Bernarr Macfadden, the big raw-carrot-and-spinach man whose especial pride is his copious crop of hair. The last secretary between Foulproof and the great man was about to give him the old whole-wheat heave-o when Bernarr glanced up from an editorial on muscle bending he was writing and caught sight of the gentleman with the shock of gray hair standing a half foot above his scalp. Bernarr was fascinated.

"Let him come in," said Macfadden. Thereupon, Foulproof recited the speech about his device which he had been rehearsing for fourteen days. Macfadden listened to the spiel as if spellbound, his eyes glued to Foulproof. Taylor laid it on thick. He split his infinitives, doubled his negatives, mixed his metaphors and scrambled his syntax. Finally, after boiling down what he had to say to a couple of hundred thousand well-chosen words, the inventor blurted out: "Well, sir, what do you think of the protector?"

"What protector?" asked Editor Macfadden, as if suddenly awakening from a trance. "Never mind about the protector. Tell me, how did you ever raise such a beautiful crop of hair?"

It's a Bloody Shyme

The question was indeed pertinent. Once, Foulproof had no more hair than the ordinary man. But, since he started using his body as a target for various types of foul shots, his hair has sprouted like weeds after a July shower. Where his thatch formerly was soft and pliable, now it stands up like an army of patriots during the rendition of the National Anthem. It is Taylor's theory that the rough treatment he submits himself to, including wall butting, stimulates the functions of the glands that control the growth of hair, causing his scalp to take on the qualities of a Zulu's.

Any man who elects Presidents and has the laws of the land changed should consider himself a personage of no mean importance. But Taylor feels a peculiar sense of frustration. It's his life's ambition to strut into Madison Square Garden some night and be pointed out by cheering crowds as Foulproof Taylor, the bloke who saved boxing. Instead, he finds himself thrown out of cheap gyms —where he's willing to pay his way, mind you!

"It's a bloody shyme!" says Foulproof. "They're all the syme. I put Roosevelt in the White House and he doesn't even buy one of my protectors in the last campyne when everyone's throwin' foul punches!"

Perhaps the reason that this great benefactor of mankind will never be able to retire wealthy is that he is a creative artist at heart, rather than a businessman. This is best illustrated by one of his recent international transactions. The Atlantic Clipper brought Foulproof an order, accompanied by a bank draft for three pounds, from Dublin, Ireland, for one of his protectors. The Irish boxer who sent the order requested Foulproof to ship his product by return Clipper. Taylor packed his protector, brought it to the Clipper office and gave it to the shipping clerk.

"How much to Dublin, Ireland?" he asked.

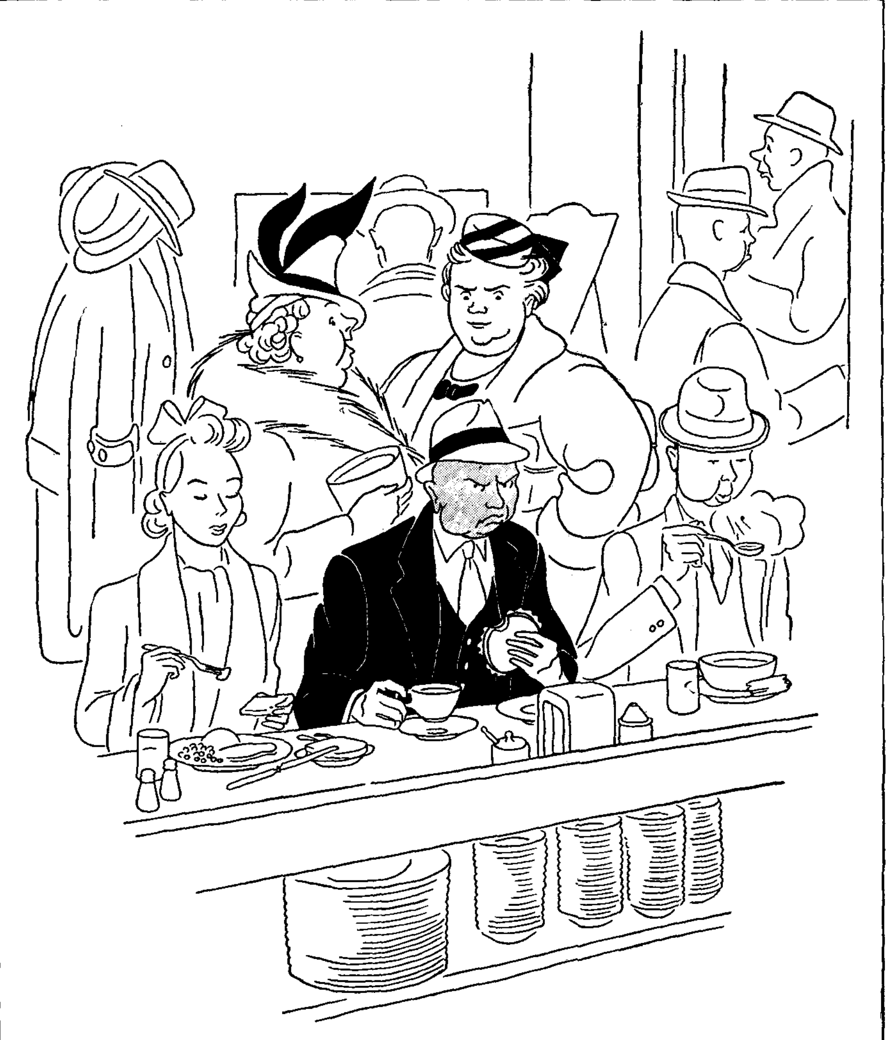
The clerk weighed it and said: "Thirty-one dollars, sir."

"Okay," said Foulproof, peeling the amount off his bank roll.

The sale had brought Foulproof fifteen dollars at a mere cost of thirty-one dollars for shipping expenses.

"You didn't make much on that deal, did you, Foulproof?" asked an admirer.

"Blimey, I didn't," admitted the inventor. "But I had good luck in a poker game the night before and was flush so I thought I'd oblige the bloke in Dublin. After all, my old gent came from over there!"



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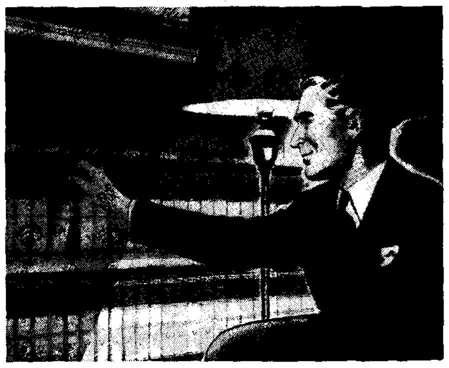

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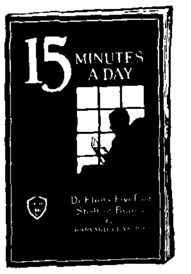

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Top Story Man

Continued from page 21

Hussey, Edward G. Robinson, Lee Tracy and Frank McHugh. During those months, the nights they couldn't raise the price of a cheap meal far outnumbered the nights they could.

Along about the time Calvin Coolidge was elected, Bob promoted himself a job making a series of shorts romanticizing the building of muscles. The series, called Facts and Follies, showed in every short that the "guy with the biggest muscles gets the pretty girl." To show you how honest Riskin is, after he started to make the series, he went to a gym every day to build his own biceps. He still exercises more than most Hollywoodites by playing tennis every day he isn't on the set of a picture.

Facts and Follies lasted for about a year, and the pictures were getting Riskin nowhere in a great hurry. At that point, Bob decided that there was more money to be made working for himself than for someone else, so he and his brother, Everett, went hunting for an "angel" to finance the production of a show Bob had written. They found one, and produced the show, with moderate success. For five years, he and Everett went on together, digging up angels and producing moderate successes.

How to Impress Hollywood

They did all kinds of shows, from She Couldn't Say No, a farce, to a serious farm drama called The Mud Turtle. They even did a revival of The Bells, the famous melodrama made famous by Henry Irving. On almost every one of those shows, they made a little money. Not enough to get too far out in front of the sheriff—but enough to keep just in front of his menacing grasp.

That period ended abruptly with October 29, 1929, when the fading figures on Wall Street's stock tickers translated themselves into obituaries. Bob was as well slugged financially as anyone else. He lost as much as anyone else in the market—all he had. Broke, and hungry again, he decided to go to Hollywood as a writer. Hollywood decided otherwise.

Bob would meet fellows he had hired in other days, and they'd show him contracts from Hollywood studios for $300 a week, or $400 a week, and he wasn't envious. He was puzzled. He knew he had more talent than they had.

He decided that the only way to get to Hollywood was to get a brand-new, shiny reputation. He took a play he had just written and sent it to the New York office of one of the studios. In a few days, they called him and asked what he wanted for the script.

"$50,000."

The phone went dead in Riskin's hand, no doubt because the story editor had hung up. A few minutes later, the editor called back, got Bob on the phone, and said:

"I called you a few minutes ago, but I got some maniac on the phone. I know it wasn't you—because you're sane. If hustle, Bob, I can get you $2,500 for the play."

This time, Bob hung up. After that, he went into the kitchen and finished the box of biscuits and the bottle of milk that stood between him and a total absence of food, and he waited . . . and waited. The next day, the studio called, and said: "Okay, we'll go as high as $5,000." Bob decided to battle it out with the studio's story editor, face to face. He walked into the editor's office, and that gent said: "I've got great news for you—the West Coast says to go as high as $7,500 for your play!"

"Look," said Riskin, whose only possession in the world at the moment was the Forest Hills commutation ticket in his pocket, "stop wasting my time, and yours. The price is—no, wait—I'll come down on my price. If you'll close immediately, I'll sacrifice the play for $40,000!"

The story editor had an apoplectic moment, and then said: "You have really blown your topper. I couldn't get you more than $10,000 for this if you were my own brother."

"Well, I guess there's no sense discussing it any further. Mail the script back to me, will you? I'd take it with me, but I have an important tennis date."

Bob began a long, long walk down the corridor from the editor's office to the elevator. He wanted to look back, and wait for a call to return, but he knew he couldn't show any weakness, so he walked right to the elevators. He pushed the button and, in a moment, an elevator appeared.

"Down?" asked the elevator boy.

"No—up," lied the stalling Riskin, his ears on the alert for the slightest call of his name.

He let that elevator go, and then another one, and he sagged inside as he realized that he had gone one step too far in the haggling. Just as the doors of the third elevator opened for him, the story editor's secretary came running out, and asked him if he'd mind coming back for just one more minute!

He walked back slowly, lest his jellied knees betray him. Inside the editor's office, he turned down the next offer of $20,000—and finally accepted a compromise of $30,000 for the script.

I didn't get that tale from Riskin, but from the story editor, who still holds the same job, with the same studio.

The name of that script was Illicit, and, strangely enough, it starred Barbara Stanwyck, who also stars in Meet John Doe. Along with the sale of Illicit for $30,000 came sales of two of his other scripts. Now, the shoe was on the other foot—and Hollywood wanted him, because he was a success. A success where four weeks before he had been an abject failure. Now studio representatives were knocking one another down trying to sign the same fellow whose phone calls they'd been ducking.

Columbia Pictures looked like a good place, so he asked them for twice what any other writer on that lot was getting. Because he was so successful, he got it, and went to work.

The Fight That Made History

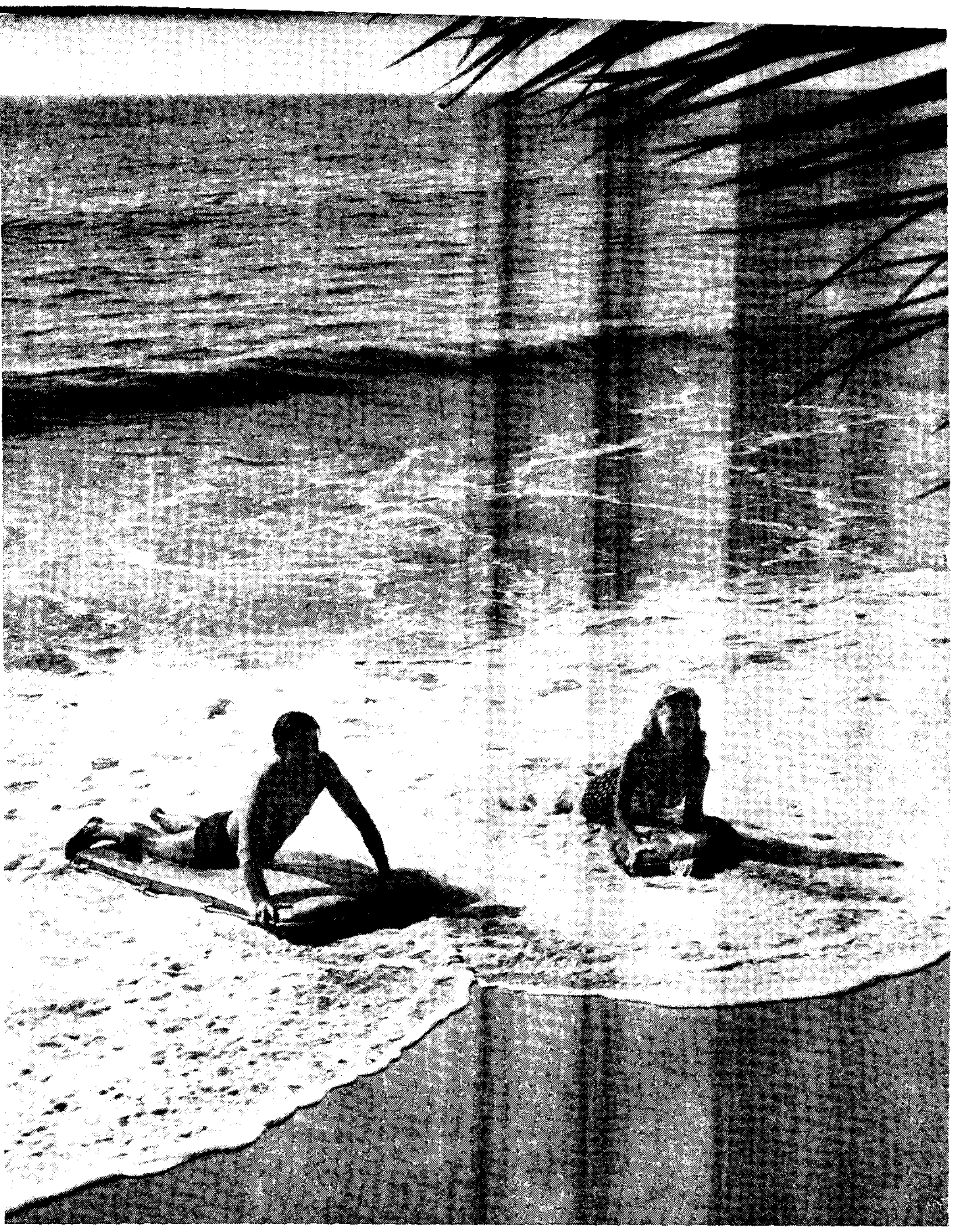
Columbia had bought one of the three plays, a farce about Aimee Semple McPherson titled Bless You, Sister! Shortly after he reported to Columbia, he was called into the president's office along with the rest of the staff for a story conference. Soon, a short, dark fellow in a black sweater started to outline a story. Bob turned to his neighbor in the next chair, and asked: "Who's that?"

Through the corner of his mouth, the neighbor whispered: "Capra."

Riskin shrugged his shoulders, and settled back to listen. When the little guy was halfway through, Riskin suddenly realized that the story he was telling was, with some minor changes, his own Bless You, Sister!

He listened, and when Capra finished, the executive producer said: "Since this was Mr. Riskin's play, we'll call on him first for suggestions. Mr. Riskin."

This was Bob's first utterance, official or otherwise, since his arrival: "I wrote that play. My brother and I were stupid



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enough to produce it on Broadway. It cost us almost every cent we had. If you intend to make a picture of it, it proves only one thing: You're even more stupid than we were." And he sat down.

For a few seconds, there was a heavy silence as the heresy just uttered seeped in. Then Capra, who loves a good argument, got back to his feet, looked at Bob, and asked: "Why?"

From there on, the invective flowed faster than wine at a wedding. When the dust of battle settled, Capra and Riskin were firm friends. That was the first meeting of the historic pair who have turned out a smash picture every year since '33—without a flop.

Riskin didn't work with Capra on that Bless You, Sister, but when Capra was ready to make his next picture, he asked for a Riskin script, and that started the partnership. The script was Platinum Blonde, the late Jean Harlow's second picture.

As work was being finished on that, one of the producers came to Bob and said: "I'm going to New York tomorrow, and I'll be gone about three weeks. When I get back, see if you can have a story for me about banking."

Bob thought he was being ribbed, but he decided that for the money they were paying him, they could rib him every day but payday. He had heard about Dr. Giannini, the financial maestro whose baton waves over the Bank of America, and he went to see him. Being an interesting man who believed in lending money on a man's character if he didn't have the ordinary bank's idea of security, the doctor became the inspiration for the leading personality in the second Riskin-Capra picture, American Madness.

When Bob and Capra wanted to borrow money to set up Frank Capra Productions, Incorporated, Riskin thought for a while, and then marched off to see Dr. Giannini, where he got the necessary money. I think I told you earlier that the man never wastes an experience. See what I mean?

The Businessman-Artist

Riskin is a kind of typewriting Bing Crosby. He owns and breeds his own horses, which do not win any more often than Crosby's. Like Bing, though, he is in the game for the kick he gets out of it. His next horse has already had its name picked out for it. Bob is going to call it "The Gamut," so he can say to his friends: "I'm going to run 'The Gamut' today." *Simple pleasures delight complex minds*—Confucius.

After horse racing and tennis, his favorite diversion is stud poker, and those who lose to him week after week say he is a good player. He also likes music (not swing), home-fried potatoes, and blondes. His only known vice is writing introspective poetry, but he is considerate enough not to show it to anybody, which is the way to keep friends and influence people.

He has, in addition to his writing talent, an executive ability that amazes most people, because writers aren't supposed to be executives. Gradwell Sears, president of Vitagraph, Warner Brothers' sales organization, said to me after working out the Meet John Doe distribution problem with Riskin:

"He's one of the best businessmen I ever ran into. He has a perfect mind for analysis. He's as good figuring out sales angles as he is figuring out a plot. He takes nothing for granted, which is why every detail in the deals he makes is as clear as the details in his stories."

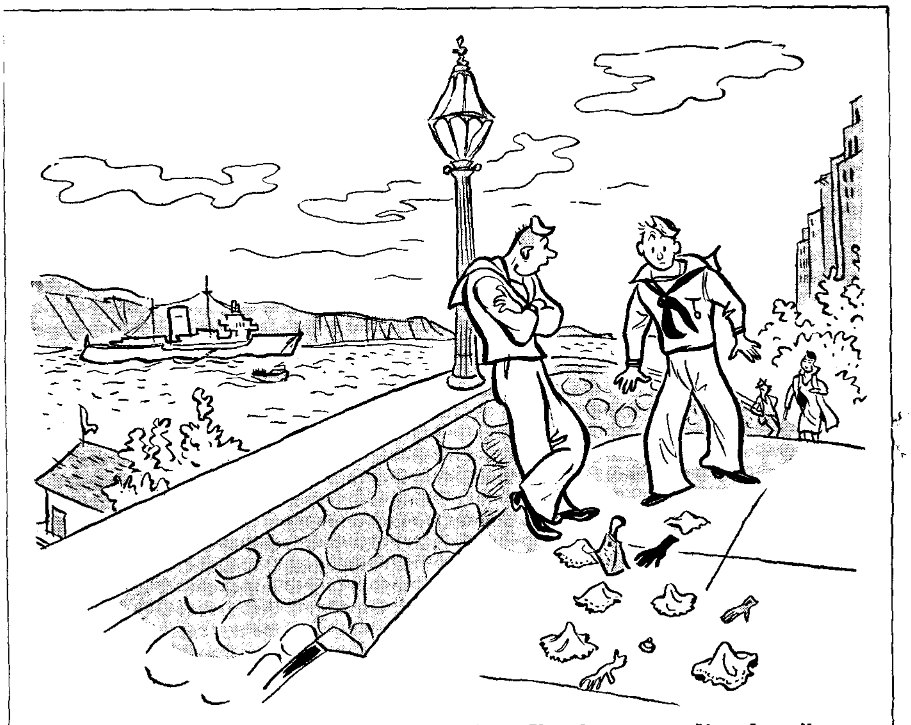
An incident that took place while Meet John Doe was being shot illustrates Riskin's fidelity to detail. There is one mammoth outdoor scene which was shot at Wrigley Field, in Los Angeles. It is a convention, and each state is represented. Fifteen thousand extras were jammed into the field that night, with state placards all over the infield, the outfield and the grandstands.

Riskin was watching the shooting from the press box, and just before the cameras were to start rolling he picked up the phone hurriedly, called Capra and asked him to hold the cameras still.

"Look at that sign behind first base," Bob said. "It's spelled 'Deleware' on the sign. Just pull it, and we can keep going without it."

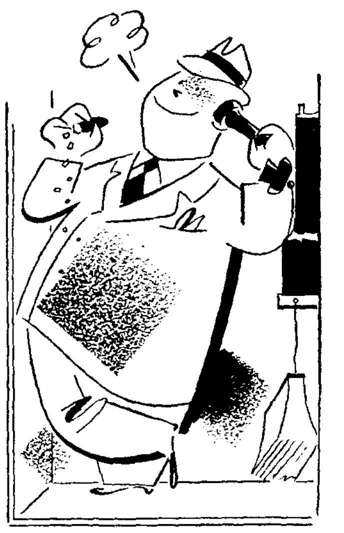
In 1939, Bob left Columbia, and took an executive job with Sam Goldwyn, but he longed to get back with Capra, just as Capra longed to get back with Bob. When Capra's contract was up at Columbia, the pair formed Frank Capra Productions, Incorporated, and they are now making pictures with their own money—or, at least, with money borrowed on their own signatures.

They made a deal with Warner Brothers to release their first picture, which is the current Meet John Doe, and if that is any indication of what we can expect from this pair working on their own, we moviegoers can throw our hats in the air and not care whether they ever come down again.



"I could have had a dozen dates since I've been standing here"

ROLAND COE



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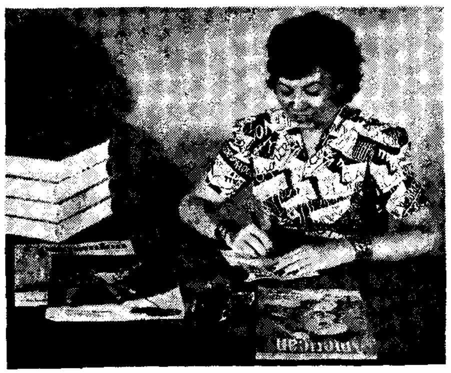

Miss Anne Levy of Texas

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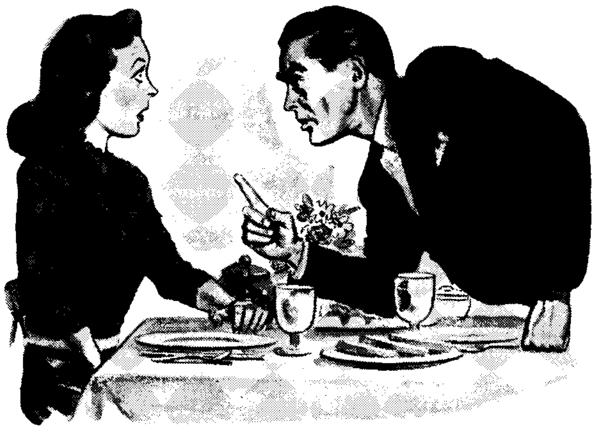
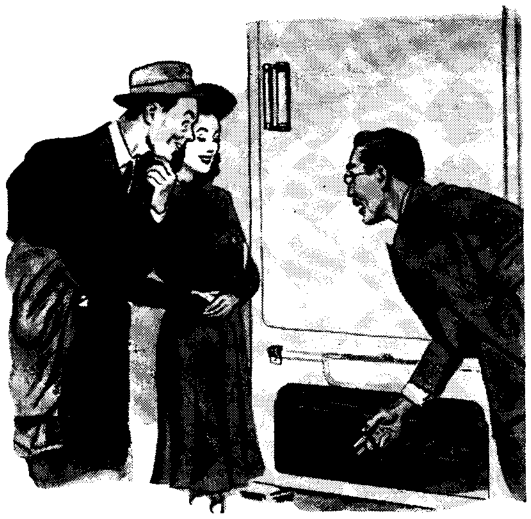
The Boss is a different man

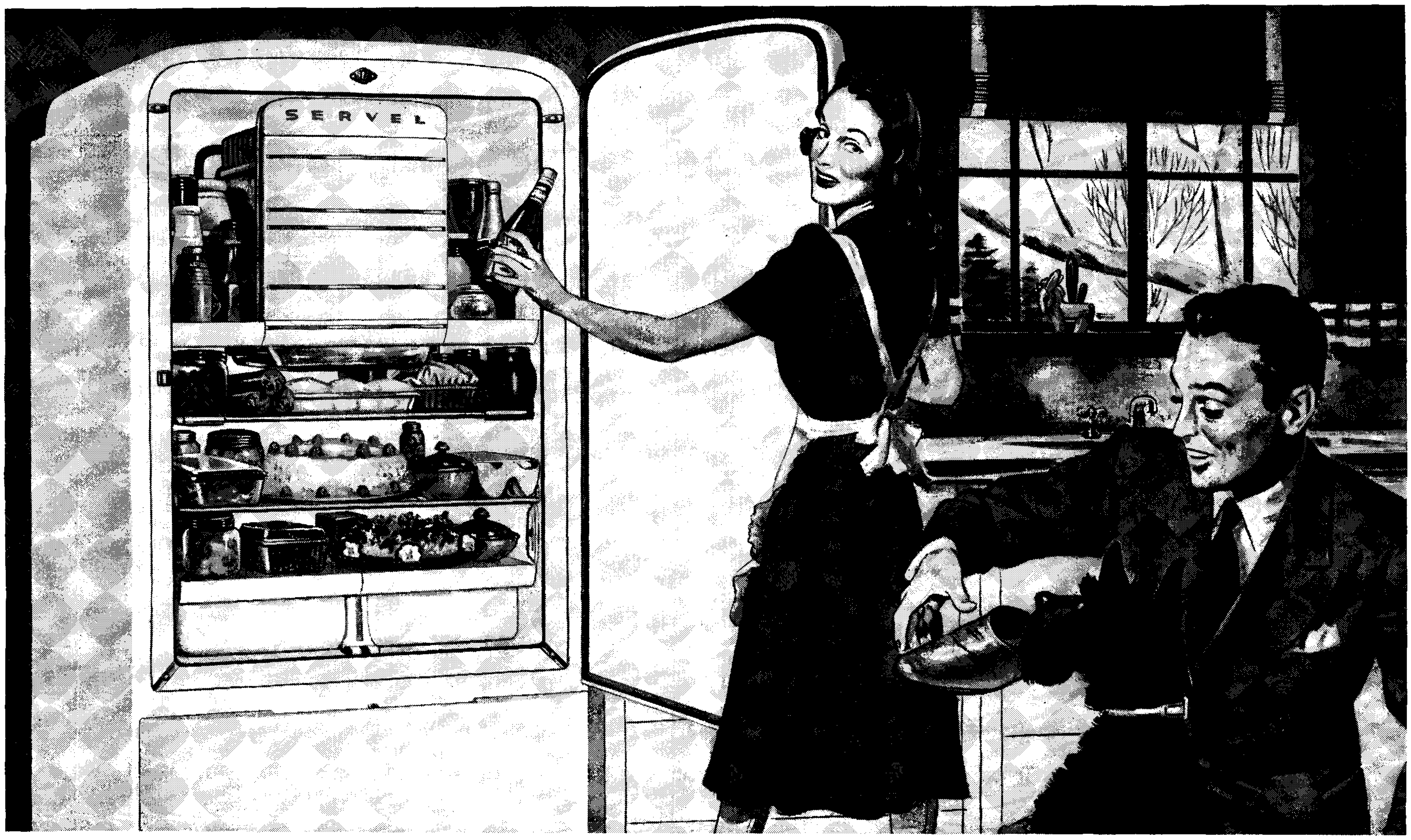
since we changed to silence!





1 **"No!" bellowed the Boss,** when his wife suggested a new refrigerator. "Can't afford it in the first place, and besides—" "Can't afford *not* to have it," broke in his wife. "Our noisy old thing's not only hard on the nerves, but the repair bills are ruining our budget. But I know one that's different. Come and see!"

2 **"Not a sound . . . and lasts longer,"** explained the salesman. "Servel Electrolux simply can't cause a rumpus or wear. It hasn't a single moving part in its freezing system. A tiny gas flame does the work. And that's *all!*" "Well, I'll be doggoned," says the Boss. "Mister, you've got *something* here!"



3 **Yes! People who've had experience** with other makes of automatic refrigerators are quick to note that Servel has all those big operating advantages they want *most*... has all the latest worthwhile conveniences, too. Survey after survey shows that, among owners of other-type refrigerators, the swing to Servel Electrolux for their *next* automatic.

4 **"Silence means savings," smiles the Boss,** pleased as punch with our new Servel. "Have you noticed, honey," he says to his wife the other night, "it's costing just a few cents a day for refrigeration since we changed to Servel?" "You bet I have," she grins, "and I've noticed too, my pet, that you're a different man since we changed. Eh, Scottie?"

Stays silent...lasts longer

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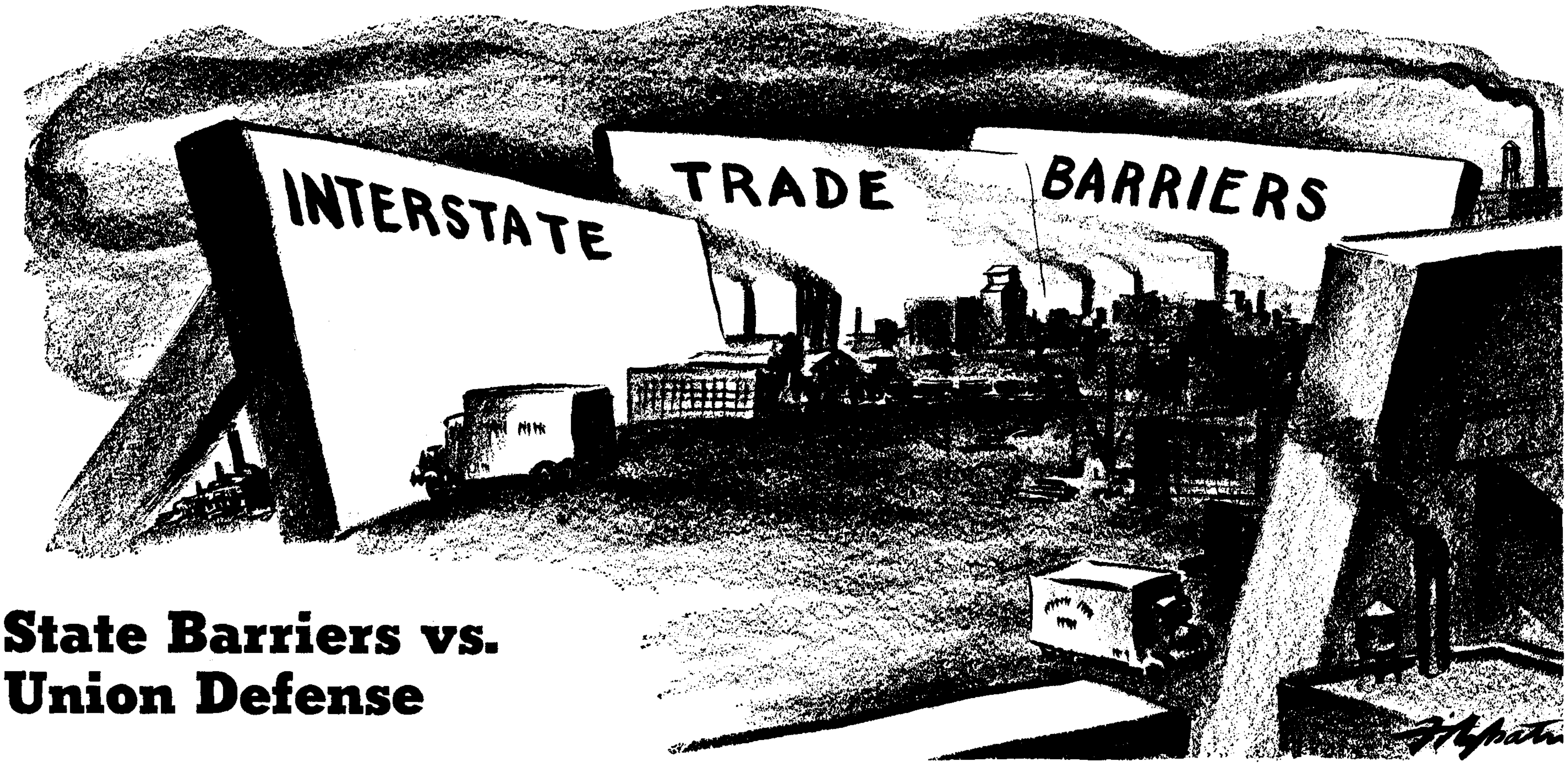

State Barriers vs. Union Defense

COLLIER'S has had fairly frequent occasion to pay editorial respects—in reverse—to interstate trade barriers.

We mean the disguised tariffs which state and even some city or county politicians have been erecting these ten years or so along their bailiwicks' borders. They are actual tariffs, though they are masked in every way imaginable. Sometimes they are called inspection fees, sometimes travel taxes or weight limitations or health measures or almost anything else you can think of.

Tariffs they are, though, one and all, levied in the hope of sweating a mean little profit or advantage out of neighboring states, and levied in plain violation of the spirit of the Federal Constitution. The Constitution's framers' idea was that this was to be a great free-trade area, instead of a balkanized conglomeration of independent principalities.

These robber devices' hampering effect on interstate business has been bad enough, for business and consumers alike. But now they are found to be eating like termites into the national-defense effort as well. Some instances, borrowed from Paul T. Truitt, authority on interstate trade barriers:

> On Oct. 6, 1940, two truckloads of khaki denim, each load 10,030 pounds, left Atlanta for South Bend, Ind. They were stopped at Elizabethtown, Ky., for about a half day. Fines were collected because the truckloads exceeded the Kentucky limit of 6,000 to 8,000 pounds. To get the khaki through Kentucky at all, the truck operators had to send extra trucks to take the excess loads. . . .
>
> Shipments of large airplane parts, materials and tools between Los Angeles and Seattle are chronically delayed *one day or more* by (1) California's "sanitary information stoppage," and (2) Oregon's measurement of equipment regulations. . . .
>
> Trucks recently loaded at Chicago with shipments of small arms for Army maneuvers at Camp McCoy, Wis., were not permitted to enter Wisconsin because they lacked Wisconsin license plates. . . .
>
> Material for percussion caps, shipped from Port Huron, Mich., to St. Louis, Mo., runs into a $500 annual trailer charge in the city of St. Louis—or an alternative charge of $4.50 for one "foreign" truck to stay in the city twenty-four hours.

Those are samples of what the peanut politicians have been preparing for us during the years of their supposedly smart nipping at interstate trade for fancied local profit. They've been too smart for their own good. They've been far too smart for the nation's good. Now their supersmartness is hampering the defense program, at a time when every minute counts.

Those interstate barriers must come down. If the states, counties and cities maintaining them won't knock them down, the federal government had better do it—in a hurry.

A Sales Tax for Defense

WE'RE familiar with the old argument about how sales taxes bear down heaviest on the poor, and will therefore most likely move the poor to revolt, so we shouldn't have a federal sales tax to raise defense billions.

The catch in the argument is that many states and cities already have sales taxes and the promised horrors haven't materialized.

Further, the federal government itself levies a lot of sales taxes—on theater tickets, cosmetics, tobacco, etc., etc., though it grandly calls many of them excise taxes.

We've got to get up those billions for defense. Why not levy a general, small federal sales tax, exempting only food and clothing?

How's Your Hospitality?

IF YOU happen to be in any one of the many towns and cities whither our new soldiers and sailors flock during their few hours free from training and duty, you are thrilled at sight of lads, so young, so fresh, so lighthearted in the face of their great adventure. A grand lot they are, representing the best of America.

What do you imagine they do in their hours of freedom? What can they do? Where can they go for entertainment or rest? What has your community done to make them welcome or to provide facilities for them?

Most towns and cities will have to respond, "Not much." Of course there are movies. Business provided that recreation. The boy on leave can go to a movie house to get out of the rain or even to see a picture. He can go to a beer parlor or to some less wholesome place that offers hospitality at a price. But where can he go when he has seen the picture or *when he doesn't want a glass of beer?*

In too many places all he can do is walk the streets or sit in a park. That is too dreary for the vigorous youth. In time the Army and Navy will develop recreation facilities but much time will be needed. Meanwhile hundreds of thousands wander about, bored and aimless.

The decent people who live in the areas near the camps and ports have a marvelous opportunity to offer hospitality to these young warriors so suddenly mobilized. Homes, clubs, recreation places can be opened to them. Comfortable places in which a man can write a letter, read, take a bath, or best of all talk to his own kind, can be established. Not much expenditure is required—just a little initiative and organization.

Collier's would like to hear from those who have already begun to offer hospitality to soldiers and sailors. For the letter that best describes the accomplishment of one community in taking care of its new neighbors we will pay $100. Send your letters to the Army Editor, Collier's Weekly, 250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.